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THE  
DRAMATIC WORKS  
OF  
JOHN FORD,  
IN TWO VOLUMES.  
WITH  
NOTES CRITICAL AND EXPLANATORY,  
BY  
W. GIFFORD, Esq.

TO WHICH ARE ADDED  
FAME'S MEMORIAL, AND VERSES TO THE MEMORY  
OF BEN JONSON.

---

..... I, SECUNDO  
OMINE!

---

VOL. II.

LONDON :  
JOHN MURRAY, ALBEMARLE STREET.

MDCCCXXVII.  
485.



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# **ERRATA.**

Page 362, note, *for Lewis, read Lowin.*

460, note, *for cover of which, read cover of which.*

**PERKIN WARBECK.**

**VOL. II.**

**B**



## PERKIN WARBECK.

---

THE title of the old quarto is "The Chronicle Historie of Perkin Warbeck. A strange truth. Acted (some-times) by the Queenes Majesties Servants at the Phoenix in Drurie-lane. London, printed by T. P. for Hugh Beeston, and are to be sold at his shop, neere the Castle in Cornehill, 1634." Here again we have the poet's anagram, *Fide Honor*.

It was reprinted in 1714, in 12mo, when the nation was in a state of disquietude, from insurgent movements in Scotland. In 1745, it appears to have been brought out at Goodman's Fields, on occasion, Oldys says, of the present rebellion under the Pretender's eldest son. Nothing is said of its reception: it could scarcely be very favourable at such a period; for, to the reproach of the judgment of those who brought it forward, it is calculated to defeat the very object which they had in view, and to excite a compassionate feeling—not for the king upon the throne, but—for his youthful competitor.<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> "There are now, in December, 1745, on occasion of the present rebellion under the Pretender's eldest son, two plays, near finished, on this story of Perkin Warbeck, one by Charles Macklin the player, the other by Mr. Joseph Elderton, a young attorney; the former for Drury Lane, the latter at Covent Garden, but this play of John Ford's has got the start of them at Goodman's Fields. Macklin's was a silly performance, and was soon dismissed, he being twenty pounds out of pocket by acting it, yet got it printed. Elderton's was not finished before it was too late in the season to act it; and when the rebellion was suppressed in the field, it was thought unreasonable to revive it on the stage. Macklin's was called by the foolish title of King Henry VII. or the Popish Impostor, popery being looked on as no objection in that reign. Elderton's was called The Pretender."—MS. *Notes to Langbaine, by Oldys*.

My kind old friend, Mr. Waldron, with whom perished more interesting and amusing theatrical history, than can perhaps now be found on the stage, told me that Badeley, the actor, gave him the following anecdote:—"I was sitting one evening at the Cyder Cellar with Macklin, and incidentally observed, (for I was not very deeply read in theatrical history,) that I wondered there had not been a play written on the story of Perkin Warbeck. 'There has, sir,' gruffly replied Macklin. 'Indeed! and how did it succeed?' 'It was damned, sir.' 'Bless me! it must have been very ill written then—such a story!' Pray, Mr. Macklin, who was the stupid author?' 'I, sir!' roared the veteran, in a tone that took away, continued Badeley, all desire to continue the conversation."

TO  
THE RIGHT HONOURABLE  
WILLIAM CAVENDISH,  
EARL OF NEWCASTLE, VISCOUNT MANSFIELD,  
LORD BOLSOVER AND OGLE.\*

---

MY LORD,

OUT of the darkness of a former age, (enlightened by a late both learned and an honourable pen,)<sup>†</sup> I have endeavoured to personate a great attempt, and in it, a greater danger. In other *labours* you may read actions of antiquity discoursed; in *this abridgment*, find the actors themselves discoursing; in some kind practised as well *what* to speak, as

\* "William Cavendish, (nephew to the first Earl of Devonshire) Lord Ogle, Collins says, "*jure materno*," was born in the year 1592, and was early in favour with James I. by whom he was made a Knight of the Bath in 1610, and created a peer by the title of Viscount Mansfield in 1623. He continued in favour with Charles I. who created him Earl of Newcastle-upon-Tyne, 1628, and Marquis, six years afterwards. In 1638 the king assigned him the office of governor to the Prince of Wales. His exertions in favour of the royal cause during the rebellion are too well known to require any notice in this place. He was created Duke of Newcastle in 1665, and died in 1676, at the advanced age of 84."

So much is said of the Duke of Newcastle in the Introduction to the "*Works of Ben Jonson*," that it may suffice to refer the reader, who is desirous of learning more of so distinguished a nobleman, to that collection.—See vol. i. and ix.

<sup>†</sup> ——— *learned and honourable pen*,] that of the great Lord Bacon. He alludes to his "*History of King Henry VII.*"

speaking *why* to do. Your lordship is a most competent judge, in expressions of such credit; commissioned by your known ability in examining, and enabled by your knowledge in determining, the monuments of Time.\* Eminent titles may, indeed, inform *who* their owners are, not often *what*. To your's the addition of that information in both, cannot in any application be observed flattery; the authority being established by truth. I can only acknowledge the errors in writing, mine own; the worthiness of the subject written being a perfection in the story, and of it. The custom of your lordship's entertainments (even to strangers) is rather an example than a fashion: in which consideration I dare not profess a curiosity; but am only studious that your lordship will please, amongst such as best honour your goodness, to admit into your noble construction,

JOHN FORD.

\* *The monuments of Time.*] i.e. such as are destined to live to future ages; a compliment somewhat too high even for this great and good man, whose judgment in matters of mere literature never possessed that commanding influence which the grateful poet seems inclined to endow him with.

## PROLOGUE.

STUDIES have, of this nature, been of late,  
So out of fashion, so unfollowed, that  
It is become more justice, to revive  
'The antic follies of the times, than strive  
To countenance wise industry: no want  
Of art doth render wit, or lame, or scant,  
Or slothful, in the purchase of fresh bays;  
But want of truth in them, who give the praise  
To their self-love, presuming to out-do  
The writer, or (for need) the actors too.  
But such the author's silence best befits,  
Who bids them be in love with their own wits.  
From him, to clearer judgments, we can say  
He shows a History, couch'd in a play:  
A history of noble mention, known,  
Famous, and true; most noble, 'cause our own:  
Not forged from Italy, from France, from Spain,  
But chronicled at home; as rich in strain  
Of brave attempts, as ever fertile rage,  
In action, could beget to grace the stage.  
We cannot limit scenes, for the whole land  
Itself appear'd too narrow to withstand  
Competitors for kingdoms: nor is here  
Unnecessary mirth forced, to endear  
A multitude: on these two rests the fate  
Of worthy expectation, Truth and State.

.

## DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

HENRY VII.

*Lord DAWBENEY.*

*Sir WILLIAM STANLEY, Lord Chamberlain.*

*Earl of OXFORD.*

*Earl of SURREY.*

*FOX, Bishop of Durham.*

*URSWICK, Chaplain to the King.*

*Sir ROBERT CLIFFORD.*

*LAMBERT SIMNEL.*

*HIALAS, a Spanish Agent.*

JAMES IV. *King of Scotland.*

*Earl of HUNTLEY.*

*Earl of CRAWFORD.*

*Lord DALIELL.*

*MARCHMONT, a Herald.*

PERKIN WARBECK.

STEPHEN FRION, *his Secretary.*

JOHN A-WATER, *Mayor of Cork.*

HERON, *a Mercer.*

SKETON, *a Tailor.*

ASTLEY, *a Scrivener.*

*Lady* KATHERINE GORDON.

*Countess of* CRAWFORD.

JANE DOUGLAS, *Lady* KATHERINE's Attendant.

*Sheriff, Constables, Officers, Guards, Serving-men,  
Masquers, and Soldiers.*

*Scene*,—Partly in England, partly in Scotland.



# PERKIN WARBECK.

---

## ACT I. SCENE I.

*Westminster. The Royal Presence-Chamber.*

*Enter King HENRY, supported to the Throne by the Bishop of DURHAM and Sir WILLIAM STANLEY. Earl of OXFORD, Earl of SURREY, and Lord DAWBENEY.—A Guard.*

*K. Hen.* STILL to be haunted, still to be pursued,  
Still to be frighted with false apparitions  
Of pageant majesty, and new-coin'd greatness,  
As if we were a mockery king in state,  
Only ordain'd to lavish sweat and blood,  
In scorn and laughter, to the ghosts of York,  
Is all below our merits;<sup>5</sup> yet, my lords,  
My friends and counsellors, yet we sit fast  
In our own royal birth-right: the rent face  
And bleeding wounds of England's slaughter'd  
people,  
Have been by us, as by the best physician,

<sup>5</sup> Ford has closely followed Lord Bacon; here we have almost his very words. "At this time, the king began to be *haunted with spirits*, by the magic and curious arts of the Lady Margaret, who raised up *the ghost of Richard Duke of York*, second son to King Edward the Fourth, to walk, and vex him," &c.



At last both thoroughly cured, and set in safety;  
And yet, for all this glorious work of peace,  
Ourself is scarce secure.

*Dur.* The rage of malice  
Conjures fresh spirits with the spells of York.  
For ninety years ten English kings and princes,  
Threescore great dukes and earls, a thousand lords  
And valiant knights, two hundred fifty thousand  
Of English subjects have, in civil wars,  
Been sacrificed to an uncivil thirst  
Of discord and ambition: this hot vengeance  
Of the just Powers above, to utter ruin  
And desolation, had reign'd on, but that  
Mercy did gently sheath the sword of justice,  
In lending to this blood-shrunk commonwealth  
A new soul, new birth, in your sacred person.

*Daw.* Edward the Fourth, after a doubtful fortune,  
Yielded to nature, leaving to his sons,  
Edward and Richard, the inheritance  
Of a most bloody purchase; these young princes,  
Richard the tyrant, their unnatural uncle,  
Forced to a violent grave; so just is Heaven!  
Him hath your majesty, by your own arm  
Divinely strengthen'd, pull'd from his Boar's sty,<sup>6</sup>  
And struck the black usurper to a carcase.  
Nor doth the house of York decay in honours,  
Though Lancaster doth repossess his right;

<sup>6</sup> ——— pull'd from his Boar's sty.] This contemptuous allusion to the armorial bearings of Richard III. is very common in our old writers. Shakspeare has it frequently in his tragedy of this Usurper.

For Edward's daughter is king Henry's queen:  
A blessed union, and a lasting blessing  
For this poor panting island, if some shreds,  
Some useless remnant of the house of York  
Grudge not at this content.

*Oxf.* Margaret of Burgundy  
Blows fresh coals of division.

*Sur.* Painted fires,  
Without or heat to scorch, or light to cherish.

*Daw.* York's headless trunk, her father; Edward's fate,  
Her brother, king; the smothering of her nephews  
By tyrant Gloster, brother to her nature,  
Nor Gloster's own confusion, (all decrees  
Sacred in heaven) can move this woman-monster,  
But that she still, from the unbottom'd mine  
Of devilish policies, doth vent the ore  
Of troubles and sedition.

*Oxf.* In her age,—  
Great sir, observe the wonder,<sup>7</sup>—she grows fruitful,  
Who, in her strength of youth, was always barren:  
Nor are her births as other mothers' are,  
At nine or ten months' end; she has been with  
child

<sup>7</sup> Oxford's speech is principally taken from that of Henry's ambassador (Sir W. Warham) to the archduke. "It is the strangest thing in the world, that the Lady Margaret, excuse us if we name her, whose malice to the king is causeless and endless, should now, when she is old, at the time when other women give over child-bearing, bring forth two such monsters, being not the births of nine or ten months, but of many years. And whereas other mothers bring forth children weak, and not able to help themselves, she bringeth forth tall striplings, able, soon after their coming into the world, to bid battle to mighty kings."

Eight, or seven years at least; whose twins being  
born,

(A prodigy in nature,) even the youngest  
Is fifteen years of age at his first entrance,  
As soon as known i' th' world, tall striplings,  
strong

And able to give battle unto kings;  
Idols of Yorkish malice.

[*Daw.*]<sup>a</sup> And but idols;

A steely hammer crushes them to pieces.

*K. Hen.* Lambert, the eldest, lords, is in our  
service,

Preferr'd by an officious care of duty  
From the scullery to a falconer; strange ex-  
ample!

Which shews the difference between noble na-  
tures

And the base-born: but for the upstart duke,  
The new-revived York, Edward's second son,  
Murder'd long since i' th' Tower; he lives again,  
And vows to be your king.

*Stan.* The throne is fill'd, sir.

*K. Hen.* True, Stanley; and the lawful heir sits  
on it:

A guard of angels, and the holy prayers  
Of loyal subjects are a sure defence  
Against all force and counsel of intrusion.—  
But now, my lords, put case, some of our nobles,

<sup>a</sup> [*Daw.*] *And but idols, &c.*] The 4to, by mistake, gives this short speech also to Oxford. It is much in Dawbeney's manner.

Our Great Ones, should give countenance and  
courage

To trim duke Perkin; you will all confess  
Our bounties have unthriftilly been scatter'd  
Amongst unthankful men.

*Daw.* Unthankful beasts,  
Dogs, villains, traitors!

*K. Hen.* Dawbeney, let the guilty  
Keep silence; I accuse none, though I know  
Foreign attempts against a state and kingdom  
Are seldom without some great friends at home.

*Stan.* Sir, if no other abler reasons else  
Of duty or allegiance could divert  
A headstrong resolution, yet the dangers  
So lately past by men of blood and fortunes  
In Lambert Simnel's party,<sup>9</sup> must command  
More than a fear, a terror to conspiracy.  
The high-born Lincoln, son to De la Pole,  
The earl of Kildare, ([the] lord Geraldine,)  
Francis lord Lovell, and the German baron,  
Bold Martin Swart, with Broughton and the rest,  
(Most spectacles of ruin, some of mercy)

<sup>9</sup> *Simnel's party,*] Simnel's party (for he himself was a mere puppet in the hands of the Earl of Lincoln) was utterly defeated in the battle of Newark. "Bold Martin Swart," one of the most celebrated of those soldiers of fortune who, in that age, traversed Europe with a band of mercenaries, ready to fight for the first person that would pay them, fell in this action, after "performing bravely," as the noble historian says, "with his Germans." Lambert was taken prisoner. Henry saved his life, for which Bacon produces many good reasons, and advanced him first to the dignity of a turn-spit in his own kitchen, and subsequently to that of an under-falconer.

Are precedents sufficient to forewarn  
The present times, or any that live in them,  
What folly, nay, what madness 'twere to lift  
A finger up in all defence but your's,  
Which can be but impostorous in a title.

*K. Hen.* Stanley, we know thou lov'st us, and  
thy heart

Is figured on thy tongue; nor think we less  
Of any's here.—How closely we have hunted  
This cub (since he unlodg'd) from hole to hole,  
Your knowledge is our chronicle; first Ireland,  
The common stage of novelty, presented  
This gewgaw to oppose us; there the Geraldines  
And Butlers once again stood in support  
Of this colossic statue: Charles of France  
Thence call'd him into his protection,  
Dissembled him the lawful heir of England;  
Yet this was all but French dissimulation,  
Aiming at peace with us; which, being granted  
On honourable terms on our part, suddenly  
This smoke of straw was pack'd from France  
again,

T' infect some grosser air :<sup>\*</sup> and now we learn  
(Maugre the malice of the bastard Nevill,

<sup>\*</sup> *Yet all this, &c.]* “When Perkin was come to the court of France, the king received him with great honour.—At the same time there remained to him divers Englishmen of quality, Sir James Neville, Sir John Taylor, and about an hundred more.—But *all this, on the French king's part, was but a trick, the better to bow king Henry to peace*; and therefore upon the first grain of incense, that was sacrificed upon the altar of peace at Boloign, Perkin was smoked away.” Sir Taylor is a very unusual mode of designating a knight; but perhaps the king does it in scorn.

Sir Taylor, and a hundred English rebels)  
They're all retired to Flanders, to the dam  
That nurs'd this eager whelp, Margaret of Bur-  
gundy.

But we will hunt him there too! we will hunt him,  
Hunt him to death, even in the beldam's closet,  
Though the archduke were his buckler!

*Sur.* She has styled him,  
"The fair white rose of England."

*Daw.* Jolly gentleman!  
More fit to be a swabber to the Flemish,  
After a drunken surfeit.

*Enter URSWICK.*

*Urs.* Gracious sovereign,  
Please you peruse this paper. [*The king reads.*

*Dur.* The king's countenance  
Gathers a sprightly blood.

*Daw.* Good news; believe it.

*K. Hen.* Urswick, thine ear.\*—Thou hast lodged  
him?

\* *Urswick, thine ear.*] Christopher Urswick was at this time almoner to the king. He had been chaplain to the Countess of Richmond, who afterwards married Thomas Lord Stanley, the elder brother of Sir W. Stanley, the person here implicated; and was trusted by this nobleman with the correspondence between him and Richmond (Henry VII.), and therefore, perhaps, much in his confidence and esteem. His eager importunity to betray the brother of his former patron argues but little for his character; but in those days much consistency is rarely to be found. Weaver, who gives his epitaph, (by which it appears that he possessed and resigned several high stations in the church,) concludes thus—"Here let him rest, as an example for all unjust prelates to admire, and for few or none to imitate."—The news which Urswick now communicated was evidently that of his having privately

*Urs.* Strongly safe, sir.

*K. Hen.* Enough,—is Barley come too?

*Urs.* No, my lord.

*K. Hen.* No matter—pew! he's but a running weed,

At pleasure to be pluck'd up by the roots;  
But more of this anon.—I have bethought me.  
My lords, for reasons which you shall partake,  
It is our pleasure to remove our court  
From Westminster to the Tower:<sup>3</sup> we will lodge  
This very night there; give, lord chamberlain,  
A present order for it.

*Stan.* The Tower!—[*Aside.*—I shall, sir.

*K. Hen.* Come, my true, best, fast friends, these  
clouds will vanish,

The sun will shine at full; the heavens are clearing.  
[*Flourish.*—*Exeunt.*

brought the double traitor, Clifford, the confidential agent of Warbeck's party, to England.

Sir Robert Clifford and Master William Barley, Lord Bacon says, "were the only two who adventured their fortunes openly—sent, indeed, from the party of the conspirators here to understand the truth of what passed in Flanders, and not without some help of money from hence, to be provisionally delivered, if they were satisfied that there was truth in these pretences."

Clifford, it appears, was soon won to give up his employers. Master Barley, for whom Henry next inquires, did not betray his cause quite so speedily, nor trust quite so readily to the king's clemency as Clifford; in the end, however, he also returned to England, and was pardoned.

<sup>3</sup> Lord Bacon well accounts for this sudden resolution of the king. "The place of the Tower was chosen to that end, that if Clifford should accuse any of the great ones, they might, without suspicion, or noise, or sending abroad of warrants, be presently attached: the court and prison being within the cincture of one wall."

## SCENE II.

*Edinburgh.—An Apartment in Lord HUNTLEY's House.*

*Enter HUNTLEY and DALYELL.*

*Hunt.* You trifle time, sir.

*Dal.* Oh, my noble lord,  
You construe my griefs to so hard a sense,  
That where the text is argument of pity,  
Matter of earnest love, your gloss corrupts it  
With too much ill-placed mirth.

*Hunt.* "Much mirth," lord Dalyell!  
Not so, I vow. Observe me, sprightly gallant.  
I know thou art a noble lad, a handsome,  
Descended from an honourable ancestry,  
Forward and active, dost resolve to wrestle,  
And ruffle in the world by noble actions,  
For a brave mention to posterity:  
I scorn not thy affection to my daughter,  
Not I, by good Saint Andrew; but this bugbear,  
This whoreson tale of honour,—honour, Dalyell!—  
So hourly chats and tattles in mine ear,  
The piece of royalty that is stitch'd up  
In my Kate's blood, that 'tis as dangerous  
For thee, young lord, to perch so near an eaglet,  
As foolish for my gravity to admit it:  
I have spoke all at once.

*Dal.* Sir, with this truth,  
You mix such wormwood, that you leave no hope  
For my disorder'd palate e'er to relish



A wholesome taste again : alas ! I know, sir,  
What an unequal distance lies between  
Great Huntley's daughter's birth and Dalyell's fortunes ;  
She's the king's kinswoman, placed near the crown,  
A princess of the blood, and I a subject.

*Hunt.* Right ; but a noble subject ; put in that too.

*Dal.* I could add more ; and in the rightest line,  
Derive my pedigree from Adam Mure,  
A Scottish knight ; whose daughter was the mother

To him who first begot the race of Jameses,  
That sway the sceptre to this very day.  
But kindreds are not ours, when once the date  
Of many years have swallow'd up the memory  
Of their originals ; so pasture-fields,  
Neighbouring too near the ocean, are supp'd up  
And known no more : for stood I in my first  
And native greatness, if my princely mistress  
Vouchsafed me not her servant, 'twere as good  
I were reduced to clownery, to nothing,  
As to a throne of wonder.

*Hunt.* Now, by Saint Andrew,  
A spark of metal ! he has a brave fire in him.  
I would he had my daughter, so I knew 't not.  
But 't must not be so, must not.—[*Aside*].—Well,  
young lord,  
This will not do yet ; if the girl be headstrong,  
And will not hearken to good counsel, steal her,

And run away with her; dance galliards, do,  
And frisk about the world to learn the languages:  
'Twill be a thriving trade; you may set up by't.

*Dal.* With pardon, noble Gordon, this disdain  
Suits not your daughter's virtue, or my constancy.

*Hunt.* You're angry—would he would beat me,  
I deserve it. [*Aside.*

Dalyell, thy hand, we are friends: follow thy  
courtship,

Take thine own time and speak; if thou prevail'st  
With passion, more than I can with my counsel,  
She's thine; nay, she is thine: 'tis a fair match,  
Free and allow'd. I'll only use my tongue,  
Without a father's power; use thou thine:  
Self do, self have—no more words; win and wear  
her.

*Dal.* You bless me; I am now too poor in  
thanks

To pay the debt I owe you.

*Hunt.* Nay, thou'rt poor enough.—  
I love his spirit infinitely.—Look ye,  
She comes: to her now, to her, to her!

*Enter KATHERINE and JANE.*

*Kath.* The king commands your presence, sir.

*Hunt.* The gallant—

This, this, this lord, this servant, Kate, of yours,  
Desires to be your master.

*Kath.* I acknowledge him  
A worthy friend of mine.

*Dal.* Your humblest creature.

*Hunt.* So, so; the game's a-foot, I'm in cold hunting,

The hare and hounds are parties. [*Aside.*

*Dal.* Princely lady,

How most unworthy I am to employ  
My services, in honour of your virtues,  
How hopeless my desires are to enjoy  
Your fair opinion, and much more your love;  
Are only matters of despair, unless  
Your goodness gives large warrants to my bold-  
ness,

My feeble-wing'd ambition.

*Hunt.* This is scurvy. [*Aside.*

*Kath.* My lord, I interrupt you not.

*Hunt.* Indeed!

Now on my life she'll court him.—[*Aside.*]  
—Nay, nay, on, sir.

*Dal.* Oft have I tuned the lesson of my sorrows  
To sweeten discord, and enrich your pity,  
But all in vain: here had my comforts sunk  
And never ris'n again, to tell a story  
Of the despairing lover, had not now,  
Even now, the earl your father——

*Hunt.* He means me sure. [*Aside.*

*Dal.* After some fit disputes of your condition,  
Your highness and my lowness, given a licence  
Which did not more embolden, than encourage  
My faulting tongue.

*Hunt.* How, how? how's that? embolden?  
Encourage? I encourage ye! d'ye hear, sir?

A subtle trick, a quaint one.—Will you hear,  
man?

What did I say to you? come, come, to th' point.

*Kath.* It shall not need, my lord.

*Hunt.* Then hear me, Kate!—

Keep you on that hand of her; I on this.—  
Thou stand'st between a father and a suitor,  
Both striving for an interest in thy heart:  
He courts thee for affection, I for duty;  
He as a servant pleads; but by the privilege  
Of nature, though I might command, my care  
Shall only counsel what it shall not force.  
Thou canst but make one choice; the ties of marriage

Are tenures, not at will, but during life.  
Consider whose thou art, and who; a princess,  
A princess of the royal blood of Scotland,  
In the full spring of youth, and fresh in beauty.  
The king that sits upon the throne is young,  
And yet unmarried, forward in attempts  
On any least occasion, to endanger  
His person; wherefore, Kate, as I am confident  
Thou dar'st not wrong thy birth and education  
By yielding to a common servile rage  
Of female wantonness, so I am confident  
Thou wilt proportion all thy thoughts to side  
Thy equals, if not equal thy superiors.  
My lord of Dalryell, young in years, is old  
In honours, but nor eminent in titles  
[N]or in estate, that may support or add to  
The expectation of thy fortunes. Settle

Thy will and reason by a strength of judgment,  
 For, in a word, I give thee freedom; take it.  
 If equal fates have not ordain'd to pitch  
 Thy hopes above my height, let not thy passion  
 Lead thee to shrink<sup>4</sup> mine honour in oblivion:  
 Thou art thine own; I have done.<sup>5</sup>

*Dal.* Oh! you are all oracle,  
 The living stock and root of truth and wisdom.

*Kath.* My worthiest lord and father, the indul-  
 gence  
 Of your sweet composition, thus commands  
 The lowest of obedience; you have granted  
 A liberty so large, that I want skill  
 To choose without direction of example:  
 From which I daily learn, by how much more

<sup>4</sup> *Lead thee to shrink mine honour, &c.*] This is the reading of the 4to, and makes very good sense; but from the general tenor of the sentence, I am inclined to believe that the poet's word was *sink*.

<sup>5</sup> *I have done.*] And done well too! The person here meant is George, the eldest son of Alexander Seton, and second Earl of Huntley. He married Anabella, daughter of James I. Hence it is that he talks, in his opening speech, of "the piece of royalty that is stitched up in his Kate's blood." What authority the poet had for the histrionic character of this nobleman, I know not; but if the princely family of the Gordons ever numbered such a personage as this among their ancestors, let them be justly proud of him; for neither on the stage, nor in the great drama of life, will there be easily found a character to put in competition with him.

Daliell (for so Ford writes it) is also a noble fellow. There are two persons of that name, William and Robert Dalzell, grandsons of Sir John Dalzell, either of whom, from the date, might be meant for the character here introduced. Of the former nothing is recorded. The latter, Douglas says, "was killed at Dumfries, in a skirmish between Maxwell and Crichton, July, 1508."

You take off from the roughness of a father,  
By so much more I am engaged to tender  
The duty of a daughter. For respects  
Of birth, degrees of title, and advancement,  
I nor admire nor slight them; all my studies  
Shall ever aim at this perfection only,  
To live and die so, that you may not blush  
In any course of mine to own me yours.

*Hunt.* Kate, Kate, thou grow'st upon my heart,  
like peace,

Creating every other hour a jubilee.

*Kath.* To you, my lord of Dalzell, I address  
Some few remaining words: the general fame  
That speaks your merit, even in vulgar tongues,  
Proclaims it clear; but in the best, a precedent.

*Hunt.* Good wench, good girl, i' faith!

*Kath.* For my part, trust me,  
I value mine own worth at higher rate,  
'Cause you are pleas'd to prize it: if the stream  
Of your protested service (as you term it)  
Run in a constancy, more than a compliment,  
It shall be my delight, that worthy love  
Leads you to worthy actions; and these guide you  
Richly to wed an honourable name:  
So every virtuous praise, in after-ages;  
Shall be your heir, and I, in your brave mention,  
Be chronicled the mother of that issue,  
That glorious issue.

*Hunt.* Oh, that I were young again!  
She'd make me court proud danger, and suck spirit  
From reputation.

*Kath.* To the present motion,  
Here's all that I dare answer: when a ripeness  
Of more experience, and some use of time,  
Resolves to treat the freedom of my youth  
Upon exchange of troths, I shall desire  
No surer credit of a match with virtue  
Than such as lives in you; mean time, my hopes  
are  
Preser[v]d secure, in having you a friend.

*Dal.* You are a blessed lady, and instruct  
Ambition not to soar a farther flight,  
Than in the perfum'd air of your soft voice.—  
My noble lord of Huntley, you have lent  
A full extent of bounty to this parley;  
And for it shall command your humblest servant.

*Hunt.* Enough: we are still friends, and will  
continue  
A hearty love.—Oh, Kate! thou art mine own.—  
No more;—my lord of Crawford.

*Enter CRAWFORD.*<sup>6</sup>

*Craw.* From the king  
I come, my lord of Huntley, who in council  
Requires your present aid.

*Hunt.* Some weighty business?

*Craw.* A secretary from a duke of York,

<sup>6</sup> *Enter Crawford.]* This is probably (for I speak with great hesitation on the subject) John, second son of David, fourth Earl Crawford. If I am right in this conjecture, he stood in some kind of relationship to Huntley, his elder brother Alexander (dead at this period) having married Lady Jane Gordon, the earl's second daughter.

The second son to the late English Edward,  
Conceal'd, I know not where, these fourteen years,  
Craves audience from our master; and 'tis said  
The duke himself is following to the court.

*Hunt.* Duke upon duke! 'tis well, 'tis well;  
here's bustling

For majesty;—my lord, I will along with you.

*Craw.* My service, noble lady.

*Kath.* Please you walk, sir?

*Dal.* "Times have their changes; sorrow makes  
men wise;

The sun itself must set as well as rise;"

Then, why not I? Fair madam, I wait on you.

[*Exeunt.*]

### SCENE III.

*London.—An Apartment in the Tower.*

*Enter the BISHOP OF DURHAM, SIR ROBERT CLIFFORD, and URSWICK.—Lights.*

*Dur.* You find, Sir Robert Clifford, how securely

King Henry, our great master, doth commit  
His person to your loyalty; you taste  
His bounty and his mercy even in this;  
That at a time of night so late, a place  
So private as his closet, he is pleas'd  
To admit you to his favour: do not falter  
In your discovery; but as you covet  
A liberal grace, and pardon for your follies,



So labour to deserve it, by laying open  
All plots, all persons, that contrive against it.

*Urs.* Remember not the witchcraft, or the  
magic,

The charms and incantations, which the sorceress  
Of Burgundy hath cast upon your reason :

Sir Robert, be your own friend now, discharge  
Your conscience freely ; all of such as love you,  
Stand sureties for your honesty and truth.  
Take heed you do not dally with the king,  
He is wise as he is gentle.

*Clif.* I am miserable,  
If Henry be not merciful.

*Urs.* The king comes.

*Enter King HENRY.*

*K. Hen.* Clifford !

*Clif.* (*Kneels.*) Let my weak knees rot on the  
earth,

If I appear as lep'rous in my treacheries,  
Before your royal eyes, as to my own  
I seem a monster, by my breach of truth.

*K. Hen.* Clifford, stand up ; for instance of thy  
safety,

I offer thee my hand.

*Clif.* A sovereign balm

For my bruis'd soul, I kiss it with a greediness.

[*Kisses the King's hand, and rises.*]

Sir, you are a just master, but I—

*K. Hen.* Tell me,

Is every circumstance thou hast set down

With thine own hand, within this paper, true?  
 Is it a sure intelligence of all  
 The progress of our enemies' intents,  
 Without corruption?

*Clif.* True, as I wish heaven;  
 Or my infected honour white again.

*K. Hen.* We know all, Clifford, fully, since this  
 meteor,

This airy apparition first discredlled  
 From Tournay into Portugal; and thence  
 Advanced his fiery blaze for adoration  
 To th' superstitious Irish; since the beard  
 Of this wild comet, conjured into France,  
 Sparkled in antick flames in Charles his court;  
 But shrunk again from thence, and, hid in dark-  
 ness,

Stole into Flanders \* \* \* \*

\* \* \* \* flourishing the rags?

Of painted power on the shore of Kent,  
 Whence he was beaten back with shame and  
 scorn,

Contempt, and slaughter of some naked outlaws:

<sup>7</sup> *Stole into Flanders, flourishing the rags, &c.*] Something is apparently lost here, perhaps the end of this line and the beginning of the next, as I have marked them in the text. The import is clear enough—

But tell me, what new course now shapes duke  
Perkin?

*Clif.* For Ireland, mighty Henry; so instructed  
By Stephen Frion,<sup>\*</sup> sometimes secretary  
In the French tongue unto your sacred excellence,  
But Perkin's tutor now.

*K. Hen.* A subtle villain  
That Frion, Frion,—you, my lord of Durham,  
Knew well the man.

*Dur.* French, both in heart and actions.

*K. Hen.* Some Irish heads work in this mine of  
treason;  
Speak them.

*Clif.* Not any of the best; your fortune  
Hath dull'd their spleens. Never had counterfeit  
Such a confused rabble of lost bankrupts  
For counsellors: first Heron, a broken mercer,  
Then John a-Water, sometimes mayor of Cork,  
Sketon a taylor, and a scrivener  
Call'd Astley: and whate'er these list to treat of,  
Perkin must harken to; but Frion, cunning  
Above these dull capacities, still prompts him  
To fly to Scotland, to young James the Fourth;  
And sue for aid to him: this is the latest  
Of all their resolutions.

*K. Hen.* Still more Frion!  
Pestilent adder, he will hiss out poison,

<sup>\*</sup> *Stephen Frion.*] Frion had been seduced from Henry's service by the Duchess of Burgundy; and was a very active agent in the great drama which she was now preparing to bring forward. "He followed Perkin's fortunes for a long while," Bacon says, "and was indeed his principal counsellor and instrument in all his proceedings."

As dangerous as infectious—we must match 'em.  
Clifford, thou hast spoke home, we give thee life:  
But, Clifford, there are people of our own  
Remain behind untold; who are they, Clifford?  
Name those, and we are friends, and will to rest;  
'Tis thy last task.

*Clif.* Oh, sir, here I must break  
A most unlawful oath to keep a just one.

*K. Hen.* Well, well, be brief, be brief.

*Clif.* The first in rank  
Shall be John Ratcliffe, Lord Fitzwater, then  
Sir Simon Mountford, and Sir Thomas Thwaites,  
With William Dawbeney, Chessoner, Astwood,  
Worsley, the dean of Paul's, two other friars,  
And Robert Ratcliffe.\*

*K. Hen.* Churchmen are turn'd devils.  
These are the principal?

*Clif.* One more remains  
Unnam'd, whom I could willingly forget.

*K. Hen.* Ha, Clifford! one more?

*Clif.* Great sir, do not hear him;  
For when Sir William Stanley, your lord cham-  
berlain,

Shall come into the list, as he is chief,  
I shall lose credit with you; yet this lord,  
Last named, is first against you.

*K. Hen.* Urswick, the light!  
View well my face, sirs, is there blood left in it?

\* All these were seized, tried, and condemned for high-treason: most of them perished upon the scaffold. Worsley and the two dominicans were spared.

*Dur.* You alter strangely, sir.

*K. Hen.* Alter, lord bishop!

Why, Clifford stabb'd me, or I dream'd he stabb'd me.

Sirrah, it is a custom with the guilty  
To think they set their own stains off, by laying  
Aspersions on some nobler than themselves :  
Lies wait on treasons, as I find it here.  
Thy life again is forfeit ; I recal  
My word of mercy, for I know thou dar'st  
Repeat the name no more.

*Clif.* I dare, and once more,  
Upon my knowledge, name Sir William Stanley,  
Both in his counsel and his purse, the chief  
Assistant to the feigned duke of York.

*Dur.* Most strange !

*Urs.* Most wicked !

*K. Hen.* Yet again, once more.

*Clif.* Sir William Stanley is your secret enemy,  
And, if time fit, will openly profess it.

*K. Hen.* Sir William Stanley ! Who ? Sir William Stanley !

My chamberlain, my counsellor, the love,  
The pleasure of my court, my bosom friend,  
The charge, and the controulment of my person ;  
The keys and secrets of my treasury ;  
The all of all I am ! I am unhappy.  
Misery of confidence,—let me turn traitor  
To my own person, yield my sceptre up  
To Edward's sister, and her bastard duke !

*Dur.* You lose your constant temper.

*K. Hen.* Sir William Stanley!  
O do not blame me; he, 'twas only he  
Who, having rescued me in Bosworth field  
From Richard's bloody sword, snatch'd from his  
head

The kingly crown, and placed it first on mine.<sup>\*</sup>  
He never fail'd me; what have I deserv'd  
To lose this good man's heart, or he his own?

*Urs.* The night doth waste, this passion ill be-  
comes you;  
Provide against your danger.

*K. Hen.* Let it be so.  
Urswick, command straight Stanley to his cham-  
ber.

'Tis well we are i' th' Tower; set a guard on  
him.

Clifford, to bed; you must lodge here to-night;  
We'll talk with you to-morrow. My sad soul  
Divines strange troubles.

*Daw. (within.)* Ho! the king, the king!  
I must have entrance.

*K. Hen.* Dawbeney's voice; admit him.  
What new combustions huddle next, to keep  
Our eyes from rest?—the news?

<sup>\*</sup> Shakspeare thus notices the circumstance:—

“ *Enter STANLEY bearing the crown.*

“ *Stanley.* Courageous Richmond, well hast thou acquit thee!  
Lo here, this long usurped royalty  
From the dead temples of this bloody wretch  
Have I pluck'd off, to grace thy brows withal;  
Wear it, enjoy it, and make much of it.”—*Richard III.*

*Enter DAWBENEY.*

*Daw.* Ten thousand Cornish,  
Grudging to pay your subsidies, have gather'd  
A head; led by a blacksmith and a lawyer,  
They make for London, and to them is join'd  
Lord Audley: as they march, their number daily  
Increases; they are—

*K. Hen.* Rascals!—talk no more;  
Such are not worthy of my thoughts to-night.  
To bed—and if I cannot sleep,—I'll wake.—  
When counsels fail, and there's in man no trust,  
Even then, an arm from heaven fights for the just.

## ACT II. SCENE I.

*Edinburgh.—The Presence-Chamber in the Palace.*

*Enter above, the Countess of CRAWFORD, Lady KATHERINE, JANE, and other ladies.*

*Countess.* Come, ladies, here's a solemn preparation

For entertainment of this English prince;  
The king intends grace more than ordinary;  
'Twere pity now, if he should prove a counterfeit.

*Kath.* Bless the young man, our nation would  
be laugh'd at

For honest souls through Christendom! my father  
Hath a weak stomach to the business, madam,  
But that the king must not be cross'd.

*Countess.* He brings  
A goodly troop, they say, of gallants with him;  
But very modest people, for they strive not  
To fame their names too much; their godfathers  
May be beholding to them, but their fathers  
Scarce owe them thanks: they are disguised  
princes,\*

Brought up it seems to honest trades; no matter,  
They will break forth in season.

*Jane.* Or break out;  
For most of them are broken by report.— [*Music.*  
The king!

*Kath.* Let us observe them and be silent.

*A Flourish.*—*Enter King JAMES, HUNTLEY, CRAW-*  
*FORD, DALYELL, and other Noblemen.*

*K. Ja.* The right of kings, my lords, extends  
not only  
To the safe conservation of their own,  
But also to the aid of such allies,  
As change of time and state hath oftentimes  
Hurl'd down from careful crowns, to undergo  
An exercise of sufferance in both fortunes:  
So English Richard, surnam'd Cœur-de-Lion,  
So Robert Bruce, our royal ancestor,  
Forced by the trial of the wrongs they felt,  
Both sought, and found supplies from foreign kings,  
To repossess their own; then grudge not, lords,

\* ————— *they are disguised princes, &c.]* The Countess is pleased to be facetious. It appears, however, from better authorities than those before us, that Perkin was very respectably, not to say honourably, attended, on this occasion.



A much distressed prince: king Charles of France,  
And Maximilian of Bohemia both,  
Have ratified his credit by their letters;  
Shall we then be distrustful? No; compassion  
Is one rich jewel that shines in our crown,  
And we will have it shine there.

*Hunt.* Do your will, sir.

*K. Ja.* The young duke is at hand; Dalyell,  
from us  
First greet him, and conduct him on; then Crawford  
shall meet him next, and Huntley, last of all,  
Present him to our arms.—(*Exit DAL.*)—Sound  
sprightly music,  
Whilst majesty encounters majesty. [*Flourish.*

*Re-enter DALYELL, with PERKIN WARBECK, followed at a distance by FRION, HERON, SKETON, ASTLEY, and JOHN A-WATER. CRAWFORD advances, and salutes PERKIN at the door, and afterwards HUNTLEY, who presents him to the King: they embrace; the Noblemen slightly salute his followers.*

*War.* Most high, most mighty king!<sup>1</sup> that now  
there stands  
Before your eyes, in presence of your peers,

<sup>1</sup> *War. Most high, most mighty king! &c.]* This speech is skilfully abridged from the historian. When it could be done with proper effect, the words are taken with no greater change than was necessary for the metrical arrangement; in other places the poet is content with clothing the sentiments in his own language; but

A subject of the rarest kind of pity  
That hath in any age touch'd noble hearts,  
The vulgar story of a prince's ruin,  
Hath made it too apparent: Europe knows,  
And all the western world, what persecution  
Hath raged in malice against us, sole heir  
To the great throne of th' old Plantagenets.  
How, from our nursery, we have been hurried  
Unto the sanctuary, from the sanctuary  
Forced to the prison, from the prison haled  
By cruel hands, to the tormentor's fury,  
Is register'd already in the volume  
Of all men's tongues; whose true relation draws  
Compassion, melted into weeping eyes,  
And bleeding souls: but our misfortunes since,  
Have rang'd a larger progress thro' strange lands,  
Protected in our innocence by Heaven.  
Edward the Fifth, our brother, in his tragedy,  
Quench'd their hot thirst of blood, whose hire to  
murther  
Paid them their wages of despair and horror;  
The softness of my childhood smiled upon  
The roughness of their task, and robb'd them farther  
Of hearts to dare, or hands to execute.

always with the original in view. The speech before us opens thus in Bacon:—

“ *High and mighty king! your grace, and then your nobles here present, may be pleased to hear the tragedy of a young man—tossed from misery to misery. You see before you the spectacle of a Plantagenet, who hath been carried from the nursery to the sanctuary, from the sanctuary to the dismal prison; from the prison to the hands of the cruel tormentor, &c.*

Great king, *they* spared my life, the butchers  
spared it!

Return'd the tyrant, my unnatural uncle,  
A truth of my dispatch; I was convey'd  
With secrecy and speed to Tournay; foster'd  
By obscure means, taught to unlearn myself:  
But as I grew in years, I grew in sense  
Of fear and of disdain; fear of the tyrant  
Whose power sway'd the throne then: when dis-  
dain

Of living so unknown, in such a servile  
And abject lowness, prompted me to thoughts  
Of recollecting who I was, I shook off  
My bondage, and made haste to let my aunt  
Of Burgundy acknowledge me her kinsman;  
Heir to the crown of England, snatch'd by Henry  
From Richard's head; a thing scarce known i'th'  
world.

*K. Ja.* My lord, it stands not with your coun-  
sel now

To fly upon invectives; if you can  
Make this apparent what you have discours'd,  
In every circumstance, we will not study  
An answer, but are ready in your cause.

*War.* You are a wise and just king, by the  
powers

Above reserv'd, beyond all other aids,  
To plant me in mine own inheritance:  
To marry these two kingdoms in a love  
Never to be divorced, while time is time.  
As for the manner, first of my escape,

Of my conveyance next, of my life since,  
The means, and persons who were instruments,  
Great sir, 'tis fit I over-pass in silence;  
Reserving the relation to the secrecy  
Of your own princely ear, since it concerns  
Some great ones living yet, and others dead,  
Whose issue might be question'd. For your  
bounty,

Royal magnificence to him that seeks it,  
We vow hereafter to demean ourself,  
As if we were your own and natural brother;  
Omitting no occasion in our person,  
To express a gratitude beyond example.

*K. Ja.* He must be more than subject who can  
utter

The language of a king, and such is thine.  
Take this for answer; be whate'er thou art,  
Thou never shalt repent that thou hast put  
Thy cause and person into my protection.  
Cousin of York, thus once more we embrace thee;  
Welcome to James of Scotland! for thy safety,  
Know, such as love thee not shall never wrong  
thee.

Come, we will taste a while our court-delights,  
Dream hence afflictions past, and then proceed  
To high attempts of honour. On, lead on!  
Both thou and thine are ours, and we will guard  
you.

Lead on— *[Exeunt all but the ladies.]*

*Countess.* I have not seen a gentleman  
Of a more brave aspect, or goodlier carriage;

His fortunes move not him—Madam, you are  
passionate.\*

*Kath.* Beshrew me, but his words have touch'd  
me home,

As if his cause concern'd me; I should pity him,  
If he should prove another than he seems.

*Enter CRAWFORD.*

*Craw.* Ladies, the king commands your presence instantly,  
For entertainment of the duke.

*Kath.* "The duke"  
Must then be entertain'd, the king obey'd;  
It is our duty.

*Countess.* We will all wait on him. [*Exeunt.*]

## SCENE II.

*London.—The Tower.*

*A Flourish.—Enter King HENRY, OXFORD, DURHAM, SURREY.*

*K. Hen.* Have ye condemn'd my chamberlain?

*Dur.* His treasons  
Condemn'd him, sir; which were as clear and  
manifest,  
As foul and dangerous: besides, the guilt  
Of his conspiracy prest him so nearly,  
That it drew from him free confession,  
Without an importunity.

\* *Madam, you are passionate.*] i. e. distressed, deeply affected—the Countess had observed Katherine weeping.

*K. Hen.* Oh, lord bishop,  
This argued shame and sorrow for his folly,  
And must not stand in evidence against  
Our mercy, and the softness of our nature;  
The rigour and extremity of law  
Is sometimes too too bitter; but we carry  
A Chancery of pity in our bosom.  
I hope we may reprieve him from the sentence  
Of death; I hope we may.

*Dar.* You may, you may;  
And so persuade your subjects that the title  
Of York is better, nay, more just and lawful,  
Than yours of Lancaster! so Stanley holds:  
Which if it be not treason in the highest,  
Then we are traitors all, perjured, and false,  
Who have took oath to Henry, and the justice  
Of Henry's title; Oxford, Surrey, Dawbeney,  
With all your other peers of state and church,  
Forsworn, and Stanley true alone to Heaven,  
And England's lawful heir!

*Orf.* By Vere's old honours,  
I'll cut his throat dares speak it.

*Sur.* 'Tis a quarrel  
To engage a soul in.

*K. Hen.* What a coil is here  
To keep my gratitude sincere and perfect!  
Stanley was once my friend,<sup>1</sup> and came in time

<sup>1</sup> *Stanley was once my friend, &c.*] Much of this is from the noble historian. The king certainly holds a very different language from that which we had in a former page; but it is characteristic of his close, cold, and selfish nature. "As a little leaven (Bacon

To save my life; yet, to say truth, my lords,  
The man staid long enough t' endanger it:—  
But I could see no more into his heart,  
Than what his outward actions did present;  
And for them have rewarded him so fully,  
As that there wanted nothing in our gift  
To gratify his merit, as I thought,  
Unless I should divide my crown with him,  
And give him half; though now I well perceive  
'Twould scarce have serv'd his turn, without the  
whole.

But I am charitable, lords; let justice  
Proceed in execution, whilst I mourn  
The loss of one whom I esteem'd a friend.

*Dur.* Sir, he is coming this way.

*K. Hen.* If he speak to me,  
I could deny him nothing; to prevent it,  
I must withdraw. Pray, lords, commend my fa-  
vours

To his last peace, which, with him, I will pray for:  
That done, it doth concern us to consult  
Of other following troubles. [*Exit.*

*Orf.* I am glad  
He's gone; upon my life he would have pardon'd  
The traitor, had he seen him.

says) of new distaste doth commonly sour the whole lump of former merit, the king's wit began now to suggest unto his passion, that Stanley at Bosworth-field, *though he came in time to save his life, yet he staid long enough to endanger it.*" After all, the writer hints, as broadly as he dared, that Stanley's main guilt lay in his vast accumulations, which Henry viewed with too greedy an eye.

*Sur.* 'Tis a king  
Composed of gentleness.

*Dur.* Rare and unheard of :  
But every man is nearest to himself,  
And that the king observes; 'tis fit he should.

*Enter* STANLEY, *Executioner, Confessor, URSWICK*  
*and* DAWBENEY.

*Stan.* May I not speak with Clifford, ere I shake  
This piece of frailty off?

*Daw.* You shall; he's sent for.

*Stan.* I must not see the king?

*Dur.* From him, sir William,  
These lords, and I am sent; he bade us say  
That he commends his mercy to your thoughts;  
Wishing the laws of England could remit  
The forfeit of your life, as willingly  
As he would, in the sweetness of his nature,  
Forget your trespass: but howe'er your body  
Fall into dust, he vows, the king himself  
Doth vow, to keep a requiem for your soul,  
As for a friend, close treasured in his bosom.

*Oxf.* Without remembrance of your errors past,  
I come to take my leave, and wish you heaven.

*Sur.* And I; good angels guard you!

*Stan.* Oh, the king,  
Next to my soul, shall be the nearest subject  
Of my last prayers. My grave lord of Durham,  
My lords of Oxford, Surrey, Dawbeney, all,  
Accept from a poor dying man a farewell.  
I was, as you are, once, great, and stood hopeful



Of many flourishing years; but fate and time  
Have wheel'd about, to turn me into nothing.

*Enter CLIFFORD.*

*Daw.* Sir Robert Clifford comes, the man, sir  
William,  
You so desire to speak with.

*Dur.* Mark their meeting.

*Clif.* Sir William Stanley, I am glad your conscience

Before your end, hath emptied every burden  
Which charg'd it, as that you can clearly witness,  
How far I have proceeded in a duty  
That both concern'd my truth, and the state's safety.

*Stan.* Mercy, how dear is life to such as hug it!  
Come hither—by this token think on me!

*[Makes a cross on CLIFFORD's face with his finger.]*

*Clif.* This token? What! am I abus'd?

*Stan.* You are not.

I wet upon your cheeks a holy sign,  
The cross, the Christian's badge, the traitor's infamy;

Wear, Clifford, to thy grave this painted emblem:  
Water shall never wash it off, all eyes  
That gaze upon thy face, shall read there written,  
A state-informer's character; more ugly,  
Stamp'd on a noble name, than on a base.

The heavens forgive thee!—pray, my lords, no change

Of words; this man and I have used too many.

*Clif.* Shall I be disgraced  
Without reply?

*Dur.* Give losers leave to talk;  
His loss is irrecoverable.

*Stan.* Once more,  
To all a long farewell! The best of greatness  
Preserve the king! my next suit is, my lords,  
To be remember'd to my noble brother,  
Derby, my much griev'd brother:<sup>6</sup> Oh, persuade  
him,  
That I shall stand no blemish to his house,  
In chronicles writ in another age.

My heart doth bleed for him, and for his sighs:  
Tell him, he must not think the style of Derby,  
Nor being husband to king Henry's mother,  
The league with peers, the smiles of fortune, can  
Secure his peace above the state of man.  
I take my leave to travel to my dust;  
Subjects deserve their deaths whose kings are just.  
Come, confessor! On with thy axe, friend, on.

[*He is led off to execution.*]

*Clif.* Was I call'd hither by a traitor's breath  
To be upbraided! Lords, the king shall know it.

*Re-enter King HENRY with a white staff.*

*K. Hen.* The king doth know it, sir; the king  
hath heard  
What he or you could say. We have given credit  
To every point of Clifford's information,

<sup>6</sup> *Derby, my much griev'd brother.*] See p. 15. Lord Stanley had been raised to the dignity of an Earl in October, 1485, a few weeks after the battle of Bosworth.

The only evidence 'gainst Stanley's head :  
He dies for it; are you pleased ?

*Clif.* I pleased, my lord ?

*K. Hen.* No echos: for your service, we dismiss  
Your more attendance on the court ; take ease,  
And live at home ; but, as you love your life,  
Stir not from London without leave from us.  
We'll think on your reward ; away !

*Clif.* I go, sir. [*Exit.*

*K. Hen.* Die all our griefs with Stanley ! Take  
this staff  
Of office, Dawbeney ;<sup>7</sup> henceforth be our cham-  
berlain.

*Daw.* I am your humblest servant.

*K. Hen.* We are follow'd  
By enemies at home, that will not cease  
To seek their own confusion ; 'tis most true,  
The Cornish under Audley are march'd on  
As far as Winchester ; —but let them come,  
Our forces are in readiness, we'll catch them  
In their own toils.

*Daw.* Your army, being muster'd,  
Consists in all, of horse and foot, at least  
In number, six-and-twenty thousand ; men  
Daring and able, resolute to fight,  
And loyal in their truths.

*K. Hen.* We know it, Dawbeney :

<sup>7</sup> *Dawbeney.*] “ This person (Charles Lord D'Aubigny) was a person,” Bacon says, “ of great sufficiency and valour, the more because he was gentle and modest.” Yet he always appears on the side of violent counsels; and more forward with his flattery than any of the courtiers in the king's confidence.

For them we order thus ; Oxford in chief,  
Assisted by bold Essex, and the earl  
Of Suffolk, shall lead on the first batallia ;  
Be that your charge.

*Oxf.* I humbly thank your majesty.

*K. Hen.* The next division we assign to Daw-  
beney :

These must be men of action, for on those  
The fortune of our fortunes must rely.  
The last and main, ourself commands in person ;  
As ready to restore the fight at all times,  
As to consummate an assured victory.

*Daw.* The king is still oraculous.

*K. Hen.* But, Surrey,

We have employment of more toil for thee :  
For our intelligence comes swiftly to us,  
That James of Scotland late hath entertain'd  
Perkin the counterfeit, with more than common  
Grace and respect ; nay, courts him with rare fa-  
vours.

The Scot is young and forward, we must look for  
A sudden storm to England from the north ;  
Which to withstand, Durham shall post to Norham,  
To fortify the castle, and secure  
The frontiers against an invasion there.  
Surrey shall follow soon, with such an army  
As may relieve the bishop, and encounter,  
On all occasions, the death-daring Scots.  
You know your charges all ; 'tis now a time  
To execute, not talk ; Heaven is our guard still.  
War must breed peace, such is the fate of kings.

[*Exeunt.*

## SCENE III.

*Edinburgh.—An Apartment in the Palace.*

*Enter CRAWFORD and DALYELL.*

*Craw.* 'Tis more than strange; my reason cannot answer

Such argument of fine imposture, couch'd  
In witchcraft of persuasion, that it fashions  
Impossibilities, as if appearance  
Could cozen truth itself; this dukeling mushroom  
Hath doubtless charm'd the king.

*Dal.* He courts the ladies,  
As if his strength of language chain'd attention  
By power of prerogative.

*Craw.* It madded  
My very soul to hear our master's motion;  
What surety both of amity and honour  
Must of necessity ensue upon  
A match betwixt some noble of our nation,  
And this brave prince, forsooth!

*Dal.* 'Twill prove too fatal;  
Wise Huntley fears the threat'ning. Bless the lady  
From such a ruin!

*Craw.* How the counsel privy  
Of this young Phaeton do screw their faces  
Into a gravity, their trades, good people,  
Were never guilty of! the meanest of them  
Dreams of at least an office in the state.

*Dal.* Sure not the hangman's, 'tis bespoke already  
For service to their rogueships,—silence!

*Enter King JAMES and HUNTLEY.*

*K. Ja.* Do not

Argue against our will ; we have descended  
Somewhat (as we may term it) too familiarly  
From justice of our birthright, to examine  
The force of your allegiance,—sir, we have ;—  
But find it short of duty !

*Hunt.* Break my heart,

Do, do, king ! Have my services, my loyalty,  
(Heaven knows untainted ever) drawn upon me  
Contempt now in mine age, when I but wanted  
A minute of a peace not to be troubled,  
My last, my long one ? Let me be a dotard,  
A bedlam, a poor sot, or what you please  
To have me, so you will not stain your blood,  
Your own blood, royal sir, though mixt with  
mine,

By marriage of this girl<sup>a</sup> to a straggler !—  
Take, take my head, sir ; whilst my tongue can wag,  
It cannot name him other.

*K. Ja.* Kings are counterfeits

In your repute, grave oracle, not presently  
Set on their thrones, with sceptres in their fists !  
But use your own detraction ; 'tis our pleasure

<sup>a</sup> *By marriage of this girl.*] See vol. i. p. 19. The circumstance is thus briefly noticed by Lord Bacon.—“ To put it out of doubt that he took (Perkin) to be a great prince, and not a representation only, King James gave consent that this duke should take to wife the Lady Catherine Gordon, daughter of the Earl of Huntley, being a near kinswoman to the king himself, and a young virgin of excellent beauty and virtue.”

To give our cousin York for wife our kinswoman,  
The lady Katherine : Instinct of sovereignty  
Designs the honour, though her peevish father  
Usurps our resolution.

*Hunt.* Oh, 'tis well,  
Exceeding well ! I never was ambitious  
Of using congées to my daughter queen—  
A queen ! perhaps, a quean !<sup>9</sup> Forgive me, Dalyell,  
Thou honourable gentleman ;—none here  
Dare speak one word of comfort ?

*Dal.* Cruel misery !

*Craw.* The lady, gracious prince, may be hath  
settled

Affection on some former choice.

*Dal.* Enforcement  
Would prove but tyranny.

*Hunt.* I thank thee heartily.  
Let any yeoman of our nation challenge  
An interest in the girl, then the king  
May add a jointure of ascent in titles,  
Worthy a free consent ; now he pulls down  
What old desert hath builded.

<sup>9</sup> *A queen ! perhaps, a quean !*] I cannot reconcile myself to this reading, though I have adopted it. The noble Huntley would scarcely use such language of his daughter, however lightly he might be disposed to treat the young pretender to royalty. The passage stands thus in the old copy :—

————— “ I never was ambitious  
Of using congeys to my *Daughter Queene* :  
A *Queene*, perhaps a *Queene* ? ”

If the last line be read—

*A queen, perhaps ! a queen !*

it may seem to express his affected surprize at her advancement ;  
but let the reader decide.

*K. Ja.* Cease persuasions.

I violate no pawns of faiths, intrude not  
On private loves; that I have play'd the orator  
For kingly York to virtuous Kate, her grant  
Can justify, referring her contents  
To our provision: the Welsh Harry, henceforth,  
Shall therefore know, and tremble to acknow-  
ledge,

That not the painted idol of his policy  
Shall fright the lawful owner from a kingdom.—  
We are resolv'd.

*Hunt.* Some of thy subjects' hearts,  
King James, will bleed for this!

*K. Ja.* Then shall their bloods  
Be nobly spent: no more disputes; he is not  
Our friend who contradicts us.

*Hunt.* Farewell, daughter!  
My care by one is lessen'd, thank the king for't!  
I and my griefs will dance now.—

*Enter WARBECK, complimenting with Lady KATHERINE; Countess of CRAWFORD, JANE DOUGLAS, FRION, JOHN A-WATER, ASTLEY, HERON, and SKETON.*

Look, lords, look;  
Here's hand in hand already!

*K. Ja.* Peace, old frenzy.—  
How like a king he looks! Lords, but observe  
The confidence of his aspect; dross cannot  
Cleave to so pure a metal—royal youth!  
Plantagenet undoubted!



*Hunt. (Aside.)* Ho, brave!—*Youth*;<sup>1</sup>  
But no *Plantagenet*, by'r lady, yet,  
By red rose or by white.

*War.* An union this way,  
Settles possession in a monarchy  
Establish'd rightly, as is my inheritance:  
Acknowledge me but sovereign of this kingdom,  
Your heart, fair princess,—and the hand of providence

Shall crown you queen of me, and my best fortunes.

*Kath.* Where my obedience is, my lord, a duty,  
Love owes true service.

*War.* Shall I?—

*K. Ja.* Cousin, yes,  
Enjoy her; from my hand accept your bride;  
[*He joins their hands.*]

And may they live at enmity with comfort,  
Who grieve at such an equal pledge of troths!  
You are the prince's wife now.

*Kath.* By your gift, sir.

*War.* Thus, I take seizure of mine own.

*Kath.* I miss yet  
A father's blessing. Let me find it;—humbly  
Upon my knees I seek it.

*Hunt.* I am Huntley,  
Old Alexander Gordon,<sup>2</sup> a plain subject,

<sup>1</sup> *Ho, brave!—Youth.*] The old copy has *lady*. The earl evidently meant to repeat the king's last words; the mistake probably arose from the printer's eye having been caught by the word immediately below it.

<sup>2</sup> *Hunt. I am Huntley,*  
*Old Alexander Gordon.*] This appears to be a mistake. The

Nor more nor less; and, lady, if you wish for  
A blessing, you must bend your knees to heaven;  
For heaven did give me you. Alas, alas!  
What would you have me say? may all the hap-  
piness

My prayers ever sued to fall upon you,  
Preserve you in your virtues!—Prithee, Dalyell,  
Come with me; for I feel thy griefs as full  
As mine; let's steal away, and cry together.

*Dal.* My hopes are in their ruins.

[*Exeunt HUNT. and DAL.*

*K. Ja.* Good, kind Huntley  
Is overjoy'd: a fit solemnity  
Shall perfect these delights; Crawford, attend  
Our order for the preparation.

[*Exeunt all but FRION, HER. SKET.*

*J. A-WAT. and AST.*

*Fri.* Now, worthy gentlemen, have I not follow'd  
My undertakings with success? Here's entrance  
Into a certainty above a hope.

*Her.* Hopes are but hopes; I was ever confi-  
dent, when I traded but in remnants, that my stars  
had reserv'd me to the title of a Viscount at least:  
honour is honour, though cut out of any stuffs.<sup>1</sup>

father of Katherine, as is said above, was George Gordon. His father, indeed, was named *Alexander*, and so was his son and successor; but the latter did not obtain the title till many years after this period.

<sup>1</sup> *Her. Honour is honour, though cut out of any stuffs.*] Ford has made the speakers express themselves characteristically. Heron, or Herne, as Lord Bacon calls him, was a mercer; Sketon, or rather Skelton, was a taylor, and Astley a scrivener: they were all men of broken fortunes, a circumstance to which the poet frequently alludes.

*Sket.* My brother Heron hath right wisely deliver'd his opinion; for he that threads his needle with the sharp eyes of industry, shall in time go thorough-stitch with the new suit of preferment.

*Ast.* Spoken to the purpose, my fine witted brother Sketon; for as no indenture but has its counterpane; no *noverint* but his condition or de-feisance; so no right but may have claim, no claim but may have possession, any act of parliament to the contrary notwithstanding.

*Fri.* You are all read in mysteries of state,  
And quick of apprehension, deep in judgment,  
Active in resolution; and 'tis pity  
Such counsel should lie buried in obscurity.  
But why, in such a time and cause of triumph,  
Stands the judicious mayor of Cork so silent?  
Believe it, sir, as English Richard prospers,  
You must not miss employment of high nature.

*J. a-Wat.* If men may be credited in their mortality, which I dare not peremptorily aver but they may, or not be; presumptions by this marriage are then, in sooth, of fruitful expectation. Or else I must not justify other men's belief, more than other should rely on mine.

*Fri.* Pith of experience! those that have borne  
office,  
Weigh every word before it can drop from them.  
But, noble counsellors, since now the present  
Requires, in point of honour, (pray mistake not,)  
Some service to our lord; 'tis fit the Scots

Should not engross all glory to themselves,  
At this so grand and eminent solemnity.

*Sket.* The Scots? the motion is defied: I had rather, for my part, without trial of my country, suffer persecution under the pressing-iron of reproach; or let my skin be punch'd full of oylet-holes with the bodkin of derision.

*Art.* I will sooner lose both my ears on the pilory of forgery.

*Her.* Let me first live a bankrupt, and die, in the lousy hole, of hunger, without compounding for sixpence in the pound.

*J. a-Wat.* If men fail not in their expectations, there may be spirits also that digest no rude affronts, master secretary Frion, or I am cozen'd; which is possible, I grant.

*Fri.* Resolv'd like men of knowledge! at this feast, then,  
In honour of the bride, the Scots, I know,  
Will in some shew, some masque, or some device,  
Prefer their duties: now, it were uncomely,  
That we be found less forward for our prince,  
Than they are for their lady; and by how much  
We outshine them in persons of account,  
By so much more will our endeavours meet with  
A livelier applause. Great emperors  
Have, for their recreations, undertook  
Such kind of pastimes; as for the conceit,  
Refer it to my study; the performance  
You all shall share a thanks in: 'twill be grateful.

*Her.* The motion is allow'd ; I have stole to a dancing-school when I was a prentice.

*Ast.* There have been Irish-hubbubs,\* when I have made one too.

*Sket.* For fashioning of shapes, and cutting a cross-caper, turn me off to my trade again.

*J. a- Wat.* Surely, there is, if I be not deceived, a kind of gravity in merriment ; as there is, or perhaps ought to be, respect of persons in the quality of carriage, which is, as it is construed, either so, or so.

*Fri.* Still you come home to me ; upon occasion,

I find you relish courtship with discretion ;  
And such are fit for statesmen of your merits.  
Pray ye wait the prince, and in his ear acquaint him  
With this design ; I'll follow and direct you.

Oh the toil [*Exeunt all but FRION.*]

Of humouring this abject scum of mankind !  
Muddy-brain'd peasants ! princes feel a misery  
Beyond impartial sufferance, whose extremes  
Must yield to such abettors :—yet our tide<sup>†</sup>  
Runs smoothly without adverse winds ; run on !  
Flow to a full sea ! time alone debates  
Quarrels forewritten in the book of fates.

[*Exit.*]

\* *Irish-hubbubs.*] Tumultuous merry-meetings at wakes and fairs. The speakers, it should be observed, are all from Ireland. Astley, as has been said, was a petty-fogger ; his presence at these hubbubs therefore is natural enough.

<sup>†</sup> Yet our tide, &c.] i. e. *hitherto, thus far, &c.* as in p. 62.

## ACT III. SCENE I.

*Westminster.—The Palace.*

*Enter King HENRY, with his Gorget on, his Sword, Plume of Feathers, and leading-staff, (truncheon) followed by URSWICK.*

*K. Hen.* How runs the time of day?

*Urs.* Past ten, my lord.

*K. Hen.* A bloody hour will it prove to some,  
Whose disobedience, like the sons o' th' earth,  
Throws a defiance 'gainst the face of heaven.  
Oxford, with Essex, and stout De la Poole,  
Have quieted the Londoners, I hope,  
And set them safe from fear.

*Urs.* They are all silent.

*K. Hen.* From their own battlements, they may  
behold

Saint George's fields o'erspread with armed men;  
Amongst whom our own royal standard threatens  
Confusion to opposers: we must learn  
To practise war again in time of peace,  
Or lay our crown before our subjects' feet;  
Ha, Urswick, must we not?

*Urs.* The powers, who seated  
King Henry on his lawful throne, will ever  
Rise up in his defence.

*K. Hen.* Rage shall not fright  
The bosom of our confidence; in Kent  
Our Cornish rebels, cozen'd of their hopes.  
Met brave resistance by that country's earl,

George Abergeny, Cobham, Poynings, Guilford,  
And other loyal hearts ; now, if Blackheath  
Must be reserv'd the fatal tomb to swallow  
Such stiff-neck'd abjects, as with weary marches  
Have travell'd from their homes, their wives, and  
children,

To pay, instead of subsidies, their lives,  
We may continue sovereign ! Yet, Urswick,  
We'll not abate one penny, what in parliament  
Hath freely been contributed ; we must not ;  
Money gives soul to action. Our competitor,  
The Flemish counterfeit, with James of Scotland,  
Will prove what courage need and want can nourish,

Without the food of fit supplies :—but, Urswick,  
I have a charm in secret, that shall loose  
The witchcraft, wherewith young King James is  
bound,

And free it at my pleasure without bloodshed.

*Urs.* Your majesty's a wise king, sent from  
heaven,

Protector of the just.

*K. Hen.* Let dinner cheerfully  
Be serv'd in ; this day of the week is ours,  
Our day of providence ; for Saturday  
Yet never fail'd, in all my undertakings,  
To yield me rest at night.<sup>6</sup>—[*A Flourish.*—What  
means this warning ?

Good fate, speak peace to Henry !

<sup>6</sup> ———— for Saturday

[*Yet never fail'd me, &c.*] The king's predilection for *Saturday* is noticed by Lord Bacon. Henry had taken great pains to

*Enter DAWBENEY, OXFORD, and Attendants.*

*Daw.* Live the king,  
Triumphant in the ruin of his enemies!

*Oxf.* The head of strong rebellion is cut off,  
The body hew'd in pieces.

*K. Hen.* Dawbeney, Oxford,  
Minions to noblest fortunes, how yet stands  
The comfort of your wishes?

*Daw.* Briefly thus :  
The Cornish under Audley, disappointed  
Of flatter'd expectation, from the Kentish  
(Your majesty's right trusty liegemen) flew,  
Feather'd by rage, and hearten'd by presumption,  
To take the field even at your palace-gates,  
And face you in your chamber-royal: arrogance  
Improv'd their ignorance; for they supposing,  
Misled by rumour, that the day of battle  
Should fall on Monday, rather brav'd your forces,  
Than doubted any onset; yet this morning,  
When in the dawning I, by your direction,  
Strove to get Deptford-Strand-bridge, there I  
found

Such a resistance, as might shew what strength  
Could make: here arrows hail'd in showers upon  
us,

A full yard long at least; but we prevail'd.  
My lord of Oxford with his fellow peers,

induce the insurgents to believe that he intended to put off the action till the succeeding Monday: they fell into the snare, and were accordingly unprepared for the attack, which took place on Saturday, the 22d of June.



Environing the hill, fell fiercely on them  
 On the one side, I on the other, till, great sir,  
 (Pardon the oversight,) eager of doing  
 Some memorable act, I was engaged  
 Almost a prisoner, but was freed as soon  
 As sensible of danger : now the fight  
 Began in heat, which, quenched in the blood of  
 Two thousand rebels, and as many more  
 Reserv'd to try your mercy, have return'd  
 A victory with safety.

*K. Hen.* Have we lost  
 An equal number with them ?

*Oxf.* In the total  
 Scarcely four hundred. Audley, Flammock, Jo-  
 seph,  
 The ringleaders of this commotion,<sup>7</sup>  
 Railed in ropes,<sup>8</sup> fit ornaments for traitors,  
 Wait your determinations.

<sup>7</sup> ————— *Audley, Flammock, Joseph,*

*The ringleaders, &c.]* Lord Audley had been for some time in communication with the leaders of the Cornish men, but did not join them till they reached Wells, in Somersetshire. "He was," the historian says, "of an ancient family, but unquiet and popular, and aspiring to ruin. He was immediately, and with great cries of joy, accepted as their general; they being proud to be led by a nobleman." Thomas Flammock, a common name in Cornwall, was a lawyer, who by various artifices had obtained great sway among them; and Michael Joseph, a blacksmith or farrier, of Bodmin, "a notable talking fellow, and no less desirous to be talked of."

It should be added, that Ford is indebted to Lord Bacon for most of the incidents in Daubency's narrative.

<sup>8</sup> *Railed in ropes]* The *It* is imperfect, and reads, *Raled* in ropes. As the *R* is very indistinct, I should have been inclined, perhaps, to make *Haled* out of it, had I not found the expression

*K. Hen.* We must pay  
Our thanks where they are only due: Oh, lords!  
Here is no victory, nor shall our people  
Conceive that we can triumph in their falls.  
Alas, poor souls! let such as are escaped  
Steal to the country back without pursuit:  
There's not a drop of blood spilt, but hath drawn  
As much of mine; their swords could have  
wrought wonders  
On their king's part, who faintly were unsheath'd  
Against their prince, but wounded their own  
breasts.

Lords, we are debtors to your care; our payment  
Shall be both sure, and fitting your deserts.

*Daw.* Sir, will you please to see those rebels,  
heads

Of this wild monster multitude?

*K. Hen.* Dear friend,  
My faithful Dawbeney, no; on them our justice  
Must frown in terror, I will not vouchsafe  
An eye of pity to them: let false Audley  
Be drawn upon an hurdle from the Newgate  
To Tower-hill in his own coat of arms  
Painted on paper, with the arms revers'd,  
Defaced, and torn; there let him lose his head.  
The lawyer and the blacksmith shall be hang'd,

in Bacon. "They were brought to London, all *rail'd in ropes*,  
like a team of horses in a cart."

Flammock and Joseph were hanged at Tyburn. "The lord Aud-  
ley was led from Newgate to Tower-hill, in a *paper coat*, painted  
with his own arms, the arms reversed, the coat torn, and there be-  
headed."

Quarter'd, their quarters into Cornwall sent,  
Examples to the rest, whom we are pleas'd  
To pardon, and dismiss from further quest.  
My lord of Oxford, see it done.

*Oxf.* I shall, sir.

*K. Hen.* Urswick.

*Urs.* My lord ?

*K. Hen.* To Dinham, our high-treasurer,  
Say, we command commissions be new granted,  
For the collection of our subsidies  
Through all the west, and that [right] speedily.  
Lords, we acknowledge our engagements due  
For your most constant services.

*Daw.* Your soldiers  
Have manfully and faithfully acquitted  
Their several duties.

*K. Hen.* For it, we will throw  
A largess free amongst them, which shall hearten  
And cherish up their loyalties. More yet  
Remains of like employment ; not a man  
Can be dismiss'd, till enemies abroad,  
More dangerous than these at home, have felt  
The puissance of our arms. Oh, happy kings,  
Whose thrones are raised in their subjects hearts!  
[*Exeunt.*]

## SCENE II.

*Edinburgh.—The Palace.**Enter HUNTLEY and DALYELL.*

*Hunt.* Now, sir, a modest word with you, sad gentleman ;

Is not this fine, I trow, to see the gambols,  
To hear the jigs, observe the frisks, be enchanted  
With the rare discord of bells, pipes, and tabours,  
Hodge-podge of Scotch and Irish twingle-twangles,

Like to so many choristers of Bedlam  
Trowling a catch ! The feasts, the manly stomachs,

The healths in usquebaugh, and bonny-clabber,\*  
The ale in dishes never fetch'd from China,  
The hundred thousand knacks not to be spoken of,  
And all this for king Oberon, and queen Mab,  
Should put a soul into you. Look ye, good man,  
How youthful I am grown ! but by your leave,  
This new queen-bride must henceforth be no more  
My daughter ; no, by'r lady, 'tis unfit !  
And yet you see how I do bear this change ;  
Methinks courageously : then shake off care  
In such a time of jollity.

\* *The healths in bonny-clabber.*] A common name, in our old writers, for curds and whey, or sour butter-milk. It appears to have been a favourite drink both with the Scotch and Irish. See Jonson, vol. v. p. 330.

*Dal.* Alas, sir,

How can you cast a mist upon your griefs?  
Which howsoe'er you shadow, but present  
To [any] judging eye, the perfect substance  
Of which mine are but counterfeits.

*Hunt.* Foh, Dalyell!

Thou interrupt'st the part I bear in music  
To this rare bridal feast; let us be merry,  
Whilst flattering calms secure us against storms:  
Tempests, when they begin to roar, put out  
The light of peace, and cloud the sun's bright eye  
In darkness of despair; yet we are safe.

*Dal.* I wish you could as easily forget  
The justice of your sorrows, as my hopes  
Can yield to destiny.

*Hunt.* Pish! then I see

Thou dost not know the flexible condition  
Of my [tough] nature! I can laugh, laugh heartily,  
When the gout cramps my joints; let but the  
stone

Stop in my bladder, I am straight a-singing;  
The quartan fever shrinking every limb,  
Sets me a-capering straight; do [but] betray me,  
And bind me a friend ever: what! I trust  
The losing of a daughter, though I doated  
On every hair that grew to trim her head,  
Admits not any pain like one of these.—  
Come, thou'rt deceiv'd in me; give me a blow,  
A sound blow on the face, I'll thank thee for't;  
I love my wrongs: still thou'rt deceiv'd in me.

*Dal.* Deceiv'd? oh, noble Huntley, my few  
years

Have learnt experience of too ripe an age,  
To forfeit fit credulity; forgive  
My rudeness, I am bold.

*Hunt.* Forgive me first  
A madness of ambition; by example  
Teach me humility, for patience scorns  
Lectures, which schoolmen use to read to boys  
Incapable of injuries: though old,  
I could grow tough in fury, and disclaim  
Allegiance to my king, could fall at odds  
With all my fellow-peers, that durst not stand  
Defendants 'gainst the rape done on mine honour:  
But kings are earthly gods, there is no meddling  
With their anointed bodies; for their actions,  
They only are accountable to heaven.  
Yet in the puzzle of my troubled brain,  
One antidote's reserv'd against the poison  
Of my distractions; 'tis in thee to apply it.

*Dal.* Name it; oh, name it quickly, sir!

*Hunt.* A pardon  
For my most foolish slighting thy deserts;  
I have cull'd out this time to beg it: prithee,  
Be gentle; had I been so, thou hadst own'd  
A happy bride, but now a cast-away,  
And never child of mine more.

*Dal.* Say not so, sir;  
It is not fault in her.

*Hunt.* The world would prate  
How she was handsome; young I know she was,

Tender, and sweet in her obedience,  
But, lost now ; what a bankrupt am I made  
Of a full stock of blessings !—must I hope  
A mercy from thy heart ?

*Dal.* A love, a service,  
A friendship to posterity.

*Hunt.* Good angels  
Reward thy charity ! I have no more  
But prayers left me now.

*Dal.* I'll lend you mirth, sir,  
If you will be in consort.

*Hunt.* 'Thank you truly :  
I must, yes, yes, I must ;—here's yet some ease,  
A partner in affliction : look not angry.

*Dal.* Good, noble sir ! *[Music.]*

*Hunt.* Oh, hark ! we may be quiet,  
The king, and all the others come ; a meeting  
Of gaudy sights : this day 's the last of revels ;  
To-morrow sounds of war ; then new exchange ;  
Fiddles must turn to swords. — Unhappy marriage !

*A Flourish.—Enter King JAMES, WARBECK leading KATHERINE, CRAWFORD and his Countess ; JANE DOUGLAS, and other Ladies. HUNTLEY and DALYELL fall among them.*

*K. Ja.* Cousin of York, you and your princely  
    bride  
Have liberally enjoy'd such soft delights,  
As a new-married couple could forethink ;

Nor has our bounty shorten'd expectation:  
But after all those pleasures of repose,  
Or amorous safety, we must rouse the ease  
Of dalliance, with achievements of more glory  
Than sloth and sleep can furnish: yet, for farewell,  
Gladly we entertain a truce with time,  
To grace the joint endeavours of our servants.

*War.* My royal cousin, in your princely favour,  
The extent of bounty hath been so unlimited,  
As only an acknowledgment in words  
Would breed suspicion in our state and quality.  
When we shall, in the fulness of our fate,  
(Whose minister, Necessity, will perfit<sup>1</sup>)  
Sit on our own throne; then our arms, laid open  
To gratitude, in sacred memory  
Of these large benefits, shall twine them close,  
Even to our thoughts and heart, without distinction.

Then James and Richard, being in effect  
One person, shall unite and rule one people,  
Divisible in titles only.

*K. Ja.* Seat you.

Are the presenters ready?

*Craw.* All are entering.

*Hunt.* Dainty sport toward, Dalyell! sit, come  
sit,

Sit and be quiet; here are kingly bug-words!<sup>2</sup>

<sup>1</sup> The sentence seems incomplete, for want of a relative; the meaning, however, is clear enough: in plain words, Necessity, the agent of Destiny, will bring her design to perfection; i. e. give me the kingdom.

<sup>2</sup> *Bug-words.*] Generally speaking, terrific, alarming words;



*Enter at one door four Scotch Anticks, accordingly habited;<sup>3</sup> at another, WARBECK's followers, disguised as four Wild Irish in trowes,<sup>4</sup> long-haired, and accordingly habited.—Music.—A Dance by the Masquers.*

*K. Ja.* To all a general thanks!

*War.* In the next room

Take your own shapes<sup>4</sup> again; you shall receive  
Particular acknowledgment. [*Exeunt the masquers.*

*K. Ja.* Enough

Of merriments. Crawford, how far's our army  
Upon the march?

*Craw.* At Hedon-hall, great king;  
Twelve thousand, well prepared.

*K. Ja.* Crawford, to-night  
Post thither. We, in person, with the prince,  
By four o'clock to-morrow after dinner,  
Will be wi' you; speed away!

*Craw.* I fly, my lord. [*Exit.*

from the Celtic, *bug*, a fiend, a frightful hobgoblin: here, however, they sarcastically allude to the pompous high-sounding language of the imaginary monarch. A similar expression occurs in the *Tamer tamed*: "These are, indeed, *bug-words*!"

<sup>3</sup> *Four Scotch Anticks accordingly habited.*] i.e. *characteristically*. The *trowes*, or *trosses*, of the "wild Irish," mentioned in the next line, were drawers closely fitted to the shape; and which, together with the long shaggy hair of these people, are often made the subject of mirth by our old dramatists.

<sup>4</sup> *Take your own shapes.*] i.e. resume your ordinary dress.

*K. Ja.* Our business grows to head now;  
where's your secretary,  
That he attends you not to serve?

*War.* With Marchmont,  
Your herald.

*K. Ja.* Good: the proclamation's ready;  
By that it will appear how the English stand  
Affected to your title. Huntley, comfort  
Your daughter in her husband's absence; fight  
With prayers at home for us, who, for your honours,  
Must toil in fight abroad.

*Hunt.* Prayers are the weapons  
Which men, so near their graves as I, do use;  
I've little else to do.

*K. Ja.* To rest, young beauties!  
We must be early stirring; quickly part:  
A kingdom's rescue craves both speed and art.  
Cousins, good night. [*A flourish.*]

*War.* Rest to our cousin king.

*Kath.* Your blessing, sir.

*Hunt.* Fair blessings on your highness! sure  
you need them.

[*Exeunt all but WAR. KATH. and JANE.*]

*War.* Jane, set the lights down, and from us  
return

To those in the next room, this little purse;  
Say, we'll deserve their loves.

*Jane.* It shall be done, sir. [*Exit.*]

*War.* Now, dearest, ere sweet sleep shall seal  
those eyes,

Love's precious tapers, give me leave to use  
A parting ceremony ; for to-morrow  
It would be sacrilege to intrude upon  
The temple of thy peace : swift as the morning,  
Must I break from the down of thy embraces,  
To put on steel, and trace the paths which lead  
Through various hazards to a careful throne.

*Kath.* My lord, I'd fain go with you ; there's  
small fortune  
In staying here behind.

*War.* The churlish brow  
Of war, fair dearest, is a sight of horror  
For ladies' entertainment : if thou hear'st  
A truth of my sad ending by the hand  
Of some unnatural subject, thou withall  
Shalt hear, how I died worthy of my right,  
By falling like a king ; and in the close,  
Which my last breath shall sound, thy name, thou  
fairest,

Shall sing a requiem to my soul, unwilling  
Only of greater glory, 'cause divided  
From such a heaven on earth, as life with thee.  
But these are chimes for funerals ; my business  
Attends on fortune of a sprightlier triumph ;  
For love and majesty are reconciled,  
And vow to crown thee Empress of the West.

*Kath.* You have a noble language, sir ; your  
right  
In me is without question, and however  
Events of time may shorten my deserts  
In others' pity, yet it shall not stagger

Or constancy, or duty in a wife.  
You must be king of me ; and my poor heart  
Is all I can call mine.

*War.* But we will live,  
Live, beauteous virtue, by the lively test  
Of our own blood, to let the *counterfeit*  
Be known the world's contempt.

*Kath.* Pray do not use  
That word, it carries fate in't : the first suit  
I ever made, I trust your love will grant.

*War.* Without denial, dearest.

*Kath.* That hereafter,  
If you return with safety, no adventure  
May sever us in tasting any fortune :  
I ne'er can stay behind again.

*War.* You are lady  
Of your desires, and shall command your will ;  
Yet 'tis too hard a promise.

*Kath.* What our destinies  
Have ruled out in their books, we must not search,  
But kneel to.

*War.* Then to fear when hope is fruitless,  
Were to be desperately miserable ;  
Which poverty our greatness dares not dream of,  
And much more scorns to stoop to : some few mi-  
nutes  
Remain yet, let's be thrifty in our hopes.

[*Exeunt.*]

## SCENE III.

*The Palace at Westminster.*

*Enter King HENRY, HIALAS, and URSWICK.*

*K. Hen.* Your name is Pedro Hialas,<sup>5</sup> a Spaniard?

*Hial.* Sir, a Castillian born.

*K. Hen.* King Ferdinand,  
With wise queen Isabel his royal consort,  
Write you a man of worthy trust and candour.  
Princes are dear to heaven, who meet with subjects

Sincere in their employments; such I find  
Your commendation, sir. Let me deliver  
How joyful I repute the amity,  
With your most fortunate master, who almost  
Comes near a miracle in his success  
Against the Moors, who had devour'd his country,  
Entire now to his sceptre. We, for our part,  
Will imitate his providence, in hope  
Of partage in the use on't; we repute  
The privacy of his advisement to us  
By you, intended an ambassador

<sup>5</sup> *Your name is Pedro Hialas, &c.]* "Amidst these troubles," Lord Bacon says, "came into England from Spain, Peter *Hialas*, some call him *Ehas*, surely he was the *fore-runner* of the good hap that we enjoy at this day: for his embassy set the truce between England and Scotland; the truce drew on the peace, the peace the marriage, the union of the kingdoms: a man of great wisdom, and, as those times went, not unlearned."

To Scotland, for a peace between our kingdoms,  
A policy of love, which well becomes  
His wisdom and our care.

*Hial.* Your majesty  
Doth understand him rightly.

*K. Hen.* Else  
Your knowledge can instruct me; wherein, sir,  
To fall on ceremony, would seem useless,  
Which shall not need; for I will be as studious  
Of your concealment in our conference,  
As any council shall advise.

*Hial.* Then, sir,  
My chief request is, that on notice given  
At my dispatch in Scotland, you will send  
Some learned man of power and experience  
To join entreaty with me.

*K. Hen.* I shall do it,  
Being that way well provided by a servant,  
Which may attend you ever.

*Hial.* If king James,  
By any indirection, should perceive  
My coming near your court, I doubt the issue  
Of my employment.

*K. Hen.* Be not your own herald:  
I learn sometimes without a teacher.

*Hial.* Good days  
Guard all your princely thoughts!

*K. Hen.* Urswick, no further  
Than the next open gallery attend him —  
A hearty love go with you!

*Hial.* Your vow'd beadsman.<sup>6</sup>

[*Exeunt* *URS.* and *HIAL.*]

*K. Hen.* King Ferdinand is not so much a fox,  
But that a cunning huntsman may in time  
Fall on the scent; in honourable actions  
Safe imitation best deserves a praise.

*Re-enter* *URSWICK.*

What, the Castillian's past away?

*Urs.* He is,  
And undiscover'd; the two hundred marks  
Your majesty convey'd, he gently purs'd  
With a right modest gravity.

*K. Hen.* What was't  
He mutter'd in the earnest of his wisdom?  
He spoke not to be heard; 'twas about——

*Urs.* Warbeck;  
“How if king Henry were but sure of subjects,  
Such a wild runnagate might soon be caged,  
No great ado withstanding.”

*K. Hen.* Nay, nay; something  
About my son prince Arthur's match.

*Urs.* Right, right sir:  
He humm'd it out, how that king Ferdinand  
Swore, that the marriage 'twixt the lady Kathe-  
rine,  
His daughter, and the prince of Wales your son,

<sup>6</sup> *Your vow'd beadsman.*] One bound to *pray* for you; from *bede*, the old English word for *prayer*: at this time, however, the expression was sufficiently familiar, and meant little more than the common language of civility—your vowed or devoted *servant*.

Should never be consummated, as long  
As any earl of Warwick lived in England,  
Except by new creation.

*K. Hen.* I remember,

'Twas so indeed: the king his master swore it?

*Urs.* Directly, as he said.

*K. Hen.* An earl of Warwick!

Provide a messenger for letters instantly  
To bishop Fox. Our news from Scotland creeps;  
It comes too slow; we must have airy spirits,  
Our time requires dispatch.—The earl of War-  
wick!

Let him be son to Clarence,<sup>7</sup> younger brother  
To Edward! Edward's daughter is, I think,  
Mother to our prince Arthur—[*Aside.*—Get a  
messenger. [Exeunt.

## SCENE IV.

*Before the Castle of Norham.*

*Enter King JAMES, WARBECK, CRAWFORD, DAL-  
YELL, HERON, ASTLEY, JOHN A-WATER, SKE-  
TON, and Soldiers.*

*K. Ja.* We trifle time against these castle-walls,  
The English prelate will not yield: once more  
Give him a summons! [A parley is sounded.

<sup>7</sup> *Let him be son to Clarence, &c.]* These are ominous musings of the king, who eagerly caught at the words of Ferdinand, as given above, and sought "to export the odium of this innocent prince's execution out of the land, and lay it upon his new ally."



*Enter on the walls the Bishop of DURHAM, armed,  
a truncheon in his hand, with Soldiers.*

*War.* See the jolly clerk  
Appears, trimm'd like a ruffian.

*K. Ja.* Bishop, yet  
Set ope the ports, and to your lawful sovereign,  
Richard of York, surrender up this castle,  
And he will take thee to his grace; else Tweed  
Shall overflow his banks with English blood,  
And wash the sand that cements those hard stones,  
From their foundation.

*Dur.* Warlike king of Scotland,  
Vouchsafe a few words from a man enforced  
To lay his book aside, and clap on arms,<sup>\*</sup>  
Unsuitable to my age, or my profession.  
Courageous prince, consider on what grounds,  
You rend the face of peace, and break a league  
With a confederate king that courts your amity;  
For whom too? for a vagabond, a straggler,  
Not noted in the world by birth or name,  
An obscure peasant, by the rage of hell  
Loos'd from his chains, to set great kings at  
strife.

What nobleman, what common man of note,  
What ordinary subject hath come in,  
Since first you footed on our territories,  
To only feign a welcome? children laugh at

<sup>\*</sup> *And clap on arms.]* So the old copy: it is not improbable, however, that the poet's word was *clasp*.

Your proclamations, and the wiser pity  
So great a potentate's abuse, by one  
Who juggles merely with the fawns and youth  
Of an instructed compliment: such spoils,  
Such slaughters as the rapine of your soldiers  
Already have committed, is enough  
To shew your zeal in a conceited justice.  
Yet, great king, wake not yet my master's vengeance;  
But shake that viper off which gnaws your entrails!

I, and my fellow-subjects are resolv'd,  
If you persist, to stand your utmost fury,  
Till our last blood drop from us.

*War.* O sir, lend  
No ear to this traducer of my honour!—  
What shall I call thee, thou grey-bearded scandal,  
That kick'st against the sovereignty to which  
Thou owest allegiance?—Treason is bold-faced,  
And eloquent in mischief; sacred king,  
Be deaf to his known malice.

*Dur.* Rather yield  
Unto those holy motions which inspire  
The sacred heart of an anointed body!  
It is the surest policy in princes,  
To govern well their own, than seek encroachment  
Upon another's right.

\* ————— to *this traducer, &c.*] The 4to, by an evident oversight, reads—to this *seducer*, &c. There is another misprint in the same line—*me* for *no*.

*Craw.* The king is serious,  
Deep in his meditation[s].

*Dal.* Lift them up  
To heaven, his better genius!

*War.* Can you study,  
While such a devil raves? Oh, sir.

*K. Ja.* Well,—bishop,  
You'll not be drawn to mercy?

*Dur.* Construe me  
In like case by a subject of your own:  
My resolution's fix'd; king James, be consell'd,  
A greater fate waits on thee.

*[Exeunt DURHAM and Soldiers from  
the walls.]*

*K. Ja.* Forage through  
The country; spare no prey of life or goods.

*War.* Oh, sir, then give me leave to yield to  
nature:

I am most miserable; had I been  
Born what this clergyman would, by defame,  
Baffle belief with, I had never sought  
The truth of mine inheritance with rapes  
Of women, or of infants murder'd; virgins  
Deflower'd; old men butcher'd; dwellings fired;  
My land depopulated, and my people  
Afflicted with a kingdom's devastation:  
Shew more remorse, great king, or I shall never  
Endure to see such havock with dry eyes;  
Spare, spare, my dear, dear England!

*K. Ja.* You fool your piety,  
Ridiculously careful of an interest

Another man possesseth. Where's your faction?  
Shrewdly the bishop guess'd of your adherents,  
When not a petty burghess of some town,  
No, not a villager hath yet appear'd,  
In your assistance: *that* should make you whine,  
And not your country's sufferance as you term it.

*Dal.* The king is angry.

*Craw.* And the passionate duke,  
Effeminately dolent.<sup>1</sup>

*War.* The experience  
In former trials, sir, both of mine own  
Or other princes, cast out of their thrones,  
Hath so acquainted me, how misery  
Is destitute of friends, or of relief,  
That I can easily submit to taste  
Lowest reproof, without contempt or words.

*Enter PRION.*

*K. Ja.* An humble-minded man!—Now, what  
intelligence  
Speaks master secretary Prion.

*Fri.* Henry  
Of England hath in open field o'erthrown  
The armies who opposed him, in the right  
Of this young prince.

<sup>1</sup> *And the passionate duke,*

*Effeminately dolent.*] Thus Bacon—"It is said that Perkin, acting the part of a prince handsomely, when he saw the Scotch fall to waste his country, came to the king in a *passionate* (plaintive, tearful) manner, making great *lamentation*," &c. Whereunto the king answered "half in sport,"—much as we have it above.

*K. Ja.* His subsidies you mean—  
More, if you have it?

*Fri.* Howard earl of Surrey,  
Back'd by twelve earls and barons of the north,  
An hundred knights and gentlemen of name,  
And twenty thousand soldiers, is at hand  
To raise your siege. Brooke, with a goodly navy,  
Is admiral at sea; and Dawbeney follows  
With an unbroken army for a second.

*War.* 'Tis false! they come to side with us.

*K. Ja.* Retreat;  
We shall not find them stones and walls to cope with.  
Yet, duke of York, for such thou say'st thou art,  
I'll try thy fortune to the height; to Surrey,  
By Marchmont, I will send a brave defiance  
For single combat. Once a king will venture  
His person to an earl,\* with condition  
Of spilling lesser blood. Surrey is bold,  
And James resolv'd.

*War.* Oh, rather, gracious sir,  
Create me to this glory; since my cause  
Doth interest this fair quarrel; valued least,  
I am his equal.

*K. Ja.* I will be the man.  
March softly off; where victory can reap  
A harvest crown'd with triumph, toil is cheap.

[*Exeunt.*]

\* *His person to an earl.*] Here, and in p. 80, *earl* is used as a dissyllable. It is necessary to notice this, as Ford occasionally varies in the measure of this and similar words, in the course of the same speech.

## ACT IV. SCENE I.

*The English Camp near Ayton, on the Borders.*

*Enter SURREY, DURHAM, Soldiers, with Drums and Colours.*

*Sur.* Are all our braving enemies shrunk back,  
Hid in the fogs of their distemper'd climate,  
Not daring to behold our colours wave  
In spite of this infected air? Can they  
Look on the strength of Cundrestine defaced?  
The glory of Heydon-hall devastated? that  
Of Edington cast down? the pile of Fulden  
O'erthrown, and this, the strongest of their forts,  
Old Ayton-Castle,\* yielded and demolish'd,  
And yet not peep abroad? The Scots are bold,  
Hardy in battle; but it seems the cause  
They undertake, considered, appears  
Unjointed in the frame on't.

*Dur.* Noble Surrey,  
Our royal master's wisdom is at all times  
His fortune's harbinger; for when he draws  
His sword to threaten war, his providence  
Settles on peace, the crowning of an empire.  
[*A trumpet without.*]

\* ————— and this, the strongest of their forts,  
Old Ayton-Castle—] The castle of Aton, Bacon says, was  
then esteemed one of the strongest places between Berwick and  
Edinburgh. With the capture of this place, the struggle termi-  
nated; little to the honour, and less to the advantage of either side.  
The noble historian says nothing of the main business of this scene,  
which, must, I believe, be placed entirely to the account of the  
poet; though it is, in some measure, justified, by the chivalrous  
and romantic character of James IV.

*Sur.* Rank all in order : 'tis a herald's sound ;  
Some message from king James. Keep a fix'd  
station.

*Enter MARCHMONT and another, in Herald's coats.*

*March.* From Scotland's awful majesty we  
come  
Unto the English general.

*Sur.* To me ?  
Say on.

*March.* Thus, then ; the waste and prodigal  
Effusion of so much guiltless blood,  
As in two potent armies, of necessity,  
Must glut the earth's dry womb, his sweet com-  
passion  
Hath studied to prevent ; for which to thee,  
Great earl of Surrey, in a single fight,  
He offers his own royal person ; fairly  
Proposing these conditions only, that  
If victory conclude our master's right,  
The earl shall deliver for his ransom  
The town of Berwick to him, with the Fish-  
garths ;

If Surrey shall prevail, the king will pay  
A thousand pounds down present for his freedom,  
And silence further arms : so speaks king James.

*Sur.* So speaks king James ! so like a king he  
speaks.

Heralds, the English general returns  
A sensible devotion from his heart,  
His very soul, to this unfellow'd grace :

For let the king know, gentle heralds, truly,  
How his descent from his great throne, to honour  
A stranger subject with so high a title  
As his compeer in arms, hath conquer'd more  
Than any sword could do; for which (my loyalty  
Respected) I will serve his virtues ever  
In all humility: but Berwick, say,  
Is none of mine to part with. In affairs  
Of princes, subjects cannot traffic rights  
Inherent to the crown. My life is mine,  
That I dare freely hazard; and (with pardon  
To some unbribed vain-glory) if his majesty  
Shall taste a change of fate, his liberty  
Shall meet no articles. If I fall, falling  
So bravely, I refer me to his pleasure  
Without condition; and for this dear favour,  
Say, if not countermanded, I will cease  
Hostility, unless provoked.

*March.* This answer  
We shall repeat unpartially.

*Dur.* With favour,  
Pray have a little patience.—[*Apart to SURREY.*]

Sir, you find  
By these gay flourishes, how wearied travail  
Inclines to willing rest; here's but a prologue,  
However confidently utter'd, meant  
For some ensuing acts of peace: consider  
The time of year, unseasonableness of weather,  
Charge, barrenness of profit; and occasion,  
Presents itself for honourable treaty,  
Which we may make good use of; I will back,



As sent from you, in point of noble gratitude  
Unto king James, with these his heralds ; you,  
Shall shortly hear from me, my lord, for order  
Of breathing or proceeding ; and king Henry,  
Doubt not, will thank the service.

*Sur.* To your wisdom,  
Lord bishop, I refer it.

*Dur.* Be it so then.

*Sur.* Heralds, accept this chain, and these few  
crowns.

*March.* Our duty, noble general.

*Dur.* In part

Of retribution for such princely love,  
My lord the general is pleased to shew  
The king your master his sincerest zeal,  
By further treaty, by no common man ;  
I will myself return with you.

*Sur.* You oblige

My faithfullest affections to you, lord bishop.

*March.* All happiness attend your lordship !

*Sur.* Come, friends,

And fellow-soldiers ; we, I doubt, shall meet  
No enemies but woods and hills, to fight with ;  
Then 'twere as good to feed and sleep at home :  
We may be free from danger, not secure.

[*Exeunt.*]

## SCENE II.

*The Scottish Camp.**Enter WARBECK and FRION.*

*War.* Frion, oh Frion, all my hopes of glory  
Are at a stand! the Scottish king grows dull,  
Frosty, and wayward, since this Spanish agent  
Hath mix'd discourses with him; they are private,  
I am not call'd to council now;—confusion  
On all his crafty shrugs! I feel the fabric  
Of my designs are tottering.

*Fri.* Henry's policies  
Stir with too many engines.

*War.* Let his mines,  
Shaped in the bowels of the earth, blow up  
Works rais'd for my defence, yet can they never  
Toss into air the freedom of my birth,  
Or disavow my blood Plantagenet's!  
I am my father's son still. But, oh Frion,  
When I bring into count with my disasters,  
My wife's companionship, my Kate's, my life's,  
Then, then my frailty feels an earthquake. Mis-  
chief

Damn Henry's plots! I will be England's king,  
Or let my aunt of Burgundy report  
My fall in the attempt deserv'd our ancestors!

*Fri.* You grow too wild in passion; if you will  
Appear a prince indeed, confine your will  
To moderation.

*War.* What a saucy rudeness  
Prompts this distrust? If? If I *will appear?*  
*Appear a prince?* death throttle such deceits  
Even in their birth of utterance! cursed cozenage  
Of trust! You make me mad; 'twere best, it  
seems,

That I should turn impostor to myself,  
Be mine own counterfeit, belie the truth  
Of my dear mother's womb, the sacred bed  
Of a prince murder'd, and a living baffled!

*Fri.* Nay, if you have no ears to hear, I have  
No breath to spend in vain.

*War.* Sir, sir, take heed!  
Gold, and the promise of promotion, rarely  
Fail in temptation.

*Fri.* Why to me this?

*War.* Nothing.  
Speak what you will; we are not sunk so low  
But your advice may piece again the heart  
Which many cares have broken: you were wont  
In all extremities to talk of comfort;  
Have you none left now? I'll not interrupt you.  
Good, bear with my distractions! If king James  
Deny us dwelling here, next, whither must I?  
I prithee, be not angry.

*Fri.* Sir, I told you  
Of letters come from Ireland; how the Cornish  
Stomach their last defeat, and humbly sue  
That with such forces, as you could partake,  
You would in person land in Cornwall, where  
Thousands will entertain your title gladly.

*War.* Let me embrace thee, hug thee! thou'st  
reviv'd  
My comforts; if my cousin king will fail,  
Our cause will never—

*Enter JOHN A-WATER, HERON, ASTLEY, SKETON.*  
Welcome, my tried friends,  
You keep your brains awake in our defence.  
Frien, advise with them of these affairs,  
In which be wondrous secret; I will listen  
What else concerns us here: be quick and wary.  
[*Exit.*

*Ast.* Ah, sweet young prince! Secretary, my  
fellow-counsellors and I have consulted, and jump  
all in one opinion directly, and if these Scotch  
garboils do not fadge to our minds, we will pell-  
mell run amongst the Cornish choughs presently,  
and in a trice.

*Sket.* 'Tis but going to sea and leaping ashore,  
cut ten or twelve thousand unnecessary throats,  
fire seven or eight towns, take half a dozen cities,  
get into the market-place, crown him Richard the  
Fourth, and the business is finished.

*J. a-Wat.* I grant you, quoth I, so far forth, as  
men may do, no more than men may do; for it is  
good to consider, when consideration may be to  
the purpose, otherwise — still you shall pardon  
me—"little said is soon amended."

*Fri.* Then you conclude the Cornish action  
surest?

*Her.* We do so; and doubt not but to thrive  
abundantly. Ho, my masters, had we known of

the commotion when we set sail out of Ireland, the land had been ours ere this time.

*Sket.* Pish, pish! 'tis but forbearing being an earl or a duke a month or two longer. I say, and say it again, if the work go not on apace, let me never see new fashion more. I warrant you, I warrant you; we will have it so, and so it shall be.

*Ast.* This is but a cold phlegmatic country; not stirring enough for men of spirit. Give me the heart of England for my money!

*Sket.* A man may batten there in a week only, with hot loaves and butter,\* and a lusty cup of muscadine and sugar at breakfast, though he make never a meal all the month after.

*J. a-Wat.* Surely, when I bore office, I found by experience, that to be much troublesome, was to be much wise and busy: I have observed, how filching and bragging has been the best service in these last wars; and therefore conclude peremptorily on the design in England. If things and things may fall out, as who can tell what or how—but the end will shew it.

*Fri.* Resolved like men of judgment! Here to  
linger  
More time, is but to lose it; cheer the prince,  
And haste him on to this; on this depends,  
Fame in success, or glory in our ends.

[*Exeunt.*

\* *With hot loaves and butter*] Our ancestors must have found something peculiarly amusing in a taylor's breakfast, to justify the comic writers in these eternal references to it. It is more than once noticed by Jonson, and see Massinger, vol. iii. p. 457.

## SCENE III.

*Another Part of the same.*

*Enter King JAMES, DURHAM, and HIALAS.*

*Hial.* France, Spain, and Germany combine a  
league

Of amity with England; nothing wants  
For settling peace through Christendom, but love  
Between the British monarchs, James, and Henry.

*Dur.* The English merchants, sir, have been re-  
ceived

With general procession into Antwerp;  
The emperor confirms the combination.

*Hial.* The king of Spain resolves a marriage  
For Katherine his daughter, with prince Arthur.

*Dur.* France courts this holy contract.

*Hial.* What can hinder  
A quietness in England?—

*Dur.* But your suffrage  
To such a silly creature, mighty sir,  
As is but in effect an apparition,  
A shadow, a mere trifle?

*Hial.* To this union  
The good of both the church and commonwealth  
Invite you.

*Dur.* To this unity, a mystery  
Of providence points out a greater blessing

For both these nations, than our human reason  
Can search into. King Henry hath a daughter,  
The princess Margaret; I need not urge,  
What honour, what felicity can follow  
On such affinity 'twixt two Christian kings,  
Inleagued by ties of blood; but sure I am,  
If you, sir, ratify the peace proposed,  
I dare both motion and effect this marriage  
For weal of both the kingdoms.

*K. Ja.* Dar'st thou, lord bishop?

*Dur.* Put it to trial, royal James, by sending  
Some noble personage to the English court  
By way of embassy.

*Hial.* Part of the business  
Shall suit my mediation.

*K. Ja.* Well; what Heaven  
Hath pointed out to be, must be; you two  
Are ministers, I hope, of blessed fate.  
But herein only I will stand acquitted,  
No blood of innocents shall buy my peace.  
For Warbeck, as you nick him, came to me,  
Commended by the states of Christendom,  
A prince, tho' in distress; his fair demeanour,  
Lovely behaviour, unappalled spirit,  
Spoke him not base in blood, however clouded.  
The brute beasts have their rocks and caves to  
fly to,  
And men the altars of the church; to us  
He came for refuge: "Kings come near in na-  
ture  
Unto the gods, in being touch'd with pity."

Yet, noble friends, his mixture with our blood,  
Even with our own, shall no way interrupt  
A general peace ; only I will dismiss him  
From my protection, throughout my dominions,  
In safety ; but not ever to return.

*Hial.* You are a just king.

*Dur.* Wise, and herein happy.

*K. Ja.* Nor will we dally in affairs of weight:  
Huntley, lord bishop, shall with you to England  
Ambassador from us ; we will throw down  
Our weapons ; peace on all sides ! now, repair  
Unto our council ; we will soon be with you.

*Hial.* Delay shall question no dispatch ; Heaven  
crown it !

[*Exeunt DURHAM and HIALAS.*]

*K. Ja.* A league with Ferdinand ! a marriage  
With English Margaret ! a free release  
From restitution for the late affronts !  
Cessation from hostility, and all  
For Warbeck, not deliver'd, but dismiss'd !  
We could not wish it better.—Dalyell !—

*Enter DALYELL.*

*Dal.* Here, sir.

*K. Ja.* Are Huntley and his daughter sent for ?

*Dal.* Sent for,  
And come, my lord.

*K. Ja.* Say to the English prince,  
We want his company.

*Dal.* He is at hand, sir.



*Enter* WARBECK, KATHERINE, JANE, FRION, HERON,  
SKETON, JOHN A-WATER, ASTLEY.

*K. Ja.* Cousin, our bounty, favours, gentleness,  
Our benefits, the hazard of our person,  
Our people's lives, our land, hath evidenced  
How much we have engag'd on your behalf:  
How trivial, and how dangerous our hopes  
Appear, how fruitless our attempts in war,  
How windy, rather smoky, your assurance  
Of party, shews, we might in vain repeat:  
But now, obedience to the mother church,  
A father's care upon his country's weal,  
The dignity of state directs our wisdom,  
To seal an oath of peace through Christendom;  
To which we are sworn already: it is you  
Must only seek new fortunes in the world,  
And find an harbour elsewhere. As I promis'd  
On your arrival, you have met no usage  
Deserves repentance in your being here;  
But yet I must live master of mine own:  
However, what is necessary for you  
At your departure, I am well content  
You be accommodated with; provided  
Delay prove not my enemy.

*War.* It shall not,  
Most glorious prince. The fame of my designs  
Soars higher, than report of ease and sloth  
Can aim at; I acknowledge all your favours  
Boundless and singular; am only wretched

In words as well as means, to thank the grace  
That flow'd so liberally. Two empires firmly  
You are lord of, Scotland and duke Richard's  
heart:

My claim to mine inheritance shall sooner  
Fail, than my life to serve you, best of kings;  
And, witness Edward's blood in me! I am  
More loath to part with such a great example  
Of virtue, than all other mere respects.  
But, sir, my last suit is, you will not force  
From me, what you have given, this chaste lady,  
Resolved on all extremes.

*Kath.* I am your wife,  
No human power can or shall divorce  
My faith from duty.

*War.* Such another treasure  
The earth is bankrupt of.

*K. Ja.* I gave her, cousin,  
And must avow the gift; will add withall  
A furniture becoming her high birth,  
And unsuspected constancy; provide  
For your attendance: we will part good friends.

[*Exit with DALYELL.*]

*War.* The Tudor hath been cunning in his plots;  
His Fox of Durham would not fail at last.  
But what? our cause and courage are our own:  
Be men, my friends, and let our cousin king  
See how we follow fate as willingly  
As malice follows us. You are all resolved  
For the west parts of England?

*All.* Cornwall, Cornwall!

*Fri.* The inhabitants expect you daily.

*War.* Cheerfully

Draw all our ships out of the harbour, friends;  
Our time of stay doth seem too long, we must  
Prevent intelligence; about it suddenly.

*All.* A prince, a prince, a prince!

[*Exeunt* HERON, SKETON, ASTLEY,  
and JOHN A-WATER.

*War.* Dearest, admit not into thy pure thoughts  
The least of scruples, which may charge their soft-  
ness

With burden of distrust. Should I prove wanting  
To noble courage now, here were the trial:  
But I am perfect, sweet, I fear no change,  
More than thy being partner in my sufferance.

*Kath.* My fortunes, sir, have arm'd me to en-  
counter

What chance soe'er they meet with.—Jane, 'tis fit  
Thou stay behind, for whither wilt thou wander?

*Jane.* Never till death will I forsake my mis-  
tress,

Nor then in wishing to die with you gladly.

*Kath.* Alas, good soul!

*Fri.* Sir, to your aunt of Burgundy  
I will relate your present undertakings;  
From her expect on all occasions, welcome.  
You cannot find me idle in your services.

*War.* Go, Friar, go! wise men know how to  
sooth

Adversity, not serve it: thou hast waited  
Too long on expectation; never yet

Was any nation read of, so besotted  
In reason, as to adore the setting sun.  
Fly to the archduke's court; say to the duchess,  
Her nephew, with fair Katherine, his wife,  
Are on their expectation to begin  
The raising of an empire. If they fail,  
Yet the report will never: farewell, Frion!  
[*Exit FRION.*

This man, Kate, has been true, though now of late,  
I fear, too much familiar with the Fox.<sup>3</sup>

*Re-enter DALYELL with HUNTLEY.*

*Hunt.* I come to take my leave; you need not  
doubt  
My interest in this some-time child of mine;  
She's all yours now, good sir.—Oh, poor lost  
creature!  
Heaven guard thee with much patience; if thou  
canst  
Forget thy title to old Huntley's family,  
As much of peace will settle in thy mind  
As thou canst wish to taste, but in thy grave.  
Accept my tears yet, prithee; they are tokens  
Of charity, as true as of affection.

*Kath.* This is the cruellest farewell!

<sup>3</sup> *The Fox.*] i. e. the Bishop of Durham, lord privy-seal; whom Bacon calls "a wise man, and one that could see through the present to the future." He stood deservedly high in Henry's confidence and favour. With respect to Frion, Warbeck was right. The defection of James showed the secretary but too clearly that the fortunes of his master were on the ebb; he therefore withdrew from him previously to the Cornish expedition, and returned no more.

*Hunt.* Love, young gentleman,  
This model of my griefs; she calls you husband:  
Then be not jealous of a parting kiss,  
It is a father's, not a lover's offering;  
Take it, my last.—[*Kisses her*].—I am too much a  
child.

Exchange of passion is to little use,  
So I should grow too foolish: goodness guide  
thee! [Exit.

*Kath.* Most miserable daughter!—Have you  
aught  
To add, sir, to our sorrows?

*Dal.* I resolve,  
Fair lady, with your leave, to wait on all  
Your fortunes in my person, if your lord  
Vouchsafe me entertainment.

*War.* We will be bosom friends, most noble  
Dalyell;<sup>6</sup>  
For I accept this tender of your love  
Beyond ability of thanks to speak it.—  
Clear thy drown'd eyes, my fairest; time and in-  
dustry  
Will shew us better days, or end the worst.  
[*Exeunt.*

<sup>6</sup> ———— *most noble Dalyell.*] Noble indeed! No drama that I am acquainted with, offers four such admirable characters as Huntley and his daughter, the lady Jane, and Dalyell. Of the lady Jane Douglas, who follows Katherine with such affectionate duty, I have nothing with certainty to say. It is not improbable that she was one of the numerous daughters of George, fourth Earl of Angus, among whom I find a *Joan* or *Joanna*.

## SCENE IV.

*The Palace at Westminster.*

*Enter OXFORD and DAWBENEY.*

*Oxf.* No news from Scotland yet, my lord?

*Daw.* Not any

But what king Henry knows himself; I thought  
Our armies should have march'd that way; his  
mind,

It seems, is alter'd.

*Oxf.* Victory attends  
His standard everywhere.

*Daw.* Wise princes, Oxford,  
Fight not alone with forces. Providence  
Directs and tutors strength; else elephants,  
And barbed horses, might as well prevail,  
As the most subtle stratagems of war.

*Oxf.* The Scottish king shew'd more than com-  
mon bravery,  
In proffer of a combat hand to hand  
With Surrey.

*Daw.* And but shew'd it: northern bloods  
Are gallant being fired; but the cold climate,  
Without good store of fuel, quickly freezeth  
The glowing flames.

*Oxf.* Surrey, upon my life,  
Would not have shrunk a hair's breadth.



*Urs.* A glow-worm!

*K. Hen.* Now, if Frion,  
His practised politician, wear a brain  
Of proof, king Perkin will in progress ride  
Through all his large dominions; let us meet him,  
And tender homage: ha, sirs! liegemen ought  
To pay their fealty.

*Daw.* Would the rascal were,  
With all his rabble, within twenty miles  
Of London!

*K. Hen.* Farther off is near enough  
To lodge him in his home: I'll wager odds,  
Surrey and all his men are either idle,  
Or hasting back; they have not work, I doubt,  
To keep them busy.

*Daw.* 'Tis a strange conceit, sir.

*K. Hen.* Such voluntary favours as our people  
In duty aid us with, we never scatter'd  
On cobweb parasites, or lavish'd out  
In riot, or a needless hospitality:  
No undeserving favourite doth boast  
His issues from our treasury; our charge  
Flows through all Europe, proving us but steward  
Of every contribution, which provides  
Against the creeping canker of disturbance.  
Is it not rare then, in this toil of state  
Wherein we are embark'd, with breach of sleep,  
Cares, and the noise of trouble, that our mercy  
Returns nor thanks, nor comfort? Still the West  
Murmur and threaten innovation,  
Whisper our government tyrannical,



Deny us what is ours, nay, spurn their lives,  
Of which they are but owners by our gift;  
It must not be.

*Oxf.* It must not, should not.

*Enter a Messenger.*

*K. Hen.* So then—

To whom?

*Mess.* This packet to your sacred majesty.

*K. Hen.* Sirrah, attend without. [*Exit Mess.*]

*Oxf.* News from the North, upon my life.

*Daw.* Wise Henry

Divines aforehand of events; with him  
Attempts and execution are one act.

*K. Hen.* Urswick, thine ear; Frion is caught!  
the man

Of cunning is out-reach'd; we must be safe:  
Should reverend Morton, our archbishop, move  
To a translation higher yet,<sup>7</sup> I tell thee,  
My Durham owns a brain deserves that See.  
He's nimble in his industry, and mounting—  
Thou hear'st me?

*Urs.* And conceive your highness fitly.

*K. Hen.* Dawbeney and Oxford, since our army  
stands

<sup>7</sup> ————— to a translation higher yet ] i. e. to heaven. Moreton was at this time Archbishop of Canterbury. He died about three years after this period, at the great age of ninety. The king seems to have changed his opinion with respect to Fox, who was removed on the archbishop's death, not to Canterbury, but to Winchester, in which see he died. Moreton and Fox were fast friends; they rank high among our prelates, and were, in fact, both very eminent men.

Entire, it were a weakness to admit  
The rust of laziness to eat amongst them :  
Set forward toward Salisbury ; the plains  
Are most commodious for their exercise,  
Ourself will take a muster of them there ;  
And, or disband them with reward, or else  
Dispose as best concerns us.

*Daw.* Salisbury !

Sir, all is peace at Salisbury.

*K. Hen.* Dear friend—

The charge must be our own ; we would a little  
Partake the pleasure with our subjects' ease :  
Shall I entreat your loves ?

*Oxf.* Command our lives.

*K. Hen.* You are men know how to do, not to  
forethink.

My bishop is a jewel tried, and perfect ;  
A jewel, lords. The post who brought these  
letters,

Must speed another to the mayor of Exeter ;  
Urswick, dismiss him not.

*Urs.* He waits your pleasure.

*K. Hen.* Perkin a king ? a king !

*Urs.* My gracious lord.

*K. Hen.* Thoughts, busied in the sphere of  
royalty,

Fix not on creeping worms without their stings,  
Mere excrements of earth. The use of time  
Is thriving safety, and a wise prevention  
Of ills expected : we are resolv'd for Salisbury.

[*Exeunt.*



*War.* None talk of sadness, we are on the way  
Which leads to victory; keep cowards thoughts  
With desperate sullenness! The lion faints not  
Lock'd in a grate, but, loose, disdains all force  
Which bars his prey, (and we are lion-hearted,)  
Or else no king of beasts.—[*Another general shout*  
*within.*—Hark, how they shout;  
Triumphant in our cause! bold confidence  
Marches on bravely, cannot quake at danger.

*Enter SKETON.*

*Sket.* Save king Richard the Fourth! save thee  
King of hearts! The Cornish blades are men of  
mettle; have proclaimed through Bodnam, and  
the whole county, my sweet prince monarch of  
England: four thousand tall yeomen, with bow  
and sword, already vow to live and die at the foot  
of King Richard.

*Enter ASTLEY.*

*Ast.* The mayor, our fellow-counsellor, is ser-  
vant for an emperor. Exeter is appointed for the  
rendezvous, and nothing wants to victory but cou-  
rage and resolution. *Sigillatum et datum decimo*  
*Septembris, anno Regni Regis primo, et cætera;*  
*confirmatum est.* All's cock-sure!

*War.* To Exeter! to Exeter, march on:  
Commend us to our people; we in person  
Will lend them double spirits; tell them so.

*Sket. and Ast.* King Richard, king Richard!

[*Exeunt SKET. and AST.*

*War.* A thousand blessings guard our lawful  
arms!

A thousand horrors pierce our enemies' souls!  
Pale fear unedge their weapons' sharpest points,  
And when they draw their arrows to the head,  
Numbness shall strike their sinews! such advantage

Hath majesty in its pursuit of justice,  
That on the proppers up of Truth's old throne,  
It both enlightens counsel, and gives heart  
To execution; whilst the throats of traitors  
Lie bare before our mercy. O divinity  
Of royal birth! how it strikes dumb the tongues  
Whose prodigality of breath is bribed  
By trains to greatness! Princes are but men,  
Distinguish'd in the fineness of their frailty;  
Yet not so gross in beauty of the mind;  
For there's a fire more sacred, purifies  
The dross of mixture. Herein stand the odds,  
Subjects are men on earth, kings men and gods.  
[*Exeunt.*

## ACT V. SCENE I.

*St. Michael's Mount, Cornwall.\**

*Enter KATHERINE and JANE, in Riding-suits,  
with one Servant.*

*Kath.* It is decreed; and we must yield to fate,  
Whose angry justice, though it threaten ruin,  
Contempt, and poverty, is all but trial  
Of a weak woman's constancy in suffering.  
Here in a stranger's, and an enemy's land,  
Forsaken and unfurnish'd of all hopes,  
But such as wait on misery, I range  
To meet affliction wheresoe'er I tread.  
My train, and pomp of servants, is reduced  
To one kind gentlewoman, and this groom.  
Sweet Jane, now whither must we?

*Jane.* To your ships,  
Dear lady, and turn home.

*Kath.* Home! I have none.  
Fly thou to Scotland; thou hast friends will weep  
For joy to bid thee welcome; but, oh Jane,  
My Jane! my friends are desperate of comfort,  
As I must be of them: the common charity,  
Good people's alms, and prayers of the gentle,  
Is the revenue must support my state.  
As for my native country, since it once

\* *St. Michael's Mount.*] It appears that when Perkin marched on his ill-fated expedition, Lady Katherine was left at this place, from which she was now preparing to withdraw, on some rumours of her husband's want of success.

Saw me a princess in the height of greatness  
My birth allow'd me ; here I make a vow,  
Scotland shall never see me, being fallen,  
Or lessen'd in my fortunes. Never, Jane,  
Never to Scotland more will I return.  
Could I be England's queen, a glory, Jane,  
I never fawn'd on, yet the king who gave me,  
Hath sent me with my husband from his presence ;  
Deliver'd us suspected to his nation ;  
Render'd us spectacles to time and pity :  
And is it fit I should return to such  
As only listen after our descent  
From happiness enjoy'd, to misery,  
Expected, though uncertain ? Never, never !  
Alas, why dost thou weep ? and that poor creature  
Wipe his wet cheeks too ? let me feel alone  
Extremities, who know to give them harbour ;  
Nor thou nor he has cause : you may live safely.

*Jane.* There is no safety whilst your dangers,  
                    madam,

Are every way apparent.

*Serv.* Pardon, lady ;

I cannot choose but shew my honest heart ;  
You were ever my good lady.

*Kath.* Oh, dear souls,  
Your shares in grief are too too much.

*Enter DALYELL.*

*Dal.* I bring,  
Fair princess, news of further sadness yet,  
Than your sweet youth hath been acquainted with.

*Kath.* Not more, my lord, than I can welcome;  
speak it,

The worst, the worst I look for.

*Dal.* All the Cornish,  
At Exeter were by the citizens  
Repulsed, encounter'd by the earl of Devonshire,  
And other worthy gentlemen of the country.  
Your husband march'd to Taunton, and was there  
Affronted by king Henry's chamberlain;\*  
The king himself in person, with his army  
Advancing nearer, to renew the fight  
On all occasions: but the night before  
The battles were to join, your husband privately,  
Accompanied with some few horse, departed  
From out the camp, and posted none knows whi-  
ther.

*Kath.* Fled without battle given?

*Dal.* Fled, but follow'd  
By Dawbeney; all his parties left to taste  
King Henry's mercy, for to that they yielded;  
Victorious without bloodshed.

*Kath.* Oh, my sorrows!  
If both our lives had proved the sacrifice

\* Affronted by King Henry's chamberlain.] i. e. met directly in front by Dawbeney. It is sufficiently clear from the exulting language of this wily monarch in the scene with Urswick, p. 95. that he had made himself sure of the overthrow of Warbeck, whom he had, by this time, environed with his agents: hence the disgraceful flight of the usurper, the recourse to the sanctuary of Bewley, and subsequent surrender. Bacon shrewdly observes, on this occasion, that the king was grown to be such a partner with Fortune, as no body could tell what actions the one, and what the other owned. It was generally believed, he adds, that Perkin "was betrayed, and that the king led him, at the time of his flight, in a line;" a fact to which he does not seem disposed to give credit.



To Henry's tyranny, we had fall'n like princes,  
And robb'd him of the glory of his pride.

*Dal.* Impute it not to faintness or to weakness  
Of noble courage, lady, but [to] foresight;  
For by some secret friend he had intelligence  
Of being bought and sold by his base followers.  
Worse yet remains untold.

*Kath.* No, no, it cannot.

*Dal.* I fear you are betray'd: the Earl of Oxford

**Runs hot in your pursuit.'**

*Kath.* He shall not need:

— the Earl of Oxford

*Runs hot in your pursuit.*] "There were also sent (Lord Bacon says) with all speed some horse to St. Michael's Mount, in Cornwall, where the Lady Catharine Gordon was left by her husband, whom in all fortunes she intirely loved, adding the virtues of a wife to the virtues of her sex."

The reader, in whose breast the extraordinary merits of this high-born lady can scarcely fail to have created some degree of interest, will not be displeased, perhaps, with the brief recital of her subsequent fortunes, as given by Sir R. Gordon, whom Douglas calls the Historian of the Family. After quoting the preceding passage from Bacon, Sir Robert adds—"shoe was brought from St. Michael's Mount, in Cornuall, and delyvered to King Henrie the Seaventh, who intertayned her honorablie, and for her better maintenance, according to her birth and vertue, did assigne vnto her good lands and rents for all the dayes of her lyff. After the death of her husband Richard, shoe mareid Sir Mathie Cradock, (a man of great power at that tyme in Clamorganshyre, in Wales,) of the which mariage is descended this William, Earle of Pembroke, by his grandmother, and had some lands by inheritance from the Cradockes. Lady Katheren Gordon died in Wales, and was buried in a chappell at one of the Earle of Pembrok his dwelling-places in that cuntrey. The Engleshe histories doe much commend her for her beauty, comliness, and chastetie."

It would be a pity to omit the pretty passage with which Bacon winds up her eventful story. "The name of the White-Rose, which had been given to her husband's false title, was continued in common speech to her true beauty."

We'll run as hot in resolution, gladly,  
To make the earl our jailor.

*Jane.* Madam, madam,  
They come, they come!

*Enter OXFORD, with his followers.*

*Dal.* Keep back, or he who dares  
Rudely to violate the law of honour,  
Runs on my sword.

*Kath.* Most noble sir, forbear!  
What reason draws you hither, gentlemen?  
Whom seek ye?

*Oxf.* All stand off. With favour, lady,  
From Henry, England's king, I would present,  
Unto the beauteous princess, Katherine Gordon,  
The tender of a gracious entertainment.

*Kath.* We are that princess, whom your master  
king  
Pursues with reaching arms, to draw into  
His power: let him use his tyranny,  
We shall not be his subjects.

*Oxf.* My commission  
Extends no further, excellentest lady,  
Than to a service; 'tis king Henry's pleasure,  
That you, and all that have relation to you,  
Be guarded as becomes your birth and greatness:  
For, rest assured, sweet princess, that not aught  
Of what you do call yours, shall find disturbance,  
Or any welcome, other than what suits  
Your high condition.

*Kath.* By what title, sir,  
May I acknowledge you?

*Oxf.* Your servant, lady,  
Descended from the line of Oxford's earls,  
Inherits what his ancestors before him  
Were owners of.

*Kath.* Your king is herein royal,  
That by a peer so ancient in desert,  
As well as blood, commands us to his presence.

*Oxf.* Invites you, princess, not commands.

*Kath.* Pray use  
Your own phrase as you list ; to your protection,  
Both I and mine submit.

*Oxf.* There's in your number  
A nobleman, whom fame hath bravely spoken.  
To him the king my master bade me say  
How willingly he courts his friendship ; far  
From an enforcement, more than what in terms  
Of courtesy, so great a prince may hope for.

*Dal.* My name is Dalyell.

*Oxf.* 'Tis a name hath won  
Both thanks and wonder, from report, my lord ;  
The court of England emulates your merit,  
And covets to embrace you.

*Dal.* I must wait on  
The princess in her fortunes.

*Oxf.* Will you please,  
Great lady, to set forward?

*Kath.* Being driven  
By fate, it were in vain to strive with heaven.

[*Exeunt.*]

## SCENE II.

*Salisbury.*

*Enter King HENRY, SURREY, URSWICK, and a  
Guard of Soldiers.*

*K. Hen.* The counterfeit king Perkin is escaped:—

Escape! so let him; he is hedged too fast  
Within the circuit of our English pale,  
To steal out of our ports, or leap the walls  
Which guard our land; the seas are rough, and  
wider  
Than his weak arms can tug with. Surrey, hence-  
forth

Your king may reign in quiet; turmoils past,  
Like some unquiet dream, have rather busied  
Our fancy, than affrighted rest of state.—  
But, Surrey,\* why, in articling a peace  
With James of Scotland, was not restitution  
Of losses which our subjects did sustain  
By the Scotch inroads, question'd?

*Sur.* Both demanded  
And urged, my lord; to which the king replied,

\* *But, Surrey, why, &c.*] Henry seems to have taken an odd time to question Surrey on this point. Perhaps the poet here, as in a former scene, intended to characterise the eager cupidity of the king, always alive to his pecuniary interests. The passage stands thus in Bacon. "The bishop (Fox) demanded restitution of the spoils taken by the Scotch, as damages for the same. But the Scotch commissioners answered, that that was but as water spilt upon the ground, which could not be gotten up again; and that the king's people were better able to bear the loss, than their master to repair it."

In modest merriment, but smiling earnest,  
How that our master Henry was much abler  
To bear the detriments, than he repay them.

*K. Hen.* The young man, I believe, spake honest  
truth ;

He studies to be wise betimes. Has, Urswick,  
Sir Rice ap Thomas, and lord Brook, our steward,  
Return'd the Western gentlemen full thanks,  
From us, for their tried loyalties ?

*Urs.* They have ;  
Which, as if life and health had reign'd amongst  
them,  
With open hearts they joyfully received.

*K. Hen.* Young Buckingham is a fair-natured  
prince,  
Lovely in hopes, and worthy of his father ;  
Attended by an hundred knights and squires  
Of special name, he tender'd humble service,  
Which we must ne'er forget ; and Devonshire's  
wounds,  
Though slight, shall find sound cure in our respect.

*Enter DAWBENEY, with a Guard, leading in WAR-  
BECK, HERON, JOHN A-WATER, ASTLEY, and  
SKETON, chained.*

*Daw.* Life to the king, and safety fix his throne !  
I here present you, royal sir, a shadow  
Of majesty, but, in effect, a substance  
Of pity, a young man, in nothing grown  
To ripeness, but the ambition of your mercy :  
Perkin, the Christian world's strange wonder.

*K. Hen.* Dawbeney,  
We observe no wonder; I behold, 'tis true,  
An ornament of nature, fine and polish'd,  
A handsome youth indeed, but not admire him.  
How came he to thy hands?

*Daw.* From sanctuary  
At Bewley, near Southampton; register'd  
With these few followers, for persons privileged.

*K. Hen.* I must not thank you, sir! you were  
to blame  
To infringe the liberty of houses sacred:  
Dare we be irreligious?

*Daw.* Gracious lord,  
They voluntarily resign'd themselves,  
Without compulsion.

*K. Hen.* So? 'twas very well;  
'Twas very, very well!—turn now thine eyes,  
Young man, upon thyself, and thy past actions.  
What revels in combustion through our kingdom,  
A frenzy of aspiring youth hath danced,  
Till, wanting breath, thy feet of pride have slipt  
To break thy neck!

*War.* But not my heart; my heart  
Will mount, till every drop of blood be frozen  
By death's perpetual winter: if the sun  
Of majesty be darken'd, let the sun  
Of life be hid from me, in an eclipse  
Lasting and universal! Sir, remember  
There was a shooting in of light, when Richmond,  
Not aiming at a crown, retired, and gladly,  
For comfort to the duke of Bretagne's court.

Richard, who sway'd the sceptre, was reputed  
A tyrant then; yet then, a dawning glimmer'd  
To some few wand'ring remnants, promising day  
When first they ventur'd on a frightful shore,  
At Milford Haven—

*Daw.* Whither speeds his boldness?  
Check his rude tongue, great sir.

*K. Hen.* O, let him range:  
The player's on the stage still, 'tis his part;  
He does but act. What follow'd?

*War.* Bosworth Field;  
Where, at an instant, to the world's amazement,  
A morn to Richmond, and a night to Richard,  
Appear'd at once: the tale is soon applied;  
Fate which crown'd these attempts when least  
assured,  
Might have befriended others, like resolv'd.

*K. Hen.* A pretty gallant! thus, your aunt of  
Burgundy,  
Your dutchess aunt inform'd her nephew; so  
The lesson prompted, and well conn'd, was moulded  
Into familiar dialogue, oft rehearsed,  
Till, learnt by heart, 'tis now received for truth.

*War.* Truth, in her pure simplicity, wants art  
To put a feigned blush on: scorn wears only  
Such fashion as commends to gazers' eyes  
Sad ulcerated novelty, far beneath  
The sphere of majesty: in such a court  
Wisdom and gravity are proper robes,  
By which the sovereign is best distinguish'd  
From zanies to his greatness.

*K. Hen.* Sirrah, shift  
Your antick pageantry, and now appear  
In your own nature, or you'll taste the danger  
Of fooling out of season.

*War.* I expect  
No less, than what severity calls justice,  
And politicians safety; let such beg  
As feed on alms: but, if there can be mercy  
In a protested enemy, then may it  
Descend to these poor creatures, whose engage-  
ments,  
To th' bettering of their fortunes, have incurr'd  
A loss of all; to them, if any charity  
Flow from some noble orator, in death,  
I owe the fee of thankfulness.

*K. Hen.* So brave!  
What a bold knave is this! Which of these rebels  
Has been the mayor of Cork?

*Daw.* This wise formality:  
Kneel to the king, ye rascals! *[They kneel.]*

*K. Hen.* Canst thou hope  
A pardon, where thy guilt is so apparent?

*J. a-Wat.* Under your good favours, as men are  
men, they may err; for I confess, respectively, in  
taking great parts, the one side prevailing, the  
other side must go down: herein the point is clear,  
if the proverb hold, that hanging goes by destiny,  
that it is to little purpose to say, this thing, or  
that, shall be thus, or thus; for, as the fates will  
have it, so it must be; and who can help it?

*Daw.* O blockhead! thou a privy-counsellor?



Beg life, and cry aloud, "Heaven save king Henry!"

*J. a - Wat.* Every man knows what is best, as it happens; for my own part, I believe it is true, if I be not deceived, that kings must be kings, and subjects subjects: but which is which, you shall pardon me for that;—whether we speak or hold our peace, all are mortal, no man knows his end.

*K. Hen.* We trifle time with follies.

*All.* Mercy, mercy!

*K. Hen.* Urswick, command the dukeling and these fellows [They rise.

To Digby, the lieutenant of the Tower:

With safety let them be convey'd to London.

It is our pleasure no uncivil outrage,

Taunts, or abuse be suffer'd to their persons;

They shall meet fairer law than they deserve.

Time may restore their wits, whom vain ambition Hath many years distracted.

*War.* Noble thoughts

Meet freedom in captivity: the Tower?

Our childhood's dreadful nursery.

*K. Hen.* No more!

*Urs.* Come, come, you shall have leisure to be-think you.

[Exit *URS.* with *PERKIN* and his followers, guarded.

*K. Hen.* Was ever so much impudence in forgery?

The custom sure of being stiled a king,

Hath fasten'd in his thought that he is such;

But we shall teach the lad another language:  
'Tis good we have him fast.

*Daw.* The hangman's physic  
Will purge this saucy humour.

*K. Hen.* Very likely:  
Yet we could temper mercy with extremity,  
Being not too far provoked.

*Enter OXFORD, KATHERINE in her richest Attire,  
DALYELL, JANE, and Attendants.*

*Oxf.* Great sir, be pleased,  
With your accustom'd grace, to entertain  
The princess Katherine Gordon.

*K. Hen.* Oxford, herein  
We must beshrew thy knowledge of our nature.  
A lady of her birth and virtues could not  
Have found us so unfurnish'd of good manners,  
As not, on notice given, to have met her  
Half way in point of love. Excuse, fair cousin,  
The oversight! oh fie! you may not kneel;  
'Tis most unfitting: first, vouchsafe this welcome,  
A welcome to your own; for you shall find us  
But guardian to your fortune and your honours.

*Kath.* My fortunes and mine honours are weak  
champions,  
As both are now befriended, sir; however,  
Both bow before your clemency.

*K. Hen.* Our arms  
Shall circle them from malice—a sweet lady!  
Beauty incomparable!—here lives majesty  
At league with love.

*Kath.* Oh, sir, I have a husband.

*K. Hen.* We'll prove your father, husband, friend,  
and servant,

Prove what you wish to grant us. Lords, be careful  
A patent presently be drawn, for issuing  
A thousand pounds from our exchequer yearly,  
During our cousin's life; our queen shall be  
Your chief companion, our own court your home,  
Our subjects all your servants.

*Kath.* But my husband?

*K. Hen.* By all descriptions, you are noble Dal-  
yell,

Whose generous truth hath famed a rare obser-  
vance.

We thank you; 'tis a goodness gives addition  
To every title boasted from your ancestry,  
In all most worthy.

*Dal.* Worthier than your praises,  
Right princely sir, I need not glory in.

*K. Hen.* Embrace him, lords. Whoever calls  
you mistress,  
Is lifted in our charge:—a goodlier beauty  
Mine eyes yet ne'er encounter'd.

*Kath.* Cruel misery  
Of fate! what rests to hope for?

*K. Hen.* Forward, lords,  
To London. Fair, ere long, I shall present you  
With a glad object, peace, and Huntley's blessing.  
[*Exeunt.*

## SCENE III.

*London.—The Tower-hill.*

*Enter Constable and Officers, WARBECK, URSWICK, and LAMBERT SIMNEL as a Falconer, followed by the rabble.*

*Const.* Make room there! keep off, I require you; and none come within twelve foot of his majesty's new stocks, upon pain of displeasure. Bring forward the malefactors.—Friend, you must to this geer, no remedy.—Open the hole, and in with the legs, just in the middle hole; there, that hole. Keep off, or I'll commit you all! shall not a man in authority be obeyed? So, so, there; 'tis as it should be:—[WARBECK is put in the stocks.] put on the padlock, and give me the key. Off, I say, keep off.

*Urs.* Yet, Warbeck, clear thy conscience; thou  
hast tasted  
King Henry's mercy liberally; the law  
Has forfeited thy life; an equal jury  
Have doom'd thee to the gallows. Twice most  
wickedly,  
Most desperately hast thou escaped the Tower;  
Inveigling to thy party, with thy witchcraft,  
Young Edward, earl of Warwick, son to Clarence;  
Whose head must pay the price of that attempt;  
Poor gentleman!—unhappy in his fate,—  
And ruin'd by thy cunning! so a mongrel

May pluck the true stag down. Yet, yet, confess  
Thy parentage; for yet the king has mercy.

*Simm.* You would be Dick the Fourth, very  
likely!

Your pedigree is publish'd;<sup>3</sup> you are known  
For Osbeck's son of Tournay, a loose runagate,  
A land-loper; your father was a Jew,  
Turn'd Christian merely to repair his miseries:  
Where's now your kingship?

*War.* Baited to my death?  
Intolerable cruelty! I laugh at  
The duke of Richmond's practice on my fortunes;  
Possession of a crown ne'er wanted heralds.

*Simm.* You will not know who I am?

*Urs.* Lambert Simnel,  
Your predecessor in a dangerous uproar:  
But, on submission, not alone received  
To grace, but by the king vouchsafed his service.

*Simm.* I would be earl of Warwick, toil'd and  
ruffled

Against my master, leap'd to catch the moon,

<sup>3</sup> *Your pedigree is publish'd, &c.*] From Bacon.—“Thus it was. There was a townsman of Tournay, whose name was John Osbeck, a convert Jew, married to Catherine de Faro, whose business drew him to live, for a time, with his wife at London, in King Edward the IVth's days. During which time he had a son by her; and being known in court, the king did him the honour to stand godfather to his child, and named him *Peter*. But afterwards proving a dainty and effeminate youth, he was commonly called by the diminutive of his name, *Peter-kin* or *Perkin*.” The term *land-loper*, applied to him by Simnel, is also from the historian. “He (*Perkin*) had been from his childhood such a *wanderer*, or, as the king called him, such a *land-loper*, as it was extreme hard to hunt out his nest.”

Vaunted my name Plantagenet, as you do ;  
An earl forsooth ! whenas in truth I was,  
As you are, a mere rascal : yet his majesty,  
A prince composed of sweetness,—Heaven protect  
him !—

Forgave me all my villanies, reprieved  
The sentence of a shameful end, admitted  
My surety of obedience to his service,  
And I am now his falconer ; live plenteously,  
Eat from the king's purse, and enjoy the sweetness  
Of liberty and favour ; sleep securely :  
And is not this, now, better than to buffet  
The hangman's clutches ? or to brave the cordage  
Of a tough halter, which will break your neck ?  
So, then, the gallant totters !—prithee, Perkin,  
Let my example lead thee ; be no longer  
A counterfeit ; confess and hope for pardon.

*War.* For pardon ? hold my heart-strings, whilst  
contempt  
Of injuries, in scorn, may bid defiance  
To this base man's foul language ! Thou poor ver-  
min,

How dar'st thou creep so near me ? thou an earl !  
Why, thou enjoy'st as much of happiness  
As all the swing of slight ambition flew at.  
A dunghill was thy cradle. So a puddle,  
By virtue of the sunbeams, breathes a vapour  
To infect the purer air, which drops again  
Into the muddy womb that first exhaled it.  
Bread, and a slavish ease, with some assurance

From the base beadle's whip, crown'd all thy  
hopes:

But, sirrah, ran there in thy veins one drop  
Of such a royal blood as flows in mine,  
Thou would'st not change condition, to be second  
In England's state, without the crown itself!  
Coarse creatures are incapable of excellence:  
But let the world, as all, to whom I am  
This day a spectacle, to time deliver,  
And, by tradition, fix posterity,  
Without another chronicle than truth,  
How constantly my resolution suffer'd  
A martyrdom of majesty!

*Simm.* He's past

Recovery; a Bedlam cannot cure him.

*Urs.* Away, inform the king of his behaviour.

*Simm.* Perkin, beware the rope! the hangman's  
coming. *[Exit.*

*Urs.* If yet thou hast no pity of thy body,  
Pity thy soul!

*Enter* KATHERINE, JANE, DALYELL, and OX-  
FORD.

*Jane.* Dear lady!

*Oxf.* Whither will you,  
Without respect of shame?

*Kath.* Forbear me, sir,  
And trouble not the current of my duty!—  
Oh my lov'd lord! can any scorn be yours  
In which I have no interest? some kind hand

Lend me assistance, that I may partake  
Th' infliction of this penance. My life's dearest,  
Forgive me; I have staid too long from tend'ring  
Attendance on reproach, yet bid me welcome.

*War.* Great miracle of constancy! my miseries  
Were never bankrupt of their confidence  
In worst afflictions, till this—now, I feel them:  
Report, and thy deserts, thou best of creatures,  
Might to eternity have stood a pattern  
For every virtuous wife, without this conquest.  
Thou hast outdone belief; yet may their ruin  
In after marriages, be never pitied,  
To whom thy story shall appear a fable!  
Why would'st thou prove so much unkind to  
greatness,

To glorify thy vows by such a servitude?  
I cannot weep; but trust me, dear, my heart  
Is liberal of passion: Harry Richmond,  
A woman's faith hath robb'd thy fame of tri-  
umph!

*Oxf.* Sirrah, leave off your juggling, and tie up  
The devil that ranges in your tongue.

*Urs.* Thus witches,  
Possess'd, even [to] their deaths deluded,<sup>4</sup> say,

\* ———— *Thus witches,*

*Possess'd, even to their deaths deluded, &c.]* The old copy is im-  
perfect here; it reads,

*Possess'd, even their deaths deluded, &c.*

Perhaps it may be set right by a change still more slight than that  
of the text, by reading *even in*, for *even*. Of the fact itself, the age  
of our poet afforded unfortunately too many instances.



They have been wolves and dogs, and sail'd in  
egg-shells

Over the sea, and rid on fiery dragons ;  
Pass'd in the air more than a thousand miles,  
All in a night :—the enemy of mankind  
Is powerful, but false ; and falsehood 's confident.

*Oxf.* Remember, lady, who you are ; come  
from

That impudent impostor !

*Kath.* You abuse us :

For when the holy churchman join'd our hands,  
Our vows were real then ; the ceremony  
Was not in apparition, but in act.

Be what these people term thee, I am certain  
Thou art my husband, no divorce in heaven  
Has been sued out between us ; 'tis injustice  
For any earthly power to divide us.

Or we will live, or let us die together.  
There is a cruel mercy.

*War.* Spite of tyranny

We reign in our affections, blessed woman !  
Read in my destiny the wreck of honour ;  
Point out, in my contempt of death, to memory,  
Some miserable happiness ; since, herein,  
Even when I fell, I stood enthroned a monarch  
Of one chaste wife's troth, pure, and uncorrupted.  
Fair angel of perfection, immortality  
Shall raise thy name up to an adoration ;  
Court every rich opinion of true merit,  
And saint it in the Calendar of virtue,

When I am turn'd into the self-same dust  
Of which I was first form'd.

*Oxf.* The lord ambassador,  
Huntley, your father, madam, should he look on  
Your strange subjection, in a gaze so public,  
Would blush on your behalf, and wish his country  
Unleft, for entertainment to such sorrow.

*Kath.* Why art thou angry, Oxford? I must be  
More peremptory in my duty.—Sir,  
Impute it not unto immodesty,  
That I presume to press you to a legacy,  
Before we part for ever!

*War.* Let it be then  
My heart, the rich remains of all my fortunes.

*Kath.* Confirm it with a kiss, pray!

*War.* Oh! with that  
I wish to breathe my last; upon thy lips,  
Those equal twins of comeliness, I seal  
The testament of honourable vows: [*Kisses her.*  
Whoever be that man that shall unkiss  
This sacred print next, may he prove more thrifty  
In this world's just applause, not more desertful!

*Kath.* By this sweet pledge of both our souls, I  
swear  
To die a faithful widow to thy bed;  
Not to be forced or won: oh, never, never!

<sup>5</sup> The better genius of Ford, which had so admirably served him hitherto, appears to have *left his side*, at this moment; he would not else have permitted Katherine to injure herself by a speech for which there was not the slightest occasion. She should have had nothing in common with the *Player Queen*, no, not even an oath.

*Enter SURREY, DAWBENEY, HUNTLEY, and  
CRAWFORD.*

*Daw.* Free the condemned person; quickly free  
him!

What has he yet confess'd?

[*WARBECK is taken out of the stocks.*

*Urs.* Nothing to purpose;  
But still he will be king.

*Sur.* Prepare your journey  
To a new kingdom then,—unhappy madman,<sup>6</sup>  
Wilfully foolish!—See, my lord ambassador,  
Your lady daughter will not leave the counterfeit  
In this disgrace of fate.

*Hunt.* I never pointed  
Thy marriage, girl; but yet, being married,  
Enjoy thy duty to a husband freely:  
The griefs are mine. I glory in thy constancy;  
And must not say, I wish that I had miss'd  
Some partage in these trials of a patience.

*Kath.* You will forgive me, noble sir.

*Hunt.* Yes, yes;  
In every duty of a wife and daughter,  
I dare not disavow thee.—To your husband,  
(For such you are, sir,) I impart a farewell  
Of manly pity; what your life has past through,  
The dangers of your end will make apparent;  
And I can add, for comfort to your sufferance,

<sup>6</sup> ——— unhappy madman,  
*Wilfully foolish!*) The 4to, by an unlucky transposition,  
reads—"madam."

No cordial, but the wonder of your frailty,  
Which keeps so firm a station.—We are parted.

*War.* We are. A crown of peace renew thy age,  
Most honourable Huntley! Worthy Crawford!  
We may embrace; I never thought thee injury.

*Craw.* Nor was I ever guilty of neglect  
Which might procure such thought; I take my  
leave, sir.

*War.* To you, lord Dalzell,—what? accept a  
sigh,

'Tis hearty and in earnest.

*Dal.* I want utterance;  
My silence is my farewell.

*Kath.* Oh!—oh!

*Jane.* Sweet madam,  
What do you mean?—my lord, your hand.

[*To DAL.*

*Dal.* Dear lady,  
Be pleased that I may wait you to your lodgings.

[*Exeunt DALYELL and JANE, supporting  
KATHERINE.*

*Enter Sheriff and Officers with SKETON, ASTLEY,  
HERON, and JOHN A-WATER, with Halters about  
their necks.*

*Oxf.* Look ye, behold your followers, appointed  
To wait on you in death!

*War.* Why, peers of England,  
We'll lead them on courageously; I read  
A triumph over tyranny upon  
Their several foreheads. Faint not in the moment

Of victory! our ends, and Warwick's head,  
Innocent Warwick's head, (for we are prologue  
But to his tragedy) conclude the wonder  
Of Henry's fears;<sup>7</sup> and then the glorious race  
Of fourteen kings, Plantagenets, determines  
In this last issue male; Heaven be obey'd!  
Impoverish time of its amazement, friends,  
And we will prove as trusty in our payments,  
As prodigal to nature in our debts.  
Death? pish! 'tis but a sound; a name of air;  
A minute's storm, or not so much; to tumble  
From bed to bed, be massacred alive  
By some physicians, for a month or two,  
In hope of freedom from a fever's torments,  
Might stagger manhood; here the pain is past  
Ere sensibly 'tis felt. Be men of spirit!  
Spurn coward passion! so illustrious mention  
Shall blaze our names, and stile us Kings o'er  
death.

[*Exeunt Sheriff and Officers with the Prisoners.*]

*Daw.* Away—impostor beyond precedent!  
No chronicle records his fellow.

*Hunt.* I have  
Not thoughts left: 'tis sufficient in such cases  
Just laws ought to proceed.

<sup>7</sup> *Our ends, and Warwick's head—conclude the wonder  
Of Henry's fears*] This poor prince, as Lord Bacon calls him,  
was undoubtedly sacrificed to the barbarous policy of the king.  
He was brought to trial almost immediately after Warbeck's death,  
condemned, and executed for conspiring with the former to raise  
sedition! He made no defence, and probably quitted, without  
much regret, a life that had never known one happy day.

*Enter King HENRY, DURHAM, and HIALAS.*

*K. Hen.* We are resolv'd.

Your business, noble lords, shall find success,  
Such as your king importunes.

*Hunt.* You are gracious.

*K. Hen.* Perkin, we are inform'd, is arm'd to  
die ;

In that we'll honour him. Our lords shall follow  
To see the execution ; and from hence  
We gather this fit use ;<sup>\*</sup>—that public states,  
As our particular bodies, taste most good  
In health, when purged of corrupted blood.

[*Exeunt.*

<sup>\*</sup> *We gather this fit use.*] The poet seems to apply this word in the Puritanical sense (then sufficiently familiar) of doctrinal or practical deduction. See Mass. vol. iii. p. 293. and Jonson, vol. vi. p. 55.

I cannot dismiss this "Chronicle History," as Ford calls it, without observing that it has been much under-rated. That the materials are borrowed from Lord Bacon is sufficiently clear; but the poet has arranged them with skill, and conducted his plot with considerable dexterity to the fatal catastrophe. Perkin is admirably drawn; and it would be unjust to the author to overlook the striking consistency with which he has marked his character. Whatever might be his own opinion of this person's pretensions, he has never suffered him to betray his identity with the Duke of York in a single thought or expression. Perkin has no soliloquies, no side speeches, to compromise his public assertions; and it is pleasing to see with what ingenuity Ford has preserved him from the contamination of real history, and contrived to sustain his dignity to the last with all imaginable decorum, and thus rendered him a fit subject for the Tragic Muse.

Of Huntley, the noble Huntley, and Dalyell, I have already spoken:—the author seems, in truth, to have lavished most of his care on the Scotch characters, and with a success altogether pro-

HERE has appe  
The threats of  
Hopes of an em  
What can to the  
Proving their w  
Amongst such s  
No births aborti  
(Shame to a par  
May warrant, by  
And often find e

portioned to his exert  
not be said, except, in  
traiture of the cold,  
Henry.

It is observable that  
deficient in animation  
that of any other of  
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and if they aim at a scene of mirth, are sure to create sadness or  
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sive, and the style of that *wise piece of formality*, the mayor of  
Cork, who does not venture on one positive expression from first  
to last, is not only supported with undeviating skill, but rendered  
really amusing.

L.S. our neighbours, have helped the  
for this order form  
and in many other ways. Will you also  
become a Friend  
of the Library by becoming a Friend  
of the Library? (Application forms are available  
at the counters and entrances to the  
Library and the Admissions Office)

**THE**  
**FANCIES, CHASTE AND NOBLE.**

**VOL. II.**

**K**



## EPILOGUE.

HERE has appear'd, though in a several fashion,  
The threats of majesty; the strength of passion;  
Hopes of an empire; change of fortunes; all  
What can to theatres of Greatness fall,  
Proving their weak foundations. Who will please,  
Amongst such several sights, to censure these  
No births abortive, not a bastard-brood,  
(Shame to a parentage, or fosterhood,)  
May warrant, by their loves, all just excuses,  
And often find a welcome to the Muses.

portioned to his exertions. Of his English personages much cannot be said, except, indeed, that he has given a most faithful portraiture of the cold, calculating, stern, shrewd, and avaricious Henry.

It is observable that the style of this piece, though occasionally deficient in animation, is more equable, clear, and dignified than that of any other of his works. It is such as the historic drama ought to appear in, and may justly excite some regret that the author had not more frequently taken his plots from our domestic struggles. Another thing too may be noticed. In most of his tragedies, the trivial and comic personages are poorly drawn: if they attempt to be witty, they usually fall into low buffoonry; and if they aim at a scene of mirth, are sure to create sadness or disgust. The low characters of this play do neither. They are uniformly sustained; their language, though technical, is not repulsive, and the style of that *wise piece of formality*, the mayor of Cork, who does not venture on one positive expression from first to last, is not only supported with undeviating skill, but rendered really amusing.

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**THE**  
**FANCIES, CHASTE AND NOBLE.**

**VOL. II.**

**K**



TO

THE RIGHT NOBLE LORD, THE LORD

**RANDAL MACDONNELL,**

EARL OF ANTRIM IN THE KINGDOM OF IRELAND, LORD  
VISCOUNT DUNLUCE.<sup>1</sup>

---

MY LORD,

PRINCES, and worthy personages of your own eminence, have entertained poems of this nature with a serious welcome. The desert of their authors might transcend mine, not their study of service. A practice of courtship to greatness hath not

<sup>1</sup> "This nobleman was the son of Sir Randal Macdonnell, who, in his youth, joined in Tyrone's rebellion, but subsequently became a loyal subject of King James, and contributed greatly to the civilization of Ireland, for which service he was created successively Viscount Dunluce, and Earl of Antrim. He died 18th December, 1636. The peer who succeeded him, and to whom the present play is dedicated, was born in 1609. He attended King Charles I. in his expedition against Scotland in 1639; was accused of joining the rebels in Ireland, in 1642, but cleared; but subsequently joined them for the benefit of his royal master. He was twice imprisoned by Major-General Mouro in Carrickfergus, but escaped both times. In 1643, he was created Marquis of Antrim. Though he made his peace with Cromwell, he assisted Charles II. in his escape, after the battle of Worcester. He died in the year 1673, aged 64."

hitherto, in me, aimed at any thrift: yet I have ever honoured virtue, as the richest ornament to the noblest titles. Endeavour of being known to your Lordship, by such means, I conceive no ambition; the extent being bounded by humility: so neither can the argument appear ungracious; nor the writer, in that, without allowance. You enjoy, my Lord, the general suffrage, for your freedom of merits: may you likewise please, by this particular presentment, amongst the number of such as faithfully honour those merits, to admit,\* into your noble construction,

JOHN FORD.

\* *Amongst the number of such as faithfully honour those merits, to admit, &c.*] The 4to has—"Among the number of such as *I* faithfully honour those merits, &c." which to me is unintelligible. There can be little doubt that the pronoun was inserted through mistake, or misapprehension of the poet's meaning, most probably the latter.

There is something pleasing in this short Dedication. It displays a spirit of independence very honourable to the poet, and yet is sufficiently respectful to his patron.

## PROLOGUE.

THE FANCIES ! that's our play ; in it is shown  
Nothing, but what our author knows his own  
Without a learned theft ; no servant here  
To some fair mistress, borrows for his ear,  
His lock, his belt, his sword, the fancied grace  
Of any pretty ribbon ; nor, in place  
Of charitable friendship, is brought in  
A thriving gamester, that doth chance to win  
A lusty sum ; while the good hand doth ply him,  
And FANCIES this or that, to him sits by him.  
His free invention runs but in conceit  
Of mere imaginations ; there's the height  
Of what he writes ; which if traduced by some,  
'Tis well, he says, he's far enough from home.  
For you, for him, for us, then this remains,  
Fancy your own opinions,<sup>3</sup> for our pains.

<sup>3</sup> *Fancy your own opinions.*] The old copy reads, " Fancy your  
~~even~~ opinions." Ford appears to have been on the continent when  
this piece was first given to the stage.



## DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

OCTAVIO, *marquis of Sienna.*

TROYLO-SAVELLI, *his nephew.*

LIVIO, *brother to CASTAMELA.*

ROMANELLO, (*Pragnuolo,*) *brother to FLAVIA.*

JULIO DE VARANA, *lord of Camerino.*

CAMILLO,        }  
VESPUCCI,        }  
                    *attendants on JULIO.*

FABRICIO, *a merchant, FLAVIA's first husband.*

NITIDO, *a page,*        }  
SECCO, *a barber,*        }  
SPADONE,                }  
                    *attendants on the*  
                    *marquis.*

CASTAMELA, *sister to LIVIO.*

CLABELLA,        }  
SILVIA,            }  
FLORIA,            }  
                    *The FANCIES.*

FLAVIA, *wife to JULIO.*

MOROSA, *guardianess to the FANCIES.*

THE SCENE—*Sienna.*



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THE  
**FANCIES, CHASTE AND NOBLE.**

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**ACT I. SCENE I.**

*An Apartment in the Palace.*

*Enter TROYLO-SAVELLI, and LIVIO.*

*Troy.* Do, do; be wilful, desperate; 'tis manly.  
Build on your reputation! such a fortune  
May furnish out your tables, trim your liveries,  
Enrich your heirs with purchase of a patrimony,  
Which shall hold out beyond the waste of riot;  
Stick honours on your heraldry, with titles  
As swelling, and as numerous as may likely  
Grow to a pretty volume—here's eternity!  
All this can reputation, marry, can it;  
Indeed, what not?

*Liv.* Such language from a gentleman  
So noble in his quality as you are,  
Deserves, in my weak judgment, rather pity  
Than a contempt.

*Troy.* Could'st thou consider, Livio,  
The fashion of the times, their study, practice,  
Nay, their ambitions, thou would'st soon distin-  
guish

Betwixt the abject lowness of a poverty,  
And the applauded triumphs of abundance,  
Though compass'd by the meanest service. Where-  
in

Shall you betray your guilt to common censure,  
Waving the private charge of your opinion,  
By rising up to greatness, or at least  
To plenty, which now buys it?

*Liv.* Troylo-Savelli

Plays merrily on my wants.

*Troy.* Troylo-Savelli

Speaks to the friend he loves, to his own Livio.  
Look, prithee, through the great duke's court in  
Florence ;

Number his favourites, and then examine  
By what steps some chief officers in state  
Have reach'd the height they stand in.

*Liv.* By their merits.

*Troy.* Right, by their merits : well he merited  
The intendments o'er the gallies at Leghorn,  
(Made grand collector of the customs there,)  
Who led the prince unto his wife's chaste bed,  
And stood himself by, in his night-gown, fearing  
The jest might be discover'd ! was 't not hand-  
some ?

The lady knows not yet on't.

*Liv.* Most impossible.

*Troy.* He merited well to wear a robe of cham-  
let,

Who train'd his brother's daughter, scarce a girl,  
Into the arms of Mont-Argentorato :

Whilst the young lord of Telamon, her husband,  
Was packeted to France, to study courtship,<sup>4</sup>  
Under, forsooth, a colour of employment,  
Employment! yea, of honour.

*Liv.* You are well read  
In mysteries of state.

*Troy.* Here, in Sienna,  
Bold Julio de Varana, lord of Camerine,  
Held it no blemish to his blood and greatness,  
From a plain merchant, with a thousand ducats,  
To buy his wife, nay, justify the purchase;—  
Procured it by a dispensation  
From Rome, allow'd and warranted: 'twas thought  
By his physicians, that she was a creature  
Agreed best with the cure of the disease  
His present new infirmity then labour'd in.  
Yet these are things in prospect of the world,  
Advanced, employ'd, and eminent.

*Liv.* At best,  
'Tis but a goodly pandarism.

*Troy.* Shrewd business!  
Thou child in thrift, thou fool of honesty,  
Is't a disparagement for gentlemen,  
For friends of lower rank, to do the offices  
Of necessary kindness, without fee,  
For one another, courtesies of course,

<sup>4</sup> To study courtship.] i. e. the language and manners of a court.  
Thus Massinger—

————— "What she wanted  
In courtship, was, I hope, supplied in civil  
And modest entertainment."

*Great Duke of Florence.*

Mirths of society ; when petty mushrooms,  
Transplanted from their dunghills, spread on  
                  mountains,

And pass for cedars by their servile flatteries  
On great men's vices ? Pandar ! thou'rt deceived,  
The word includes preferment ; 'tis a title  
Of dignity ; I could add somewhat more else.

*Liv.* Add any thing of reason.

*Troy.* Castamela,

Thy beauteous sister, like a precious tissue,  
Not shaped into a garment fit for wearing,  
Wants the adornments of the workman's cunning  
To set the richness of the piece at view,  
Though in herself all wonder. Come, I'll tell  
                  thee :

A way there may be—(know, I love thee, Livio—)  
To fix this jewel in a ring of gold,  
Yet lodge it in a cabinet of ivory,  
White, pure, unspotted ivory : put case,  
Livio himself shall keep the key on't ?

*Liv.* Oh, sir,

Create me what you please of yours ; do this,  
You are another nature.

*Troy.* Be then pliable

To my first rules of your advancement.—[*Enter*  
                  OCTAVIO.]—See !

Octavio, my good uncle, the great marquis  
Of our Sienna, comes, as we could wish,  
In private.—Noble sir !

*Oct.* My bosom's secretary,  
My dearest, best loved nephew.

*Troy.* We have been thirsty  
In our pursuit.—Sir, here's a gentleman  
Desertful of your knowledge, and as covetous  
Of entertainment from it : you shall honour  
Your judgment, to entrust him to your favours ;  
His merits will commend it.

*Oct.* Gladly welcome ;  
Your own worth is a herald to proclaim it.  
For taste of your preferment, we admit you  
The chief provisor of our horse.

*Liv.* Your bounty  
Stiles me your ever servant.

*Troy.* He's our own;  
Surely, nay most persuadedly. My thanks, sir,  
[*Aside to Oct.*

**Owes to this just engagement.**

**Oct.** Slack no time  
To enter on your fortunes.—Thou art careful,  
My Troylo, in the study of a duty.  
His name is?—

**Trou. Livio.**

*Liv.* Livio, my good lord.

*Oct.* Again, you're welcome to us:—be as  
speedy, [*Apart to TROYLO.*  
Dear nephew, as thou'rt constant.—Men of  
parts,  
Fit parts and sound, are rarely to be met with;  
But being met with, therefore to be cherish'd

<sup>1</sup> *We have been thirsty  
In our pursuit.*] i. e. sharp, eager, active.

With love and with supportance. While I stand,  
Livio can no way fall ;—yet, once more, welcome !

[*Exit.*

*Troy.* An honourable liberality,  
Timely disposed, without delay or question,  
Commands a gratitude. Is not this better  
Than waiting three or four months at livery,  
With cup and knee unto this chair of state,  
And to that painted arras, for a nod<sup>o</sup>  
From goodman-usher, or the formal secretary ;  
Especially the juggler with the purse,  
That pays some shares, in all ? A younger brother,  
Sometimes an elder, not well trimm'd i' th' head-piece,  
May spend what his friend left, in expectation  
Of being turn'd out of service—for attendance !  
Or marry a waiting-woman, and be damn'd for't  
To open laughter, and, what's worse, old beggary!—

What thinks my Livio of this rise at first ?  
Is't not miraculous ?

*Liv.* It seems the bargain  
Was driv'n before between you.

<sup>o</sup> *And to that painted arras, for a nod,]* The 4to reads, “ And to their painted arras for a need,” which I do not understand. Troylo is evidently congratulating Livio on his entering at once into the good graces of his lord, without stooping (as was too frequently the case) to the meanness of flattering the proud and formal domestics of his patron's establishment, the steward, gentleman-usher, &c. If the reader prefers *need* to *nod*, I see no great objection. “ *Cup and knee,*” I doubt not, should be “ *cup and knee,*” as we have it in the *Sun's Darling*—it was not usual to present the *cup* kneeling to any but princes.

*Troy.* 'Twas, and nothing  
Could void it, but the peevish resolution  
Of your dissent from goodness, as you call it;  
A thin, a threadbare honesty, a virtue  
Without a living to't.

*Liv.* I must resolve  
To turn my sister whore? speak a home-word  
For my old bachelor lord?—so! is't not so?  
A trifle in respect to present means;  
Here's all.—

*Troy.* Be yet more confident; the slavery  
Of such an abject office shall not tempt  
The freedom of thy spirit: stand ingenious  
To thine own fate,<sup>7</sup> and we will practise wisely  
Without the charge of scandal.

*Liv.* May it prove so! [*Exeunt.*]

## SCENE II.

*The Street.*

*Enter SECCO, with a casting bottle, sprinkling his hat  
and face, and a little looking-glass at his girdle;<sup>8</sup>  
setting his countenance.*

*Sec.* Admirable! incomparably admirable! to  
be the minion, the darling, the delight of love;  
'tis a very tickling to the marrow, a kissing i' th'

<sup>7</sup> *Stand ingenious*

*To thine own fate.]* i. e. labour to forward the plans of fortune  
by thy own dexterity, &c.

<sup>8</sup> *With a casting bottle.]* A small phial for perfumes, sweet



blood, a bosoming the extacy, the rapture of virginity, soul and paradise of perfection,—ah!—pity of generation, Secco, there are no more such men.

*Enter SPADONE.*

*Spa.* Oyes! if any man, woman, or beast, have found, stolen, or taken up a fine, very fine male barber, of the age of above or under eighteen, more or less—

*Sec.* Spadone, hold; what's the noise?

*Spa.* Umph! pay the cryer. I have been almost lost myself in seeking you; here's a letter from—

*Sec.* Whom, whom, my dear Spadone? whom?

*Spa.* Soft and fair! an you be so brief, I'll return it whence it came, or look out a new owner.—Oyes!

*Sec.* Low, low! what dost mean? is't from the glory of beauty, Morosa, the fairest fair? be gentle to me; here's a ducat: speak low, prithee.

*Spa.* Give me one, and take t'other: 'tis from the party. (*Gives him the letter.*) Golden news, believe it.

*Sec.* Honest Spadone! divine Morosa! [*Reads.*

*Spa.* *Fairest fair*, quoth'a! so is an old rotten coddled mungrel, parcel bawd, parcel midwife; all the marks are quite out of her mouth; not the stump of a tooth left in her head, to mumble the

waters, &c., which, in Ford's time, were in more general use than at present. For the fashion of wearing mirrors at the girdle, and in the hat, see Massinger, vol. iv. p. 8. and Jonson, vol. ii. p. 263.

curd of a posset.—[*Aside.*] Signor, 'tis as I told you; all's right.

*Sec.* Right, just as thou told'st me; all's right.

*Spa.* To a very hair, *signor mio*.

*Sec.* For which, sirrah Spadone, I will make thee a man; a man, dost hear? I say, a man.

*Spa.* Thou art a prick-ear'd foist,\* a cittern-headed gew-gaw, a knack, a snipper-snapper. Twit me with the decrements of my pendants! though I am made a gelding, and, like a tame buck, have lost my dowsets,—more a monster than a cuckold with his horns seen,—yet I scorn to be jeered by any checker-approved barbarian† of ye all. Make me a *man*! I defy thee.

*Sec.* How now, fellow, how now! roaring ripe indeed!

*Spa.* Indeed? thou'rt worse: a dry shaver, a copper-bason'd suds-monger.

*Sec.* Nay, nay; by my mistress' fair eyes, I meant no such thing.

*Spa.* Eyes in thy belly! the reverend madam

\* *Thou art a prick-eared foist, &c.*] This stuff is hardly worth explaining; but it may be noted, *en passant*, that *foist* is one of the thousand cant terms for a rogue of any kind; that *cittern-headed* means ugly, in allusion to the grotesque and monstrous figures with which these and similar musical instruments were ornamented; that *knack* is a slight, inconsiderate toy, and *snipper-snapper* whatever of vituperative the reader pleases.

† *By any checker-approved barbarian.*] i. e. by any favourite of taverns and their frequenters. Or, as Secco is not tainted with the vice of drunkenness, may we venture to suppose that a barber's shop, like a tavern, was occasionally denoted by the sign of the *chequers*? Ford seems tickled with his facetious pun on *barber*; for he uses it again in a subsequent passage, where Spadone calls Secco, who is about to shave him, "a precious barbarian."

shall know how I have been used. I will blow my nose in thy casting-bottle, break the teeth of thy combs, poison thy camphire-balls, slice out thy towels with thine own razor, be-tallow thy tweezes, and urine in thy bason:—make me a man!

*Sec.* Hold! take another ducat. As I love new clothes—

*Spa.* Or cast old ones.

*Sec.* Yes, or cast old ones—I intended no injury.

*Spa.* Good, we are pieced again: reputation, signor, is precious.

*Sec.* I know it is.

*Spa.* Old sores would not be rubbed.

*Sec.* For me, never.

*Spa.* The lady guardianess, the mother of the FANCIES, is resolved to draw with you in the wholesome [yoke] of matrimony, suddenly.

*Sec.* She writes as much: and, Spadone, when we are married—

*Spa.* You will to bed no doubt.

*Sec.* We will revel in such variety of delights,—

*Spa.* Do miracles, and get babies.

*Sec.* Live so sumptuously,—

*Spa.* In feather and old furs.

*Sec.* Feed so deliciously,—

*Spa.* On pap and bull-beef.

*Sec.* Enjoy the sweetness of our years,—

*Spa.* Eighteen and threescore with advantage!

*Sec.* Tumble and wallow in abundance,—

*Spa.* The pure crystal puddle of pleasures.

*Sec.* That all the world shall wonder.

*Spa.* A pox on them that envy you!

*Sec.* How do the beauties, my dainty knave? live, wish, think, and dream, sirrah, ha!

*Spa.* Fumble, one with another, on the gambos of imagination between their legs; eat they do, and sleep, game, laugh, and lie down, as beauties ought to do; there's all.

*Sec.* Commend me to my choicest, and tell her, the minute of her appointment shall be waited on; say to her, she shall find me a man at all points.

*Enter NITIDO.*

*Spa.* Why, there's another quarrel,—*man*, once more, in spite of my nose,—

*Nit.* Away, Secco, away! my lord calls, he has a loose hair started from his fellows; a clip of your art is commanded.

*Sec.* I fly, Nitido; Spadone, remember me.

*[Exit.*

*Nit.* Trudging between an old mule, and a young calf, my nimble intelligencer? What! thou fatten'st apace on capon still?

*Spa.* Yes, crimp; 'tis a gallant life to be an old lord's pimp-whiskin: but, beware of the porter's lodge, for carrying tales out of the school.\*

*Nit.* What a terrible sight to a libb'd breech is a sow-gelder!

\* *Beware of the porter's lodge, &c.]* i. e. of the place where punishment was usually inflicted on refractory servants. See *Jones*, vol. vii. p. 434.

*Spa.* Not so terrible as a cross-tree that never grows, to a wag-halter page.

*Nit.* Good! witty rascal, thou'rt a Satire, I protest, but that the nymphs<sup>1</sup> need not fear the evidence of thy mortality:—go, put on a clean bib, and spin amongst the nuns, sing 'em a bawdy song: all the children thou gett'st, shall be christened in wassel-bowls,<sup>4</sup> and turned into a college of men-midwives. Farewell, night-mare!

*Spa.* Very, very well; if I die in thy debt for this, crack-rope, let-me be buried in a coal-sack. I'll fit ye, ape's-face! look for't.

*Nit.* [Sings.] *And still the urchin would, but  
could not do.*

*Spa.* Mark the end on't, and laugh at last.

[*Exeunt.*]

### SCENE III.

*A Room in the House of LIVIO.*

*Enter ROMANELLO and CASTAMELA.*

*Rom.* Tell me you cannot love me.

*Cast.* You impórtune  
Too strict a resolution : as a gentleman

<sup>1</sup> But *that the nymphs.*] i. e. except that, &c. This would have called for no notice, had I not ventured to alter the pointing of the former editions, which deprived the passage of all meaning. Ford plays on the similarity of the words satyr and satire.

<sup>4</sup> *Shall be christened in wassel-bowls.*] i. e. in ale or wine, instead of water. Nitido is still jesting with the incapacity of Spadone.

Of commendable parts, and fair deserts,  
In every sweet condition that becomes  
A hopeful expectation, I do honour  
Th' example of your youth ; but, sir, our fortunes,  
Concluded on both sides in narrow bands,  
Move you to construe gently my forbearance,  
In argument of fit consideration.

*Rom.* Why, Castamela, I have shaped thy virtues,

Even from our childish years, into a dowry  
Of richer estimation, than thy portion,  
Doubled an hundred times, can equal : now  
I clearly find, thy current of affection  
Labours to fall into the gulf of riot,<sup>5</sup>  
Not the free ocean of a soft content.  
You'd marry pomp and plenty : 'tis the idol,  
I must confess, that creatures of the time  
Bend their devotions to ; but I have fashion'd  
Thoughts much more excellent of you.

*Cast.* Enjoy

Your own prosperity ; I am resolv'd  
Never, by any charge with me, to force  
A poverty upon you, want of love.  
'Tis rarely cherish'd with the love of want.<sup>6</sup>  
I'll not be your undoing.

<sup>5</sup> *Labours to fall into the gulf of riot.*] The old copy has *guilt*, which the whole context shews to be a misprint.

<sup>6</sup> *\_\_\_\_\_ want of love.*

*'Tis rarely cherish'd with the love of want.*] I have adopted the pointing of the old copy, simply because I could not satisfy myself with any new arrangement. It is not easy to guess at the speaker's meaning ; she appears to consider *poverty* and *want of love*,

*Rom.* Sure some dotage  
Of living stately, richly, lends a cunning  
To eloquence. How is this piece of goodness  
Changed to ambition! oh, you are most miserable  
In your desires! the female curse has caught you.

*Cast.* Fie! fie! how ill this suits.

*Rom.* A devil of pride  
Ranges in airy thoughts to catch a star,  
Whilst you grasp mole-hills.

*Cast.* Worse and worse, I vow.

*Rom.* But that some remnant of an honest sense  
Ebbs a full tide of blood to shame, all women  
Would prostitute all honour to the luxury  
Of ease and titles.

*Cast.* Romanello, know  
You have forgot the nobleness of truth,  
And fix'd on scandal now.

*Rom.* A dog, a parrot,  
A monkey, a caroch, a garded lackey,  
A waiting-woman with her lips seal'd up,  
Are pretty toys to please my mistress Wanton!  
So is a fiddle too; 'twill make it dance,  
Or else be sick and whine.

*Cast.* This is uncivil;  
I am not, sir, your charge.

as synonymous; with a reference, perhaps, to the insinuation of the old proverb, that the latter is a necessary consequence of the former. In the next line, she seems to say—It (love) is rarely cherished by those, who, like Romanello, embrace a voluntary poverty. But this is all conjecture. The reader must decide whether the play on words has led the poet into this perplexed expression, or whether any part of it has been corrupted at the press.

*Rom.* My grief you are;  
For all my services are lost and ruin'd.

*Cast.* So is my chief opinion of your worthiness,  
When such distractions tempt you; you would  
prove

A cruel lord, who dare, being yet a servant,  
As you profess, to bait my best respects  
Of duty to your welfare; 'tis a madness  
I have not oft observed. Possess your freedom,  
You have no right in me; let this suffice;  
I wish your joys much comfort.

*Enter LIVIO, richly habited.*

*Liv.* Sister! look ye,  
How by a new creation of my tailor's,  
I've shook off old mortality; the rags  
Of home-spun gentry—prithee, sister, mark it—  
Are cast by, and I now appear in fashion  
Unto men, and received.—Observe me, sister,  
The consequence concerns you.

*Cast.* True, good brother,  
For my well-doing must consist in yours.

*Liv.* Here's Romanello, a fine temper'd gallant,  
Of decent carriage, of indifferent means,  
Considering that his sister, new hoist up,  
From a lost merchant's warehouse, to the titles  
Of a great lord's bed, may supply his wants;—  
Not sunk in his acquaintance, for a scholar  
Able enough, and one who may subsist  
Without the help of friends, provided always,  
He fly not upon wedlock without certainty



Of an advancement; else a bachelor  
 May thrive by observation, on a little.  
 A<sup>7</sup> single life's no burden; but to draw  
 In yokes is chargeable, and will require  
 A double maintenance: why, I can live  
 Without a wife, and purchase.

*Rom.* Is't a mystery,  
 You've lately found out, Livio, or a cunning  
 Conceal'd till now, for wonder?

*Liv.* Pish! believe it,  
 Endeavours and an active brain are better  
 Than patrimonies left by parents.—Prove it.—  
 One thrives by cheating; shallow fools and un-  
 thrifts

Are game knaves only fly at: then a fellow  
 Presumes on his hair, and that his back can toil  
 For fodder from the city;—lies: another,  
 Reputed valiant, lives by the sword,<sup>8</sup> and takes up  
 Quarrels, or braves them, as the novice likes,

<sup>7</sup> *A single life's no burden.*] For a the quarto reads, *as single life's, &c.*

<sup>8</sup> *Another, Reputed valiant, lives by the sword, &c.*]

Thus Fletcher:—

“Your high offers  
 Taught by the Masters of Dependencies,  
 That, by compounding differences 'tween others,  
 Supply their own necessities, with me  
 Will never carry it.”

These “masters of dependencies,” as they called themselves, were a set of low bullies and bravoës, who undertook to instruct such country novices, as aspired to the reputation of valour, in the fashionable mode of getting up a quarrel; and, if need were, submitted to be beaten by them. They are noticed with ridicule and contempt by most of our old dramatists.

To gild his reputation;—most improbable.  
A world of desperate undertakings, possibly,  
Procures some hungry meals, some tavern sur-  
feits,  
Some frippery to hide nakedness; perhaps  
The scrambling<sup>a</sup> half a ducat now and then  
To roar and noise it with the tattling hostess,  
For a week's lodging; these are pretty shifts,  
Souls bankrupt of their royalty submit to!  
Give me a man, whose practice and experience,  
Conceives not barely the philosopher's stone,  
But indeed has it; one whose wit's his Indies:  
The poor is most ridiculous.

*Rom.* You are pleasant  
In new discoveries of fortune; use them  
With moderation, Livio.

*Cast.* Such wild language  
Was wont to be a stranger to your custom;  
However, brother, you are pleased to vent it,  
I hope, for recreation.

*Liv.* Name and honour—  
What are they? a mere sound without support-  
ance,  
A begging—Chastity, youth, beauty, handsome-  
ness,  
Discourse, behaviour which might charm attention,  
And curse the gazer's eyes into amazement,  
Are nature's common bounties; so are diamonds.

<sup>a</sup> *The scrambling half a ducat, &c.*] *Scrambling* appears to be used in this place for obtaining by impudent importunity, by false pretences, &c.; in a word, much in the sense of *skelder*, as we have it in Jonson, Decker, and others.



*Liv.* I'll no longer  
Chamber thy freedom ; we have been already  
Thrifty enough in our low fortunes ; henceforth  
Command thy liberty, with that thy pleasures.

*Rom.* Is't come to this ?

*Cast.* You are wondrous full of courtesy.

*Liv.* Ladies of birth and quality are suitors  
For being known t'ye ; I have promised, sister,  
They shall partake your company.

*Cast.* What ladies ?

Where, when, how, who ?

*Liv.* A day, a week, a month,  
Sported amongst such beauties, is a gain  
On time ; they are young, wise, noble, fair, and  
chaste.

*Cast.* Chaste ?

*Liv.* Castamela, chaste ; I would not hazard  
My hopes, my joys of thee, on dangerous trial.  
Yet if, as it may chance, a neat cloath'd merriment  
Pass without blush, in tattling,—so the words  
Fall not too broad, 'tis but a pastime smiled at  
Amongst yourselves in counsel ;\* but beware  
Of being overheard.

*Cast.* This is pretty !

*Rom.* I doubt I know not what, yet must be  
silent. *[Aside,*

\* *Amongst yourselves in counsel.*] i. e. in secret, in private: the expression is common to all our old writers.

*Enter* TROYLO, FLORIA, CLARELLA, SILVIA, and  
NITIDO.

*Liv.* They come as soon as spoke of.—Sweetest  
fair ones,

My sister cannot but conceive this honour  
Particular in your respects. Dear sir,  
You grace us in your favours.

*Troy.* Virtuous lady.

*Flo.* We are your servants.

*Clar.* Your sure friends.

*Sil.* Society

May fix us in a league.

*Cast.* All fitly welcome.

I find not reason, gentle ladies, whereon  
To cast this debt of mine; but my acknowledge-  
ment

Shall study to pay thankfulness.

*Troy.* Sweet beauty!

Your brother hath indeed been too much churl  
In this concealment from us all, who love him,  
Of such desired a presence.

*Sil.* Please to enrich us  
With your wish'd amity.

*Flo.* Our coach attends;  
We cannot be denied.

*Clar.* Command it, Nitido.

*Nit.* Ladies, I shall: now for a lusty harvest!  
'Twill prove a cheap year, should these barns be  
fill'd once. *[Aside and exit.]*

*Cast.* Brother, one word in private.

*Liv.* Phew! anon  
I shall instruct you at large.—We are prepared,  
And easily entreated;—'tis good manners  
Not to be troublesome.

*Troy.* Thou'rt perfect, Livio.

*Cast.* Whither—But—he's my brother. [*Aside.*

*Troy.* Fair, your arm;  
I am your usher, lady.

*Cast.* As you please, sir.

*Liv.* I wait you to your coach. Some two hours  
hence  
I shall return again. (*To Rom.*)

[*Exeunt all but Rom.*

*Rom.* Troylo-Savelli,  
Next heir unto the marquis! and the page too,  
The marquis's own page! Livio transform'd  
Into a sudden bravery,<sup>3</sup> and alter'd  
In nature, or I dream! Amongst the ladies,  
I not remember I have seen one face:  
There's cunning in these changes; I am resolute,  
Or to pursue the trick on't, or lose labour. [*Exit.*

<sup>3</sup> *Into a sudden bravery.*] i. e. gallantry of attire, finery of dress:—*freakily suited*, as the margin says.

## ACT II. SCENE I.

*An Apartment in JULIO's House.*

*Enter FLAVIA, supported by CAMILLO, and  
VESPUCCI.*

*Flav.* Not yet return'd?

*Cam.* Madam!

*Flav.* The lord our husband,  
We mean. Unkind! four hours are almost past,  
(But twelve short minutes wanting by the glass)  
Since we broke company; was never, gentlemen,  
Poor princess us'd so!

*Ves.* With your gracious favour,  
Peers, great in rank and place, ought of necessity  
To attend on state employments.

*Cam.* For such duties  
Are all their toil and labour; but their pleasures  
Flow in the beauties they enjoy, which conquers  
All sense of other travail.

*Flav.* Trimly spoken.  
When we were common, mortal, and a subject,  
As other creatures of Heaven's making are,  
(The more the pity) bless us! how we waited  
For the huge play-day, when the pageants flutter'd  
About the city;<sup>4</sup> for we then were certain,

<sup>4</sup> *On the huge play-day when the pageants flutter'd  
About the city.]* The huge play-day (for Ford's *Sienna* is only  
another name for London) was probably the Lord-Mayor's day,  
when the company to which he belonged exhibited, in honour of

The madam courtiers would vouchsafe to visit us,  
And call us by our names, and eat our viands;  
Nay, give us leave to sit at the upper end  
Of our own tables, telling us how welcome  
They'd make us when we came to court: full  
little

Dreamt I, at that time, of the wind that blew me  
Up to the weathercock of the honours now  
Are thrust upon me;—but we'll bear the burthen,  
Were't twice as much as 'tis. The next great  
feast,

We'll grace the city-wives, poor souls! and see  
How they'll behave themselves before our pre-  
sence;

You two shall wait on us.

*Ves.* With best observance,  
And glory in our service.

*Cam.* We are creatures  
Made proud in your commands.

*Flav.* Believ't you are so;  
And you shall find us readier in your pleasures,  
Than you in your obedience. Fie! methinks  
I have an excellent humour to be pettish;

his installation, those rude but splendid pageantries and processions, which, however they may now excite a smile, were then viewed with equal wonder and delight, and not altogether, perhaps, without profit, which is more than can be said of the tattered remnants of them, that are annually dragged abroad to shame us. They were not, however, confined to one festival; but "fluttered about the city" on every joyous occasion. There is truth as well as humour in Flavia's pleasant description of the condescension of the "madam courtiers" on these huge play-days. The satire is not yet quite obsolete.



A little toysome;—'tis a pretty sign  
Of breeding, is't not, sirs? I could, indeed, la!  
Long for some strange good things now.

*Cam.* Such news, madam,  
Would overjoy my lord, your husband.

*Ves.* Cause  
Bonfires and bell-rings.

*Flav.* I must be with child, then,  
An't be but for the public jollity;  
Or lose my longings, which were mighty pity.

*Cam.* Sweet fates forbid it!

*Enter FABRICIO.*

*Fab.* Noblest lady—

*Ves.* Rudeness!  
Keep off, or I shall—Sawcy groom, learn manners;  
Go swab amongst your goblins.

*Flav.* Let him stay;  
The fellow I have seen, and now remember  
His name, Fabricio.

*Fab.* Your poor creature, lady;  
Out of your gentleness, please you to consider  
The brief of this petition, which contains  
All hope of my last fortunes.<sup>3</sup>

*Flav.* Give it from him.

*Cam.* Here, madam.—[*Takes the paper from FAB.*  
*and delivers it to FLAV. who walks aside with*  
*it.*]*—Mark, Vespucci, how the wittol*

<sup>3</sup> *All hope of my last fortunes.*] Meaning probably (for the language is constrained) "my final hope, my last resource." The object of this request appears to be more money to enable him to expatriate himself.

Stares on his sometime wife! sure, he imagines  
To be a cuckold by consent, is purchase  
Of approbation in a state.

*Ves.* Good reason:

The gain reprieved him from a bankrupt's statute,  
And filed him in the charter of his freedom.

"She had seen the fellow!" didst observe?

*Cam.* Most punctually:

Could call him by his name too! why 'tis possible,  
She has not yet forgot he was her husband.

*Ves.* That were [most] strange: oh, 'tis a pre-  
cious trinket!

Was ever puppet so slipt up?

*Cam.* The tale

Of Venus' cat, man, changed into a woman,  
Was emblem but to this. She turns.

*Ves.* He stands

Just like Acteon in the painted cloth.\*

*Cam.* No more.

*Flav.* Friend, we have read, and weigh'd the

|||||

Of what your scrivener (which, in effect,  
Is meant your counsel learned) has drawn for ye:  
'Tis a fair hand, in sooth, but the contents  
Somewhat unseasonable; for, let us tell ye,  
You have been a spender, a vain spender; wasted  
Your stock of credit, and of wares, unthriftilly.

\* *He stands*

Just like Acteon in the painted cloth.] i. e. in the act of gazing  
at Diana, in a posture of mingled awe and surprize. There is some  
humour in the expression.



A beauty fresh as was your youth, could brook  
The last of my decays.

*Flav.* Did I complain?

My sleeps between thine arms were ev'n as sound,  
My dreams as harmless, my contents as free,  
As when the best of plenty crown'd our bride-bed.  
Amongst some of a mean, but quiet, fortune,  
Distrust of what they call their own, or jealousy  
Of those whom in their bosoms they possess  
Without controul, begets a self-unworthiness;  
For which [through] fear, or, what is worse, desire  
Of paltry gain, they practise art, and labour  
To pandar their own wives; those wives, whose  
innocence,

Stranger to language, spoke obedience only;  
And such a wife was Flavia to Fabricio.

*Fab.* My loss is irrecoverable.

*Flav.* Call not

Thy wickedness thy loss; without my knowledge  
Thou sold'st me, and in open court protested'st  
A pre-contract unto another, falsely,  
To justify a separation. Wherein  
Could I offend, to be believed thy strumpet,  
In best sense an adultrous? so conceived  
In all opinions, that I am shook off,  
Ev'n from mine own blood, which, although I boast  
Not noble, yet 'twas not mean; for Romanello,  
Mine only brother, shuns me, and abhors  
To own me for his sister.

*Fab.* 'Tis confest,  
I am the shame of mankind.

*Flav.* I live happy  
In this great lord's love, now; but could his cunning  
Have train'd me to dishonour, we had never  
Been sunder'd by the temptation of his purchase.  
In troth, Fabricio, I am little proud of  
My unsought honours, and so far from triumph,  
That I am not more fool to such as honour me,  
Than to myself, who hate this antick carriage.<sup>7</sup>

*Fab.* You are an angel rather to be worshipp'd,  
Than grossly to be talk'd with.

*Flav.* [*Gives him money.*] Keep those ducats,  
I shall provide you better:—'twere a bravery,  
Could you forget the place wherein you've render'd  
Your name for ever hateful.

*Fab.* I will do't,  
Do't, excellentest goodness, and conclude  
My days in silent sadness.<sup>8</sup>

*Flav.* You may prosper  
In Spain, in France, or elsewhere, as in Italy.  
Besides, you are a scholar bred, however  
You interrupted study with commerce.  
I'll think of your supplies; meantime, pray, storm  
not

At my behaviour to you; I have forgot

<sup>7</sup> ———— *this antick carriage.*] This childish and ridiculous affectation of levity, which she assumed, partly to humour the count, but chiefly, as she afterwards says, to defeat the "lascivious villanies" of her attendants, Camillo and Vespucci.

<sup>8</sup> *My days in silent sadness*] The old copy has *goodness*, evidently repeated, by mistake, from the word immediately above it. *Sadness* is not given as the author's expression, but as conveying what might, perhaps, have been his meaning.

Acquaintance with mine own—keep your first  
distance. *[He draws back.]*

Camillo! who is near? Vespucci!

*Enter JULIO, CAMILLO, and VESPUCCI.*

*Jul.* What!

Our lady's cast familiar?

*Flav.* Oh, my stomach  
Wambles, at sight of—sick, sick,—I am sick—  
I faint at heart—kiss me, nay prithee quickly,  
*[To JUL.]*

Or I shall swoon. You've staid a sweet while  
from me.

And this companion too—beshrew him!

*Jul.* Dearest,  
Thou art my health, my blessing:—turn the  
bankrupt  
Out of my doors!—sirrah, I'll have thee whipt,  
If thou com'st here again.

*Cam.* Hence, hence, you vermin! *[Exit FAB.]*

*Jul.* How is't, my best of joys?

*Flav.* Prettily mended,  
Now we have our own lord here; I shall never  
Endure to spare you long out of my sight.—  
See, what the thing presented. *[Gives him the paper.]*

*Jul.* A petition,  
Belike, for some new charity?

*Flav.* We must not  
Be troubled with his needs; a wanting creature  
Is monstrous, is as ominous—fie, upon't!  
Dispatch the silly mushroom once for all,



To such faint stomach-qualms; no cordials comfort  
The business of thy thoughts, for aught I see:  
What ails thee, man? be merry, hang up jealousies.

*Liv.* Who, I? I jealous? no, no, here's no cause  
In this place; 'tis a nunnery, a retirement  
For meditation; all the difference extant  
But puzzles only bare belief, not grounds it.  
Rich services in plate, soft and fair lodgings,  
Varieties of recreations, exercise  
Of music in all changes, neat attendance,  
Princely, nay royal furniture of garments,  
Satiety of gardens, orchards, waterworks,  
Pictures so ravishing, that ranging eyes  
Might dwell upon a dotage of conceit,  
Without a single wish for livelier substance!—  
The great world, in a little world of Fancy,  
Is here abstracted: no temptation proffer'd,  
But such as fools and mad folks can invite to;  
And yet——

*Troy.* And yet your reason cannot answer  
Th' objections of your fears, which argue danger.

*Liv.* Danger? dishonour, Troylo: were my sis-

ter

In safety from those charms, I must confess  
I could live here for ever.

*Troy.* But you could not,  
I can assure you; for 'twere then scarce possible  
A door might open t'you, hardly a loop-hole.

*Liv.* My presence then is usher to her ruin,  
And loss of her, the fruit of my preferment?



*Troy.* Briefly partake a secret; but be sure  
To lodge it in the inmost of thy bosom,  
Where memory may not find it for discovery;  
By our firm truth of friendship, I require thee.

*Liv.* By our firm truth of friendship, I subscribe  
To just conditions.

*Troy.* Our great uncle-marquis,  
Disabled from his cradle, by an impotence  
In nature first, that impotence since seconded  
And render'd more infirm, by a fatal breach  
Received in fight against the Turkish gallies,  
Is made incapable of any faculty  
Of active manhood, more than what affections  
Proper unto his sex, must else distinguish;  
So that no helps of art can warrant life,  
Should he transcend the bounds his weakness  
limits.

*Liv.* On; I attend with eagerness.

*Troy.* 'Tis strange  
Such natural defects at no time check  
A full and free sufficiency of spirit,  
Which flows, both in so clear and fix'd a strength,  
That to confirm belief, it seems, where nature  
Is in the body lame, she is supplied  
In fine proportion of the mind; a word  
Concludes all—to a man his enemy,  
He is a dangerous threat'ning; but to women,  
However pleasurable, no way cunning  
To shew abilities of friendship, other  
Than what his outward senses can delight in,  
Or charge and bounty court with.

*Liv.* Good, good—Troylo.

Oh, that I had a lusty faith to credit it,  
Though none of all this wonder should be possible!

*Troy.* As I love honour, and an honest name,  
I fault not, my Livio, in one syllable.

*Liv.* News admirable! 'tis, 'tis so—pish, I know  
it—

Yet he has a kind heart of his own to girls,  
Young, handsome girls; yes, yes, so he may;  
'Tis granted:—he would now and then be piddling,  
And play the wanton, like a fly that dallies  
About a candle's flame; then scorch his wings,  
Drop down, and creep away, ha?

*Troy.* Hardly that too;  
To look upon fresh beauties, to discourse  
In an unblushing merriment of words,  
To hear them play or sing, and see them dance;  
To pass the time in pretty amorous questions,  
Read a chaste verse of love, or prattle riddles,  
Is th' height of his temptations.

*Liv.* Send him joy on't!

*Troy.* His choices are not of the courtly train,  
Nor city's practice; but the country's innocence;  
Such as are gentle-born, not meanly; such,  
To whom both gawdiness and ape-like fashions  
Are monstrous; such as cleanliness and decency  
Prompt to a virtuous envy; such as study  
A knowledge of no danger, but themselves.

*Liv.* Well, I have liv'd in ignorance: the an-  
cients,  
Who chatted of the golden age, feign'd trifles.

Had they dreamt this, they would have truth'd it  
heaven;<sup>9</sup>

I mean an earthly heaven; less it is not!

*Troy.* Yet is this bachelor-miracle not free  
From the epidemical headach.

*Liv.* The yellows?

*Troy.* Huge jealous fits; admitting none to  
enter

But me, his page and barber, with an eunuch,  
And an old guardianess. It is a favour  
Not common, that the license of your visits  
To your own sister, now and then, is wink'd at.

*Liv.* But why are you his instrument? his ne-  
phew!

'Tis ominous in nature.

*Troy.* Not in policy:  
Being his heir, I may take truce a little,  
With mine own fortunes.

*Liv.* Knowing how things stand too.

*Troy.* At certain seasons, as the humour takes  
him,

A set of music are permitted peaceably  
To cheer their solitariness, provided  
They are strangers, not acquainted near the city;  
But never the same twice, pardon him that:—  
Nor must their stay exceed an hour, or two  
At farthest, as at this wise wedding; wherefore

<sup>9</sup> *They would have truth'd it heaven.*] Our poet uses *truth*, whether as a substantive (vol. i. p. 16), or, as in this place, a verb, in a way somewhat peculiar to himself. It here means, they would have affirmed, maintained, as a *truth*, that this society was heaven.

His barber is the master to instruct  
The lasses both in song and dance, by him  
Train'd up in either quality.

*Liv.* A caution  
Happily studied.

*Troy.* Farther to prevent  
Suspicion, he has married his young barber  
To the old matron, and withal is pleased  
Report should mutter him a mighty man  
For th' game, to take off all suspicion  
Of insufficiency; and this strict company  
He calls his Bower of Fancies.

*Liv.* Yes, and properly,  
Since all his recreations are in fancy.  
I am infinitely taken.—Sister! marry,  
Would I had sisters in a plenty, Troylo,  
So to bestow them all, and turn them Fancies!—  
Fancies! why 'tis a pretty name, methinks.

*Troy.* Something remains, which in conclusion  
shortly,  
Shall take thee fuller.— [Music within.  
—Hark, the wedding jollity!  
With a bride-cake on my life, to grace the nuptials!  
Perhaps the ladies will turn songsters.

*Liv.* Silence!

*A SONG within.*

*After which, enter in procession, with the bride-cake,  
SECCO and MOROSA, with CASTAMELA, FLORIA,  
CLARELLA, SILVIA, SPADONE, and Musicians.*

*Sec.* Passing neat and exquisite, I protest, fair  
creatures. These honours to our solemnity are

liberal and uncommon; my spouse and myself, with our posterity, shall prostitute our services to your bounties:—shall's not, duckling?

*Mor.* Yes, honeysuckle; and do as much for them one day, if things stand right as they should stand. Bill, pigeon, do; thou'st be my cat-a-mountain, and I thy sweet-briar, honey. We'll lead you to kind examples, pretty ones, believe it; and you shall find us, one in one, whilst hearts do last.

*Sec.* Ever mine own, and ever.

*Spa.* Well said, old touch-hole.

*Liv.* All happiness, all joy!

*Troy.* A plenteous issue,

A fruitful womb!—thou hast a blessing, Secco.

*Mor.* Indeed he has, sir, if you know all, as I conceive you know enough, if not the whole; for you have, I may say, tried me to the quick, through and through, and most of my carriage, from time to time.

*Spa.* 'Twould wind-break a mule, or a ringed mare, to vie burthens with her. *[Aside.*

*Mor.* What's that you mumble, gelding, hey?

*Spa.* Nothing, forsooth, but that you are a bouncing couple well met, and 'twere pity to part you, though you hung together in a smoky chimney.

*Mor.* 'Twere e'en pity, indeed, Spadone; nay, thou hast a foolish loving nature of thine own, and wishest well to plain dealings, o' my conscience.

*Spa.* Thank your brideship—your bawdship.

*[Aside.*

*Flo.* Our sister is not merry.

*Clar.* Sadness cannot  
Become a bridal harmony.

*Sil.* At a wedding,  
Free spirits are required.

*Troy.* You should dispense  
With serious thoughts now, lady.

*Mor.* Well said, gentlefolks.

*Liv.* Fie, Castamela, fie!

*All.* A dance, a dance!

*Troy.* By any means, the day is not complete  
else.

*Cast.* Indeed, I'll be excused.

*Troy.* By no means, lady.

*Sec.* We all are suitors.

*Cast.* With your pardons, spare me  
For this time, grant me licence to look on.

[*Troy.*]<sup>1</sup> Command your pleasures, lady.—Every  
one hand

Your partner:—nay, Spadone must make one;  
These merriments are free.

*Spa.* With all my heart; I'm sure I am not the  
heaviest in the company. Strike up for the honour  
of the bride and bridegroom. [*Music.*

#### A DANCE.

*Troy.* So, so, here's art in motion! On all parts,  
You have bestirr'd you nimbly.

<sup>1</sup> [*Troy.*] *Command your pleasures, lady.*] The 4to gives this as a continuation of Castamela's speech. It evidently belongs to Troylo.

*Mor.* I could dance now,  
E'en till I dropt again ; but want of practice  
Denies the scope of breath, or so : yet, sirrah,  
My cat-a-mountain, do not I trip quickly,  
And with a grace too, sirrah ?

*Sec.* Light as a feather.

*Spa.* Sure you are not without a stick of liquorice in your pocket, forsooth. You have, I believe, stout lungs of your own, you swim about so roundly without rubs ; 'tis a tickling sight to be young still.

*Enter NITIDO.*

*Nit.* Madam Morosa !

*Mor.* Child.

*Nit.* To you in secret. [*Takes her aside.*

*Spa.* That ear-wig scatters the troop now ; I'll go near to fit him.

*Liv.* My lord, upon my life—

*Troy.* Then we must sever.

*Mor.* Ladies and gentlemen, your ears.

[*Whispers them.*

*Spa.* Oh, 'twas ever a wanton monkey—he will wriggle into a starting-hole so cleanly—an it had been on my wedding-day,—I know what I know.

*Sec.* Say'st so, Spadone ?

*Spa.* Nothing, nothing ; I prate sometimes beside the purpose—whoreson, lecherous weazle !

*Sec.* Look, look, look, how officious the little knave is !—but—

*Spa.* Why, there's the business ; *buts* on one's forehead are but scurvy *buts*.

*Mor.* Spadone, discharge the fiddlers instantly.

*Spa.* Yes, I know my postures—oh monstrous, buts!

*[Exit, with the Musicians.]*

*Mor.* *[to Sec.]* Attend within, sweeting;—your pardons, gentlemen. To your recreations, dear virgins! Page, have a care.

*Nit.* My duty, reverend madam.

*Troy.* Livio, away!—Sweet beauties—

*Cast.* Brother.

*Liv.* Suddenly

I shall return;—now for a round temptation. *[Aside.]*

*[Exeunt severally, MOR. stays CAST.]*

*Mor.* One gentle word in private with your ladyship;

I shall not hold you long.

*Cast.* What means this huddle  
Of flying several ways thus? who has frightened them?

They live not at devotion here, or pension!

Pray quit me of distrust.

*Mor.* May it please your goodness,  
You'll find him even in every point as honourable,  
As flesh and blood can vouch him.

*Cast.* Ha! him? whom?  
What him?

*Mor.* He will not press beyond his bounds;  
He will but chat and toy, and feel your—

*Cast.* Guard me  
A powerful Genius! feel—

*Mor.* Your hands to kiss them,  
Your fair, pure, white hands; what strange business is it?



These melting twins of ivory, but softer  
Than down of turtles, shall but feed the appetite—

*Cast.* A rape upon my ears!

*Mor.* The appetite

Of his poor ravish'd eye; should he swell higher  
In his desires, and soar upon ambition  
Of rising in humility, by degrees;  
Perhaps he might crave leave to clap—

*Cast.* Fond woman,

In thy grave sinful!

*Mor.* Clap or pat the dimples,

Where love's tomb stands erected on your cheeks.  
Else pardon those slight exercises, pretty one,  
His lordship is as harmless a weak implement,  
As e'er young lady trembled under.

*Cast.* Lordship!

Stead me, my modest anger!—'tis belike then,  
Religious matron, some great man's prison,  
Where virgins' honours suffer martyrdom,  
And you are their tormentor; let's lay down  
Our ruin'd names to the insulter's mercy!  
Let's sport and smile on scandal—(rare calamity,  
What hast thou toil'd me in! [*Aside.*])—You named  
his lordship,

Some gallant youth, and fiery?

*Mor.* No, no, 'deed, la!

A very grave, stale bachelor, my dainty one,  
There's the conceit; he's none of your hot rovers,  
Who ruffle at first dash, and so disfigure  
Your dresses, and your sets of blush at once:  
He's wise in years, and of a temperate warmth,

Mighty in means and power, and withal liberal;  
A wanton in his wishes, but else,—farther,  
He cannot—cause—he cannot—

*Cast.* Cannot? prithee  
Be plainer; I begin to like thee strangely;  
What cannot?

*Mor.* You urge timely, and to purpose:  
He cannot do,—the truth is truth,—do any thing,  
As one should say,—that's any thing; put case—  
I do but put the case, forsooth,—he find you.

*Cast.* My stars, I thank ye, for being ignorant,  
Of what this old-in-mischief can intend!— [*Aside.*  
And so we might be merry, bravely merry?

*Mor.* You hit it—what else!—she is cunning  
[*Aside.*—look ye,  
Pray lend your hand, forsooth.

*Cast.* Why, prithee, take it.

*Mor.* You have a delicate moist palm—umph  
—can ye  
Relish that tickle, there?

*Cast.* And laugh, if need were.

*Mor.* And laugh! why now you have it; what  
hurt pray  
Perceive ye? there's all, all; go to, you want  
tutoring,

Are an apt scholar; I'll neglect no pains  
For your instruction.

*Cast.* Do not:—but his lordship,  
What may his lordship be?

*Mor.* No worse man  
Than marquis of Sienna, the great master

Of this small family: your brother found him  
A bounteous benefactor,<sup>\*</sup> has advanced him  
The gentleman o' the horse; in a short time  
He means to visit you himself in person,  
As kind, as loving an old man!

*Cast.* We'll meet him  
With a full flame of welcome. Is't the marquis?  
No worse?

*Mor.* No worse, I can assure your ladyship;  
The only free maintainer of the Fancies.

*Cast.* Fancies? how mean you that?

*Mor.* The pretty souls  
Who are companions in the house; all daughters  
To honest virtuous parents, and right worshipful;  
A kind of chaste collapsed ladies.

*Cast.* Chaste too,  
And yet collapsed?

*Mor.* Only in their fortunes.

*Cast.* Sure, I must be a Fancy in the number.

*Mor.* A Fancy principal; I hope you'll fashion  
Your entertainment, when the marquis courts you,  
As that I may stand blameless.

*Cast.* Free suspicion.  
My brother's raiser?

*Mor.* Merely.

*Cast.* My supporter?

*Mor.* Undoubtedly.

*Cast.* An old man and a lover?

\* ————— your brother found him

*A bounteous benefactor.*] For *brother* the quarto reads *master*; an evident misprint, from the compositor's eye being caught by the word immediately above it.

*Mor.* True, there's the music, the content, the harmony.

*Cast.* And I myself a Fancy?

*Mor.* You are pregnant.<sup>3</sup>

*Cast.* The chance is thrown; I now am fortune's minion;

I will be bold and resolute.

*Mor.* Blessing on thee!

[*Exeunt.*

### ACT III. SCENE I.

*The Street.*

*Enter ROMANELLO.*

*Rom.* Prosper me now, my fate; some better Genius,

Than such a one as waits on troubled passions,  
Direct my courses to a noble issue!

My thoughts have wander'd in a labyrinth;

But if the clue I have laid hold on fail not,

I shall tread out the toil of these dark paths,

In spite of politic reaches. I am punish'd

In mine own hopes, by her unlucky fortunes,

Whose fame is ruin'd; Flavia; my lost sister!

Lost to report by her unworthy husband,

Though heighten'd by a greatness, in whose mix-  
tures,

I hate to claim a part.—

<sup>3</sup> *You are pregnant.*] i. e. intelligent, shrewd, quick at guessing; in other words, you are fully possessed of the case.

*Enter NITIDO.*

Oh welcome, welcome,  
Dear boy! thou keep'st time with my expectations,  
As justly as the promise of my bounties  
Shall reckon with thy service.

*Nit.* I have fashion'd  
The means of your admittance.

*Rom.* Precious Nitido!

*Nit.* More, have bethought me of a shape, a  
quaint one,  
You may appear in, safe and unsuspected.

*Rom.* Thou'rt an ingenious boy.

*Nit.* Beyond all this,  
Have so contrived the feat, that, at first sight,  
Troylo himself shall court your entertainment,  
Nay, force you to vouchsafe it.

*Rom.* Thou hast out-done  
All counsel, and all cunning.

*Nit.* True, I have, sir,  
Fadged nimbly in my practices; but surely,  
There are some certain clogs, some roguish stag-  
gers,  
Some—what shall I call 'em?—in the business.

*Rom.* Nitido,  
What, faint now! dear heart, bear up:—what stag-  
gers,  
What clogs? let me remove them.

*Nit.* Am I honest  
In this discovery?

*Rom.* Honest! pish, is that all?

*[Gives him a purse.]*

By this rich purse, and by the twenty ducats  
Which line it, I will answer for thy honesty  
Against all Italy, and prove it perfect :  
Besides, remember I am bound to secrecy ;  
Thou'lt not betray thyself?

*Nit.* All fears are clear'd then ;  
But if——

*Rom.* If what? out with't.

*Nit.* If we are discover'd,  
You'll answer, I am honest still?

*Rom.* Dost doubt it?

*Nit.* Not much; I have your purse in pawn for it.  
Now, to the shape.<sup>4</sup> You know the wit in Florence,  
Who, in the great duke's court, buffoons his com-  
pliment,

According to the change of meats in season,  
At every free lord's table——

*Rom.* Or free meetings  
In taverns; there he sits at the upper end,  
And eats, and prates, he cares not how nor what:  
The very quack of fashions,<sup>5</sup> the very *he* that  
Wears a stiletto on his chin?<sup>6</sup>

*Nit.* You have him.

<sup>4</sup> *Now, to the shape.*] The quaint *dress* or *disguise* which he has just mentioned. For you know, in this line, the old copy reads *and know*.

<sup>5</sup> *The very quack of fashions.*] So I read: i. e. a loud and boastful pretender to eminence in them. The 4to has "the very *quack*," of which I can make nothing. I observe that Mr. Nares has placed a *querre* at this word: but he does not attempt to explain it.

<sup>6</sup> *A stiletto on his chin.*] One of the many fantastical fashions of wearing the beard. It was sharp and pointed, as its name implies. It frequently occurs in our old writers, under the name of *spade* (lance) or *dagger* beard, and appears to have been chiefly affected by soldiers and bravoës.

Like such a thing must you appear, and study,  
 Amongst the ladies, in a formal foppery,  
 To vent some curiosity of language,  
 Above their apprehensions,—or your own,  
 Indeed beyond sense; you are the more *the person*.  
 Now amorous, then scurvy, sometimes bawdy;  
 The same man still, but evermore fantastical,  
 As being the suppositor<sup>7</sup> to laughter;  
 It hath saved charge in physic.

*Rom.* When occasion  
 Offers itself,—for where it does or not,<sup>8</sup>  
 I will be bold to take it,—I may turn  
 To some one in the company; and, changing  
 My method, talk of state, and rail against  
 Th' employment of the time, mislike the carriage  
 Of places, and mislike that men of parts,<sup>9</sup>  
 Of merit, such as myself am, are not  
 Thrust into public action: 'twill set off  
 A privilege I challenge from opinion,  
 With a more lively current.

*Nit.* On my modesty,  
 You are some kin to him.  
 Signor Pragnoli! Signor Mushrumpo!  
 Leap but into his antick garb, and trust me  
 You'll fit it to a thought.

<sup>7</sup> *The suppositor to laughter.*] The excitement, the provocative: a medical term.

<sup>8</sup> *For where it does or not.*] So it should be printed: it is the old abbreviation of *whether*.

<sup>9</sup> ——— *and mislike that men of parts, &c.*] Here again we have a repetition, from that fruitful source of error, the wandering of the eye to a preceding or following line. It is idle to think of replacing the genuine word; but if we read *complain*, we shall not be far, perhaps, from the poet's meaning.

*Rom.* The time?

*Nit.* As suddenly

As you can be transform'd ;—for the event,  
'Tis pregnant.

*Rom.* Yet, my pretty knave, thou hast not  
Discover'd where fair Castamela lives ;  
Nor how, nor amongst whom.

*Nit.* Pish ! yet more queries ?  
Till your own eyes inform, be silent ; else  
Take back your earnest. What, turn woman ? fie !  
Be idle and inquisitive ?

*Rom.* No more.  
I shall be speedily provided ; ask for  
A note at mine own lodging. [*Erit.*

*Nit.* I'll not fail you.—  
Assuredly, I will not fail you, signor,  
My fine inamorato—twenty ducats !  
They are half his quarter's income : love, oh love,  
What a pure madness art thou ! I shall fit him,  
Fit, quit, and split him too.—

*Enter TROYLO.*

Most bounteous sir.

*Troy.* Boy, thou art quick and trusty,  
Be withal close and silent, and thy pains  
Shall meet a liberal addition.

*Nit.* Though, sir,  
I'm but a child, yet you shall find me——

*Troy.* Man  
In the contrivements ; I will speak for thee.  
Well ! he does relish the disguise ?





Steals an occasion to ask how the minutes  
Each hour have run in progress; then thou kissest  
All thy four fingers, crouchest and sigh'st faintly,  
“ Dear beauty, if my watch keep fair decorum,  
Three quarters have near past the figure X;”  
Or as the time of day goes—

*Cam.* So, Vespucci!

This will not do, I read it on thy forehead,  
The grain of thy complexion is quite alter'd;  
Once 'twas a comely brown, 'tis now of late  
A perfect green and yellow; sure prognosticates  
Of th' overflux o'th' gall, and melancholy,  
Symptoms of love and jealousy. Poor soul!  
Quoth she, *the* she, “ why hang thy looks like bell-  
ropes ”

Out of the wheels ?” thou, flinging down thy eyes  
Low at her feet, repliedst, “ because, oh sovereign!  
The great bell of my heart is crack'd, and never  
Can ring in tune again, till 't be new cast by  
One only skilful foundress.”—Hereat  
She turn'd aside, wink'd, thou stood'st still, and  
star'dst;

I did observe 't:—be plain, what hope?

*Vesp.* She loves thee;

Doats on thee; in my hearing told her lord  
Camillo was the Pyramus and Thisbe  
Of courtship, and of compliment:—ah ha!  
She nick'd itthere!—I envy not thy fortunes;

<sup>1</sup> *Why hang thy looks like bell-ropes, &c.*] This affected foppery of language needs not be rigorously examined: we might mend the expression, perhaps, by reading *looks* for *looks*, but the sense would not be much the better for it.

For, to say truth, thou'rt handsome and deserv'st  
her,

Were she as great again as she is.

*Cam.* I handsome?

Alas, alas, a creature of Heaven's making,  
There's all! But, sirrah, prithee, let's be sociable;  
I do confess, I think the goody-madam  
May possibly be compass'd; I resolve, too,  
To put in for a share, come what can come on't.

*Vesp.* A pretty toy 'tis. Since thou'rt open  
breasted,

Camillo, I presume she is [a] wanton,  
And therefore mean to give the sowse whenever  
I find the game on wing.

*Cam.* Let us consider—

She's but a merchant's leavings.

*Vesp.* Hatch'd i'th' country,  
And fledged i'th' city.

*Cam.* 'Tis a common custom  
'Mongst friends,—they are not friends else—  
chiefly gallants,

To trade by turns in such like frail commodities:<sup>2</sup>  
The one is but reversioner to the other.

*Vesp.* Why, 'tis the fashion, man.

*Cam.* Most free and proper;  
One surgeon, one apothecary.

*Vesp.* Thus, then;

<sup>2</sup> *In such like frail commodities.*] It seems almost a pity to take this out of its plain sense, but as the author has given it in *Italics*, it is but justice to him to say that he means to be witty, and pun on the word *frail* (an osier basket, in which figs, raisins, &c. were packed), and often applied, as here, to the citizens' wives. Thus, in *Eastward Ho*, "A plague on figs and such *frail commodities*! we shall make nothing of them."

When I am absent, use the gentlest memory  
Of my endowments, my unblemish'd services  
To ladies' favours; with what faith and secrecy,  
I live in her commands, whose special courtesies  
Oblige me to particular engagements:  
I'll do as much for thee.

*Cam.* With this addition,  
Camillo, best of fairs, a man so bashful,  
So simply harmless, and withal so constant,  
Yet resolute in all true rights of honour;  
That to deliver him in perfect character,  
Were to detract from such a solid virtue  
As reigns not in another soul; he is——

*Vesp.* The thing a mistress ought to wish her  
servant.

Are we agreed?

*Cam.* Most readily. On t' other side,  
Unto the lord her husband, talk as coarsely  
Of one another as we can.

*Vesp.* I like it;  
So shall we sift her love, and his opinion.

*Enter JULIO, FLAVIA, and FABRICIO.*

*Jul.* Be thankful, fellow, to a noble mistress;  
Two hundred ducats are no trifling sum,  
Nor common alms.

*Flav.* You must not loiter lazily,  
And speak about the town,<sup>1</sup> my friend, in taverns,

<sup>1</sup> *And speak about the town, &c.*] So the 4to reads; but this cannot be right, as "gaming-houses" were not much noted, in Ford's days, for the resort of "idle praters." I suspect that the poet's word was *lurk*.

In gaming-houses; nor sneak after dinner  
To public shews, to interludes, in riot,  
To some lewd painted baggage, trick'd up gaudily,  
Like one of us:—oh, fie upon them, giblets!  
I have been told they ride in coaches, flaunt it  
In braveries, so rich, that 'tis scarce possible  
To distinguish one of these vile naughty packs  
From true and arrant ladies; they'll inveigle  
Your substance and your body,—think on that,—  
I say, your body; look to't.—

Is't not sound counsel? [Turns to JUL.]

*Jul.* 'Tis more; 'tis heavenly.

*Vesp.* What hope, Camillo, now, if this tune  
hold?

*Cam.* Hope fair enough, Vespucci, now as ever;  
Why, any woman in her husband's presence  
Can say no less.

*Vesp.* 'Tis true, and she hath leave here.

*Fab.* Madam, your care and charity at once  
Have so new-moulded my resolves, that henceforth  
Whene'er my mention falls into report,  
It shall requite this bounty: I am travelling  
To a new world.

*Jul.* I like your undertakings.

*Flav.* New world! where's that I pray? good,  
if you light on

A parrot or a monkey that has qualities  
Of a new fashion, think on me.

*Fab.* Yes, lady,

I—I shall think on you; and my devotions,  
Tender'd where they are due in single meekness,



*Flav.* Such it should be  
Were you as other husbands : it is granted,  
A woman of my state may like good clothes,  
Choice diet, many servants, change of merriments,  
All these I do enjoy ; and wherefore not ?  
Great ladies should command their own delights :  
And yet, for all this, I am used but homely,—  
But I am serv'd even well enough.

*Jul.* My Flavia,  
I understand not what thou would'st.

*Flav.* Pray pardon me ;  
I do confess I'm foolish, very foolish ;  
Trust me, indeed I am ; for I could cry  
Mine eyes out, being in the weeping humour :  
You know I have a brother.

*Jul.* Romanello,  
An unkind brother.

*Flav.* Right, right ; since you bosom'd  
My latter youth, he never would vouchsafe  
As much as to come near me. Oh, it mads me,  
Being but two, that we should live at distance,  
As if I were a cast-away ;—and you,  
For your part, take no care on't, nor attempt  
To draw him hither.

*Jul.* Say the man be peevish,  
Must I petition him ?

*Flav.* Yea, marry, must you,  
Or else you love not me : not see my brother !  
Yes I will see him ; so I will, will see him ;—  
You hear't—oh my good lord, dear, gentle,  
                  prithee,—

You sha'nt be angry ;—'las, I know, poor gentleman,

He bears a troubled mind : but let us meet  
And talk a little ; we perhaps may chide  
At first, shed some few tears, and then be quiet ;  
There's all.

*Jul.* Write to him and invite him hither,  
Or go to him thyself. Come, no more sadness ;  
I'll do what thou canst wish.

*Flav.* And, in requital,  
Believe I shall say something that may settle  
A constancy of peace, for which you'll thank me.  
[*Exeunt.*

### SCENE III.

*An Apartment in the Palace.*

*Enter SECCO and SPADONE.*

*Sec.* The rarest fellow, Spadone ! so full of gambols !—he talks so humorously—does he not ?—so carelessly ; oh, rich ! On my hope of posterity, I could be in love with him.

*Spa.* His tongue trouls like a mill-clack ; he towzes the lady-sisters as a tumbling dog does young rabbits ; hey here ! dab there ! your Madonna,—he has a catch at her too ; there's a trick in the business,—I am a dunce else,—I say, a shrewd one.

*Sec.* Jump with me ! I smell a trick too, if I could tell what.



*Spa.* Who brought him in? that would be known.

*Sec.* That did Signor Troylo; I saw the page part at the door. Some trick still; go to, wife, I must and I will have an eye to this gear.

*Spa.* A plain case; roguery, brokage and roguery, or call me bulchin. Fancies, quoth a' ? rather Frenzies. We shall all roar shortly, turn madcaps, lie open to what comes first: I may stand to't—that boy page is a naughty boy page;—let me feel your forehead: ha! oh, hum,—yes,—there,—there again! I'm sorry for ye, a hand-saw cannot cure ye: monstrous and apparent! [*Feeling his forehead.*]

*Sec.* What, what, what, what, what, Spadone?

*Spa.* What, what, what, what! nothing but velvet tips;<sup>4</sup> you are of the first head yet. Have a good heart, man; a cuckold, though he be a beast, wears invisible horns, else we might know a city-bull from a country-calf;—villainous boy, still!

*Sec.* My razor shall be my weapon, my razor.

*Spa.* Why, he's not come to the honour of a beard yet; he needs no shaving.

*Sec.* I will trim him and tram him.

*Spa.* Nay, she may do well enough for one.

*Sec.* One? ten, a hundred, a thousand, ten thousand; do beyond arithmetic! Spadone, I speak it with some passion, I am a notorious cuckold.

<sup>4</sup> *Nothing but velvet tips.*] Spadone alludes to "the down or velvet upon the first sprouting horns of a young deer."

*Spa.* Gross and ridiculous!—look ye—point blank, I dare not swear that this same mountebanking new-come foist is at least a procurer in the business, if not a pretender himself;—but I think what I think.

*Sec.* He, Troylo, Livio, the page, that hole-creeping page, all horn me, sirrah. I'll forgive thee from my heart; dost not thou drive a trade too in my bottom?

*Spa.* A likely matter! 'las, I am metamorphosed, I; be patient, you'll mar all else.

*Laughing within.* Ha, ha, ha, ha!

*Sec.* Now, now, now, now the game's rampant, rampant!

*Spa.* Leave your wild figaries, and learn to be a tame antick, or I'll observe no longer.

*Within.* Ha, ha, ha, ha!

*Enter* TROYLO, CASTAMELA, FLORIA, CLARELLA, SILVIA, MOROSA, *and* ROMANELLO, *disguised, as* PRAGNIOLI.

*Sil.* You are extremely busy, signor.

*Flo.* Courtly,  
Without a fellow.

*Clar.* Have a stabbing wit.

*Cast.* But are you always, when you press on ladies

Of mild and easy nature, so much satire,  
So tart and keen as we do taste you now?  
It argues a lean brain.

*Rom.* Gip to your beauties!

You would be fair, forsooth! you would be monsters;

Fair women are such;—monsters to be seen  
Are rare, and so are they.

*Troy.* Bear with him, ladies.

*Mor.* He is a foul-mouth'd man.

*Sec.* Whore, bitch-fox, treddle!<sup>5</sup>—[*Aside to Mor.*]  
—*fa la la la!*

*Mor.* How's that, my cat-a-mountain?

*Spa.* Hold her there, boy.

*Clar.* Were you e'er in love, fine signor?

*Rom.* Yes, for sport's sake,

But soon forgot it; he that rides a gallop  
Is quickly weary. I esteem of love  
As of a man in some huge place; it puzzles  
Reason, distracts the freedom of the soul,  
Renders a wise man fool, and a fool wise—  
In's own conceit, not else; it yields effects  
Of pleasure, travail; bitter, sweet; war, peace;  
Thorns, roses; prayers, curses; longings, surfeits,  
Despair, and then a rope. Oh, my trim lover!—  
Yes, I have loved a score at once.

*Spa.* Out, stallion! as I am a man and no man,  
the baboon lies, I dare swear, abominably.

*Sec.* Inhumanly;—keep your bow close, vixen.<sup>6</sup>  
[*Pinches Mor.*]

<sup>5</sup> Treddle !] That part of the loom on which the foot presses : vulgarly, a common creature, a street-walker.

<sup>6</sup> *Keep your bow close, vixen.*] This is taken from ancient Pistol's injunction to his disconsolate spouse at parting ; and with her it might have been safely left.

*Mor.* Beshrew your fingers, if you be in earnest!  
You pinch too hard; go to, I'll pare your nails  
for't.

*Spa.* She means your horns; there's a bob for  
you!

*Clar.* Spruce signor, if a man may love so many,  
Why may not a fair lady have like privilege  
Of several servants?

*Troy.* Answer that; the reason  
Holds the same weight.

*Mor.* Marry, and so it does,  
Though he would spit his gall out.

*Spa.* Mark that, Secco.

*Sil.* D'ye pump for a reply?

*Rom.* The learned differ  
In that point; grand and famous scholars often  
Have argued *pro* and *con*, and left it doubtful;  
Volumes have been writ on't. If then great clerks  
Suspend their resolutions, 'tis a modesty  
For me to silence mine.

*Flo.* Dull and phlegmatic!

*Clar.* Yet women sure, in such a case, are ever  
More secret than men are.

*Sil.* Yea, and talk less.

*Rom.* That is a truth much fabled, never found.  
You secret! when your dresses blab your vanities?  
Carnation for your points? there's a gross babblers;  
Tawney? hey ho! the pretty heart is wounded:  
A knot of willow ribbons? she's forsaken.  
Another rides the cock-horse, green and azure,

Wince and cry wee-hee ! like a colt unbroken :  
But desperate black put them in mind of fish-days ;  
When Lent spurs on devotion, there's a famine :  
Yet love and judgment may help all this pudder ;  
Where are they ? not in females.

*Flo.* In all sorts  
Of men, no doubt !

*Sil.* Else they were sots to choose.

*Clar.* To swear and flatter, sometimes lie, for  
profit.

*Rom.* Not so, forsooth : should love and judg-  
ment meet,  
The old, the fool, the ugly, and deform'd,  
Could never be beloved ; for example,  
Behold these two, this madam and this shaver.

*Mor.* I do defy thee ; am I old or ugly ?

*Sec.* Tricks, knacks, devices ! now it trouls  
about.

*Rom.* Troul let it, stripling ; thou hast yet firm  
footing,  
And need'st not fear the cuckold's livery,  
There's good philosophy for't : take this for com-  
fort ;  
No horned beasts have teeth in either gums ;  
But thou art tooth'd on both sides, though she fail  
in't.

*Mor.* He is not jealous, sirrah.

*Rom.* That's his fortune ;  
Women indeed more jealous are than men,  
But men have more cause.

*Spa.* There he rubb'd your forehead ;  
'Twas a tough blow.

*Sec.* It smarts.

*Mor.* Pox on him ! let him  
Put's fingers into any gums of mine,  
He shall find I have teeth about me, sound ones.

*Sec.* You are a scurvy fellow, and I am made a  
cokes, an ass ; and this same filthy crone's a flirt.

*Whoop, do me no harm, good—woman.*<sup>7</sup> [*Exit.*

*Spa.* Now, now he's in ! I must not leave  
him so. [*Exit.*

*Troy.* Morosa, what means this ?

*Mor.* I know not, I ;  
He pinch'd me, call'd me names, most filthy names.  
Will you part hence, sir ? [*To Rom.*] I will set ye  
packing. [*Exit.*

*Clar.* You were indeed too broad, too violent.

*Flo.* Here's nothing meant but mirth.

*Sil.* The gentleman  
Hath been a little pleasant.

*Clar.* Somewhat bitter  
Against our sex.

*Cast.* For which I promise him,  
He ne'er proves choice of mine.

*Rom.* Not I your choice ?

<sup>7</sup> *Whoop, do me no harm, good man !* is the burden of an old song ; it is quoted by the clown in *Winter's Tale*, and is mentioned in several other places. Ritson says, that the tune of the old ballad is still preserved in a collection of "Ayres for the Lute and Basse Violl, by W. Caroline, 1610."

*Troy.* So she protested, signor.

*Rom.* Indeed !

*Re-enter MOROSA.*

*Clar.* Why, you are moved, sir.

*Mor.* Hence ! there enters

A civiller companion for fair ladies,  
Than such a sloven.

*Rom.* Beauties,—

*Troy.* Time prevents us,

Love and sweet thoughts accompany this presence.

[*Ereunt TROY. and ROM.*

*Enter OCTAVIO, SECCO, and LIVIO.*

*Oct.* (*To SECCO.*) Enough ! slip off, and on your  
life be secret. [Exit SEC.

A lovely day, young creatures ! to you, Floria,  
To you, Clarella, Silvia, to all, service !  
But who is this fair stranger ?

*Liv.* Castamela,  
My sister, noble lord.

*Oct.* Let ignorance  
Of what you were plead my neglect of manners,  
And this soft touch excuse it. You've enrich'd  
This little family, most excellent virgin,  
With the honour of your company.

*Cast.* I find them  
Worthily graceful, sir.

*Liv.* Are you so taken ? [Aside.

*Oct.* Here are no public sights nor courtly visitants,

Which youth and active blood might stray in  
thought for;

The companies are few, the pleasures single,  
And rarely to be brook'd, perhaps, by any,  
Not perfectly acquainted with this custom :  
Are they not, lovely one ?

*Liv.* Sir, I dare answer  
My sister's resolution.\* Free converse  
Amongst so many of her sex, so virtuous,  
She ever hath preferr'd before the surquedry  
Of protestation, or the vainer giddiness  
Of popular attendants.

*Cast.* Well play'd, brother ! *[Music within.*

*Oct.* The meaning of this music ?

*Mor.* Please your lordship,  
It is the ladies' hour for exercise  
In song and dance.

*Oct.* I dare not be the author  
Of truanting the time then, neither will I.

*Mor.* Walk on, dear ladies.

*Oct.* 'Tis a task of pleasure.

*Liv.* Be now my sister, stand a trial bravely.

*Mor.* (To *CAST.*) Remember my instructions,  
or—

*[Exit, followed by LIV. FLO. CLAR. and SIL.*

*Oct.* (Detaining *CAST.*) With pardon,  
You are not of the number, I presume, yet,

\* *My sister's resolution.*] i. e. her settled, her confirmed opinion. *Surquedry*, which occurs in the next line, is used by our old writers for excess of pride, presumption, &c.; from *sur* and *cuidier*, Fr. over-conceit.



To be enjoin'd to hours. If you please,  
We for a little while may sit as judges  
Of their proficiencie ; pray, vouchsafe the favour.

*Cast.* I am, sir, in a place to be commanded,  
As now the present urgeth.

*Oct.* No compulsion,  
That were too hard a word ; where you are sove-  
reign,  
Your yea and nay is law : I have a suit t'ye.

*Cast.* For what, sir ?

*Oct.* For your love.

*Cast.* To whom ? I am not  
So weary of the authority I hold  
Over mine own contents in sleeps and wakings,  
That I'd resign my liberty to any  
Who should controul it.

*Oct.* Neither I intend so ;  
Grant me an entertainment.

*Cast.* Of what nature ?

*Oct.* To acknowledge me your creature.

*Cast.* Oh, my lord,  
You are too wise in years, too full of counsel,  
For my green inexperience.

*Oct.* Love, dear maid,  
Is but desire of beauty, and 'tis proper  
For beauty to desire to be beloved.  
I am not free from passion, though the current  
Of a more lively heat runs slowly through me ;  
My heart is gentle, and believe, fresh girl,  
Thou shalt not wish for any full addition,  
Which may adorn thy rarities to boast 'em,

That bounty can withhold : this académy  
Of silent pleasures is maintain'd, but only  
To such a constant use.

*Cast.* You have, belike, then,  
A patent for concealing virgins ; otherwise,  
Make plainer your intentions.

*Oct.* To be pleasant  
In practice of some outward senses only ;  
No more.

*Cast.* No worse you dare not to imagine,  
Where such an awful innocency, as mine is,  
Out-faces every wickedness your dotage  
Has lull'd you in. I scent your cruel mercies ;  
Your fact'ress hath been tamp'ring for my misery,  
Your old temptation, your she-devil :—bear with  
A language which this place, and none but this,  
hath

Infected my tongue with. The time will come,  
too,

When he, unhappy man ! whom your advance-  
ment

Hath ruin'd by being spaniel to your fortunes,  
Will curse he train'd me hither——Livio—  
I must not call him brother—this one act  
Hath rent him off the ancestry he sprung from.

*Oct.* The proffer of a noble courtesy  
Is check'd, it seems.

*Cast.* A courtesy ?—a bondage :  
You are a great man, vicious, much more vicious,  
Because you hold a seeming league with charity,  
Of pestilent nature, keeping hospitality

For sensualists in your own sepulchre,  
Even by your life-time; yet are dead already.

*Oct.* How's this? come, be more mild.

*Cast.* You chide me soberly;  
Then, sir, I tune my voice to other music.  
You are an eminent statist; be a father  
To such unfriended virgins as your bounty  
Hath drawn into a scandal: you are powerful  
In means; a bachelor, freed from the jealousies  
Of wants; convert this privacy of maintenance  
Into your own court; let this, as you call it,  
Your Academy, have a residence there;  
And there survey your charity yourself:  
That when you shall bestow on worthy husbands,  
With fitting portions, such as you know worthy,  
You may yield to the present age, example,  
And to posterity, a glorious chronicle;  
There were a work of piety! The other is  
A scorn upon your tombstone; where the reader  
Will but expound, that when you liv'd, you pandar'd

Your own purse and your fame. I am too bold, sir;  
Some anger and some pity hath directed  
A wand'ring trouble.

*Oct.* Be not known what passages  
The time hath lent; for once, I can bear with you.

*Cast.* I'll countenance the hazard of suspicion,  
And be your guest awhile.

*Oct.* Be—but hereafter—  
I know not what.—Livio!

*Re-enter LIVIO and MOROSA.*

*Liv.* My lord.

*Cast.* Indeed, sir,

I cannot part wi' ye yet.

*Oct.* Well, then, thou shalt not,

My precious Castamela.—Thou hast a sister,  
A perfect sister, Livio.

*Mor.* All is inck'd here,<sup>9</sup>

Good soul, indeed!

[*Aside.*

*Liv.* I'd speak with you anon.

*Cast.* It may be so.

*Oct.* Come, fair one.

*Liv.* Oh, I am cheated!

[*Exeunt.*

#### ACT IV. SCENE I.

*An Apartment in the Palace.*

*Enter LIVIO and CASTAMELA.*

*Liv.* Prithee, be serious.

*Cast.* Prithee, interrupt not

The paradise of my becharming thoughts,  
Which mount my knowledge to the sphere I move  
in,

Above this useless tattle.

*Liv.* Tattle, sister!

D'ye know to whom you talk this?

<sup>9</sup> *All is inck'd here.*] So the old copy. If the poet meant to endow this convenient character with any feeling of goodness, this may be an expression of regret at finding, as she supposed, Castamela giving way to the marquis: should this not be admitted, we might then read *nick'd*, a transposition of the letters of the former word. This must be allowed to be a very beautiful scene, and Castamela rises considerably in the reader's estimation. She does not fall in that which follows.

*Cast.* To the gentleman  
Of my lord's horse, new-stept into the office !  
'Tis a good place, sir, if you can be thankful.  
Demean your carriage in it so, that negligence,  
Or pride of your preferment, oversway not  
The grace you hold in his esteem ; such fortunes  
Drop not down every day : observe the favour  
That rais'd you to this fortune.

*Liv.* Thou mistak'st sure  
What person thou hold'st speech with.

*Cast.* Strange and idle.

*Liv.* Is't possible ? why, you are turn'd a mistress,

A mistress of the trim ! Beshrew me, lady,  
You keep a stately port ; but it becomes you not.  
Our father's daughter, if I err not rarely,  
Delighted in a softer, humbler sweetness,  
Not in a hey-dey-gay of scurvy gallantry :  
You do not brave it like a thing o' th' fashion,  
You ape the humour faintly.

*Cast.* " Love, dear maid,  
Is but desire of beauty, and 'tis proper  
For beauty to desire to be beloved."

*Liv.* Fine sport !  
You mind not me ; will you yet hear me, madam ?

*Cast.* " Thou shalt not wish for any full addition,  
Which may adorn thy rarities to boast 'em,  
That bounty can withhold."—I know I shall not.

*Liv.* And so you clapt the bargain ! the conceit  
on't  
Tickles your contemplation ! 'tis come out now :

A woman's tongue, I see, some time or other,  
Will prove her traitor; this was all I sifted,  
And here have found thee wretched.

*Cast.* We shall flourish;  
Feed high henceforth, man, and no more be  
    straiten'd  
Within the limits of an empty patience;  
Nor tire our feeble eyes with gazing only  
On greatness, which enjoys the swing of pleasures;  
But be ourselves the object of their envy,  
To whom a service would have seem'd ambition.  
It was thy cunning, Livio, I applaud it,  
Fear nothing; I'll be thrifty in thy projects:  
Want? misery? may all such want as think on't!  
Our footing shall be firm.

*Liv.* You are much witty.  
Why, Castamela, this to me? you counterfeit  
Most palpably; I am too well acquainted  
With thy condition, sister.<sup>1</sup> If the marquis  
Hath utter'd one unchaste, one wanton syllable,  
Provoking thy contempt; not all the flatteries  
Of his assurance to our hopes of rising  
Can, or shall, slave our souls.

*Cast.* Indeed not so, sir;  
You are beside the point, most gentle signor!  
I'll be no more your ward, no longer chamber'd,

<sup>1</sup> ——— *I am too well acquainted*

*With thy condition, sister.]* i. e. natural disposition. We have had this in a former play, (*The Broken Heart*) but as the word has an ambiguous appearance in this place, it seemed not improper to advert to it.

Nor mew'd up to the lure of your devotion ;  
Trust me, I must not, will not, dare not ; surely  
I cannot, for my promise past ; and sufferance  
Of former trials hath too strongly arm'd me :  
You may take this for answer.

*Liv.* In such earnest!

Hath goodness left thee quite? Fool, thou art  
wand'ring

In dangerous fogs, which will corrupt the purity  
Of every noble virtue dwelt within thee.

Come home again, home, Castamela, sister,  
Home to thine own simplicity ; and rather  
Than yield thy memory up to the witchcraft  
Of an abused confidence, be courted  
For Romanello.

*Cast.* Romanello!

*Liv.* Scorn'st thou

The name? thy thoughts I find, then, are chang'd,  
rebels

To all that's honest ; that's to truth and honour.

*Cast.* So, sir, and in good time !

*Liv.* Thou art fallen suddenly

Into a plurisy of faithless impudence ;  
A whorish itch infects thy blood, a leprosy  
Of raging lust, and thou art mad to prostitute  
The glory of thy virgin-dower basely  
For common sale. This foulness must be purged,  
Or thy disease will rankle to a pestilence,  
Which can even taint the very air about thee ;  
But I shall study physic.

*Cast.* Learn good manners :

I take it, you are saucy.

*Liv.* Saucy? strumpet  
In thy desires! 'tis in my power to cut off  
The twist thy life is spun by.

*Cast.* Phew! you rave now:  
But if you have not perish'd <sup>2</sup> all your reason,  
Know I will use my freedom. You, forsooth,  
For change of fresh apparel, and the pocketing  
Of some well-looking ducats, were contented,  
Passingly pleased—yes, marry were you, mark  
it,—

T' expose me to the danger now you rail at!  
Brought me, nay, forced me hither, without ques-  
tion

Of what might follow; here you find the issue:

<sup>2</sup> *But if you have not perish'd all your reason,*] i. e. destroyed; thus  
in a former passage:

“ ——— to such perfection as no flattery  
Of art can *perish* now.”

The verb is no longer in use in an active sense.

In the last edition of Beaumont and Fletcher, Valentine, who  
had stripped himself in a bravado, observes,

'Tis cold, and I am very sensible; extremely cold too;  
Yet I'll not off, till I have shamed these rascals.  
I have endured as ill heats as another,  
And every way; if one could *perish* my body,  
You'll bear the blame on't.—*Wit without Money.*

Which the editor *explains* in a way altogether worthy of him. “I  
have endured as ill heats as another; if any *such heat* could make  
my body *perish* in the present case, you” (those who had car-  
ried off his clothes, and exposed him to *freezing*!) “would bear the  
blame of it. This is the only *explanation* which occurs to me.”  
This is sheer drivelling—read

'Tis cold, and I am very sensible;  
Extremely cold too; yet I will not off,  
Till I have shamed these rascals.—  
I have endured as ill heats as another,  
And every way; if one *cold* *perish* me,  
Body, you'll bear the blame on't.



And I distrust not but it was th' appointment  
Of some succeeding fate that more concern'd me  
Than widowed virginity.

*Liv.* You are a gallant;  
One of my old lord's Fancies. Peevish girl,<sup>3</sup>  
Was't ever heard that youth could doat on sick-  
ness,

A grey beard, wrinkled face, a dried-up marrow,  
A toothless head, a—?— this is but a merriment,  
Merely but trial. Romanello loves thee;  
Has not abundance, true; yet cannot want:  
Return with me, and I will leave these fortunes,  
Good maid, of gentle nature.

*Cast.* By my hopes,  
I never placed affection on that gentleman,  
Though he deserv'd well; I have told him often  
My resolution.

<sup>3</sup> *Peevish girl.*] i. e. *Foolish, captious*, or, it may be, (as it evidently is in a former passage, p. 190.) *perverse*; as Castamela seems at cross-purposes with her brother. That it bore all these senses in Ford's time cannot be doubted, any more than that the more ancient meaning of *peevishness* was weakness, imbecility of body or of mind.

It is not a little curious that this unfortunate word (*peevish*) was mainly operative in effecting the condemnation of Archbishop Laud. He was accused, on the evidence of his memorandum-book, (of which his enemies had tyrannically possessed themselves,) of a *treasonable* minute to this effect, at a Council Board,—Strafford and Hamilton being present.—“A resolution voted at the Board to assist the King in extraordinary ways, if the Parliament should prove *peevish*, and refuse,” &c. There was no proof that Laud had advised that vote, and he demanded “whether, though the epithet *peevish* were a very *peevish* word, he might not write it in his private notes without *treason*?”

Now in what sense was the word used? Laud's accusers seem to have given it the meaning of *wayward, perverse*; he himself apparently gives it that of *foolish*; and such was then its usual import.

*Liv.* Will you hence, and trust to  
My care of settling you a peace?

*Cast.* No, surely;  
Such treaty may break off.

*Liv.* Off be it broken!  
I'll do what thou shalt rue.

*Cast.* You cannot, Livio.

*Liv.* So confident, young mistress mine! I'll  
do't. *Exit.*

*Enter TROYLO.*

*Troy.* Incomparable maid!

*Cast.* You have been counsellor  
To a strange dialogue.

*Troy.* If there be constancy  
In protestation of a virtuous nature,  
You are secure, as the effects shall witness.

*Cast.* Be noble; I am credulous: my language  
Hath prejudiced my heart; I and my brother  
Ne'er parted at such distance: yet, I glory  
In the fair race he runs; but fear the violence  
Of his disorder.

*Troy.* Little time shall quit him. [*They retire.*]

*Enter SECCO, leading NITTIDO in a garter with one  
hand, a rod in the other; followed by MOROSA,  
SILVIA, FLORIA, CLARELLA. SPADONE behind  
laughing.*

*Sec.* The young whelp is mad;\* I must slice the  
worm out of his breech. I have noosed his neck

\* *The young whelp is mad, &c.]* See vol. i. p. 135.



*Spa.* Well played, dog; well played, bear! sa, sa, sa! to't, to't!

*Sec.* Fury, whore, bawd, my wife and the devil!

*Mor.* Toss-pot, stinkard, pandar, my husband and a rascal!

*Spa.* Scold, coxcomb, baggage, cuckold!

*Crabbed age and youth*

*Cannot jump together;*

*One is like good luck,*

*T'other like foul weather.\**

*Troy.* Let us fall in now.—(*Comes forward with*

*CAST.*)—What uncivil rudeness

Dares offer a disturbance to this company?

Peace and delights dwell here, not brawls and outrage:

Sirrah, be sure you show some reasons why

You so forget your duty, quickly show it,

Or I shall tame your choler; what's the ground on't?

*Spa.* Humph, how's that? how's that? is he there, with a wannion? then do I begin to dwindle.—*O, oh! the fit, the fit; the fit's upon me now, now, now, now!* [*Aside.*

*Sec.* It shall out. First then, know all Christian people, Jews, and infidels, he's and she's, by

\* *Crabbed age and youth, &c.*] This is patched up from a despicable ditty in the *Passionate Pilgrim*; foolishly attributed to Shakspeare. Spadone seems to have a sort of natural taste for these tuneful parodies.

† *With a wannion.*] A kind of petty imprecation, often used by our old dramatists, and equivalent to the modern vulgarism *with a vengeance!* with a plague! &c. See the Introduction, p. cxlvi. What follows is the burden of an old song, not worth quoting. It is found also in Shirley.



*Sec.* Nay, nay, nay, no matter for that; this ramkin hath tupp'd my old rotten carrion-mutton.

*Mor.* Rotten in thy maw, thy guts and garbage!

*Sec.* Spadone, speak aloud what I am.

*Spa.* I do not know.

*Sec.* What hast thou seen them doing together? doing?

*Spa.* Nothing.

*Mor.* Are thy mad brains in thy mazer now, thou jealous bedlam?

*Sec.* Didst not thou, from time to time, tell me as much?

*Spa.* Never.

*Sec.* Hey-day! ladies and signor, I am abused; they are agreed to scorn, jeer, and run me out of my wits, by consent. This gelded hobet-a-hoy is a corrupted pandar, this page a milk-livered dildoe, my wife a whore confest, and I myself a cuckold arrant.

*Spa.* Truly, Secco, for the ancient good woman I dare swear point-blank; and the boy, surely, I ever said, was to any man's thinking, a very chrisome<sup>9</sup> in the thing you wot; that's my opinion clearly.

*Clar.* What a wise goose-cap hast thou shew'd thyself!

frequently heard it; to Ford it must have been quite familiar. Tottle and alcatotle are both used in the *Exmoor Dialogues*, as in the text, for "silly elf, or foolish oaf."

<sup>9</sup> A very chrisome] i. e. an infant, a child within the first month. Thus Fuller, in a pretty passage, "They say when *Crysomes* (infants, as he explains it) smile, it is because of some intercourse between them and their guardian angels."

*Sec.* Here in my forehead it sticks, and stick it shall. Law I will have: I will never more tumble in sheets with thee, I will father no misbegotten of thine; the court shall trounce thee, the city cashier thee, diseases devour thee, and the spittle confound thee. [*Exit.*]

*Cast.* The man has dream'd himself into a lunacy.

*Sil.* Alas, poor Nitido!

*Nit.* Truly, I am innocent.

*Mor.* Marry art thou; so thou art. The world says, how virtuously I have carried my good name in every part about me these threescore years and odd; and at last to slip with a child! there are men, men enough, tough and lusty, I hope, if one would give their mind to the iniquity of the flesh; but this is the life I have led with him a while, since when he lies by me as cold as a dry stone.

*Troy.* This only, ladies, is a fit of novelty; All will be reconciled.—I doubt, Spadone, Here is your hand in this, howe'er denied.

*Spa.* Faithfully, in truth forsooth—

*Troy.* Well, well, enough.—Morosa, be less troubled;

This little jarr is argument of love,

It will prove lasting.—Beauties, I attend you.

[*Exeunt all but SPA. and NIT.*]

*Spa.* Youngling, a word, youngling; have not you scaped the lash handsomely? thank me for't.

*Nit.* I fear thy roguery, and I shall find it.

*Spa.* Is't possible? Give me thy little fist; we

are friends: have a care henceforth; remember this whilst you live—

*And still the urchin would, but could not do.<sup>1</sup>*

pretty knave, and so forth! come, truce on all hands.

*Nit.* Beshrew your fool's head; this was jest in earnest. *[Exeunt.]*

## SCENE II.

*A Room in ROMANELLO's house.*

*Enter ROMANELLO.*

*Rom.* I will converse with beasts, there is in mankind

No sound society; but, in woman—bless me!—  
Nor faith nor reason: I may justly wonder  
What trust was in my mother.

*Enter Servant.*

*Serv.* A caroch, sir,  
Stands at the gate.

*Rom.* Stand let it still and freeze there!  
Make sure the locks.

*Serv.* Too late; you are prevented.

*Enter FLAVIA, followed by CAMILLO and VESPUCCI,  
who stand apart.*

*Flav.* Brother, I come—

*Rom.* Unlook'd for;—I but sojourn

<sup>1</sup> Spadone alludes to his threat of avenging himself on Nitido, who had twitted him with this scrap.—p. 132.



Myself; I keep nor house, nor entertainments,<sup>2</sup>  
 French cooks composed, Italian collations:—  
 Rich Persian surfeits, with a train of services,  
 Befitting exquisite ladies, such as you are,  
 Perfume not our low roofs;—the way lies open;  
 That, there.—[*Points to the door.*] Good day,  
 great madam!

*Flav.* Why d'ye slight me?

For what one act of mine, even from my childhood,  
 Which may deliver my deserts inferior,  
 Or to our births or family, is nature  
 Become, in your contempt of me, a monster?

*Ves.* What's this, Camillo?

*Cam.* Not the strain in ordinary.

*Rom.* I'm out of tune to chop discourse—how-  
 ever,

You are a woman.

*Flav.* Pensive and unfortunate,  
 Wanting a brother's bosom to disburthen  
 More griefs than female weakness can keep league  
 with.

Let worst of malice, voiced in loud report,  
 Spit what it dares invent against my actions;  
 And it shall never find a power to blemish  
 My mention, other than beseems a patient:  
 I not repine at lowness; and the fortunes  
 Which I attend on now, are, as I value them,  
 No new creation to a looser liberty;

<sup>2</sup> ————— entertainments,

*French cooks composed.*] i. e. perhaps, *which* French cooks composed: but the pointing of the 4to. is so indistinct, that it is not easy to discern what the author meant to say. Mr. Heber's copy has a full point after entertainments; if that be correct, *composed* must be a misprint

Your strangeness only may beget a change  
In wild opinion.

*Cam.* Here's another tang  
Of sense, Vespucci.

*Ves.* Listen, and observe.

*Rom.* Are not you, pray you—nay, we'll be con-  
tented,  
In presence of your ushers, once to prattle  
Some idle minutes—are you not enthroned  
The lady-regent, by whose special influence  
Julio, the count of Camerine, is order'd?

*Flav.* His wife, 'tis known I am; and in that  
title

Obedient to a service; else, of greatness  
The quiet of my wish was ne'er ambitious.

*Rom.* He loves you?

*Flav.* As worthily as dearly.

*Rom.* And 'tis believed how practice quickly  
fashion'd

A port of humorous antickness in carriage,  
Discourse, demeanour, gestures.

*Cam.* Put home roundly.

*Ves.* A ward for that blow?

*Flav.* Safety of mine honour.  
Instructed such deceit.

*Rom.* Your honour?

*Flav.* Witness  
This brace of sprightly gallants, whose confederacy  
Presumed to plot a siege.

*Cam. Ves.* We, madam!

*Rom.* On, on;  
Some leisure serves us now.

*Flav.* Still as Lord Julio

Pursued his contract with the man—oh, pardon,  
If I forget to name him!—by whose poverty  
Of honest truth, I was renounced in marriage;  
These two, entrusted for a secret courtship,  
By tokens, letters, message, in their turns,  
Proffer'd their own devotions, as they term'd them,  
Almost unto an impudence; regardless  
Of him, on whose supportance they relied.

*Rom.* Dare not for both your lives to interrupt  
her.

*Flav.* Baited thus to vexation, I assumed  
A dulness of simplicity; till afterwards  
Lost to my city-freedom, and now enter'd  
Into this present state of my condition,  
(Concluding henceforth absolute security  
From their lascivious villanies) I continued  
My former custom of ridiculous lightness,  
As they did their pursuit; t' acquaint my lord,  
were

To have ruin'd their best certainty of living:  
But that might yield suspicion in my nature;  
And women may be virtuous, without mischief  
To such as tempt them.

*Rom.* You are much to blame, sirs,  
Should all be truth is utter'd.

*Flav.* For that justice  
I did command them hither; for a privacy  
In conference 'twixt Flavia and her brother,  
Needed no secretaries such as these are.  
Now, Romanello, thou art every refuge  
I fly for right to; if I be thy sister,

And not a bastard, answer their confession,  
Or threaten vengeance, with perpetual silence.

*Cam.* My follies are acknowledged; you're a  
lady

Who have outdone example: when I trespass  
In ought but duty and respects of service,  
May hopes of joys forsake me!

*Ves.* To like penance  
I join a constant votary.

*Rom.* Peace, then,  
Is ratified.—My sister, thou hast waken'd  
Intranced affection from its sleep to knowledge  
Of once more who thou art; no jealous frenzy  
Shall hazard a distrust: reign in thy sweetness,  
Thou only worthy woman; these two converts  
Record our hearty union. I have shook off  
My thralldom, lady, and have made discoveries  
Of famous novels;<sup>1</sup>—but of those hereafter.  
Thus we seal love; you shall know all, and wonder.

*Enter Livio.*

*Liv.* Health and his heart's desire to Romanello!  
My welcome I bring with me.—Noblest lady,  
Excuse an ignorance of your fair presence;  
This may be held intrusion.

*Flav.* Not by me, sir.

*Rom.* You are not frequent here, as I remember;  
But since you bring your welcome with you, Livio,  
Be bold to use it; to the point.

<sup>1</sup> *Of famous novels.*] i. e. novelties. Ford uses either of the words indifferently, and as they chance to suit his metre.

*Liv.* This lady,  
With both these gentlemen, in happy hour  
May be partakers of the long-lived amity,  
Our souls must link in.

*Rom.* So ; belike the marquis  
Stores some new grace, some special close employ-  
ment,  
For whom your kind commends, by deputation,  
Please think on to oblige ; and Livio's charity  
Descends on Romanello liberally,  
Above my means to thank !

*Liv.* Sienna sometimes  
Has been inform'd how gladly there did pass  
A treaty of chaste loves with Castamela,  
From this good heart ; it was in me an error—  
Wilful and causeless, 'tis confest,—that hinder'd  
Such honourable prosecution,  
Even and equal ; better thoughts consider,  
How much I wrong'd the gentle course which led  
you  
To vows of true affection ; us of friendship.

*Rom.* Sits the wind there, boy ! [*Aside.*]—Leav-  
ing formal circumstance,  
Proceed ; you dally yet.

*Liv.* Then, without plea,—  
For countenancing what has been injurious  
On my part, I am come to tender really  
My sister a lov'd wife t' ye ; freely take her,  
Right honest man, and as you live together,  
May your increase of years prove but one spring,

One lasting flourishing youth ! she is your own ;  
My hands shall perfect what's requir'd to ceremony.

*Flav.* Brother, this day was meant a holiday,  
For feast on every side.

*Rom.* The new-turn'd courtier  
Proffers most frankly ; but withal leaves out  
A due consideration of the narrowness  
Our short estate is bounded in ! Some politics  
As they rise up, like Livio, to perfection,  
In their own competencies, gather also  
Grave supplement of providence and wisdom ;  
Yet he abates in his.—You use a triumph  
In your advantages ; it smells of state :  
We know you are no fool.

*Flav.* 'Sooth, I believe him.

*Cam.* Else 'twere imposture.

*Ves.* Folly, rank and senseless.

*Liv.* Enjoin an oath at large.

*Rom.* Since you mean earnest,  
Receive, in satisfaction ; I am resolv'd  
For single life. There was a time,—*was*, Livio,—  
When indiscretion blinded forecast in me ;  
But recollection, with your rules of thriftiness,  
Prevail'd against all passion.

*Liv.* You'd be courted ;  
Courtship's the child of coyness, Romanello,  
And for the rules, 'tis possible to name them.

*Rom.* “ A single life's no burthen ; but to draw  
In yokes is chargeable, and doth require  
A double maintenance :” Livio's very words ;



*Liv.* So would the *he* you talk to, Romanello,  
Without a noise that's singular.<sup>5</sup>

*Rom.* She's a countess,  
Flavia, she; but she has an earl her husband,  
Though far from our procurement.

*Liv.* Castamela  
Is refused then!

*Rom.* Never design'd my choice,  
You know, and I know, Livio;—more, I tell thee,—  
A noble honesty ought to give allowance,  
When reason intercedes: by all that's manly,  
I range not in derision, but compassion.

*Liv.* Intelligence flies swiftly.

*Rom.* Pretty swiftly;  
We have compared the copy with the original,  
And find no disagreement.

*Liv.* So my sister  
Can be no wife for Romanello?

*Rom.* No, no,  
One no, once more and ever:—this your courtesy  
Foil'd me a second.—Sir, you brought a welcome,  
You must not part without it; scan with pity  
My plainness; I intend nor gall nor quarrel.

*Liv.* Far be't from me to press a blame. Great  
lady,  
I kiss your noble hands;—and to these gentlemen  
Present a civil parting. Romanello,  
By the next foot-post thou wilt hear some news  
Of alteration; if I send, come to me.

<sup>5</sup> *Without a noise that's singular.*] i. e. without making such an extraordinary clamour about it.





Of good opinion from a noble nature,  
They take upon them boldness to abuse  
Such interest, and lord it o'er their fellows,  
As if they were exempt from that condition.

*Oct.* He is unfit to manage public matters,  
Who knows not how to rule at home his household.  
You must be jealous, puppy,—of a boy too!  
Raise uproars, bandy noise, amongst young maidens;

Keep revels in your madness, use authority  
Of giving punishment: a fool must fool ye;  
And this is all but pastime, as you think it!

*Nit.* With your good lordship's favour, since,  
Spadone  
Confess'd it was a gullery put on 'Secco,  
For some revenge meant me.

*Troy.* He vow'd it truth,  
Before the ladies, in my hearing.

*Oct.* Sirrah,  
I'll turn you to your shop again and trinkets,  
Your suds and pan of small-coal: take your damsel,  
The grand old rag of beauty, your death's head,  
Try then what custom reverence can trade in;  
Fiddle, and play your pranks amongst your neighbours,

That all the town may roar ye! now you simper,<sup>6</sup>  
And look like a shaved skull.

*Nit.* This comes of prating.

<sup>6</sup> ————— now you simper.] This, I think, should be, now you *whimper*; as Secco seems little disposed to indulge a smile of any kind.

*Sec.* I am, my lord, a worm; pray, my lord,  
tread on me,

I will not turn again;—'las, I shall never venture  
To hang my pole out—on my knees, I beg it,  
My bare knees; I will down unto my wife,  
And do what she will have me, all I can do;  
Nay more, if she will have it, ask forgiveness,  
Be an obedient husband, never cross her,  
Unless sometimes in kindness:—Signor Troylo,  
Speak one sweet word; I'll swear 'twas in my  
madness,

I said I knew not what, and that no creature  
Was brought by you amongst the ladies; Nitido,  
I'll forswear thee too.

*Oct.* Wait a while our pleasure;  
You shall know more anon.

*Sec.* Remember me now. [*Exeunt SEC. and NIT.*]

*Oct.* Troylo, thou art my brother's son, and nearest  
In blood to me; thou hast been next in counsels.  
Those ties of nature (if thou canst consider  
How much they do engage) work by instinct,  
In every worthy or ignoble mention  
Which can concern me.

*Troy.* Sir, they have, and shall,  
As long as I bear life.

*Oct.* Henceforth the stewardship  
My carefulness, for the honour of our family,  
Has undertook, must yield the world account,  
And make clear reckonings; yet we stand sus-  
pected,<sup>7</sup>  
In our even courses.

<sup>7</sup> ——— yet we stand suspected,] i. e. hitherto, up to this period.

*Troy.* But when time shall wonder  
How much it was mistaken in the issue  
Of honourable and secure contrivements;  
Your wisdom, crown'd with laurels of a justice  
Deserving approbation, will quite foil  
The ignorance of popular opinion.

*Oct.* Report is merry with my feats; my  
dotage,  
Undoubtedly, the vulgar voice doth carol it.

*Troy.* True, sir; but Romanello's late admission  
Warrants that giddy confidence of rumour  
Without all contradiction; now 'tis oracle,  
And so receiv'd: I am confirm'd the lady,  
By this time, proves his scorn as well as laughter

*Oct.* And we with her his table-talk;—she  
stands not  
In any firm affection to him?

*Troy.* None, sir,  
More than her wonted nobleness afforded  
Out of a civil custom.

*Oct.* We are resolute  
In our determination, meaning quickly  
To cause these clouds fly off; the ordering of it,  
Nephew, is thine.

*Troy.* Your care, and love commands me.

*Enter LIVIO.*

*Liv.* I come, my lord, a suitor.

*Oct.* Honest Livio,  
Perfectly honest, really; no fallacies,

No flaws are in thy truth : I shall promote thee  
To place more eminent.

*Troy.* Livio deserves it.

*Oct.* What suit ? speak boldly.

*Liv.* Pray discharge my office,  
My mastership ; 'twere better live a yeoman,  
And live with men,<sup>8</sup> than over-eye your horses,  
Whilst I myself am ridden like a jade.

*Oct.* Such breath sounds but ill-manners ; know,  
                    young man,  
Old as we are, our soul retains a fire  
Active and quick in motion, which shall equal  
The daring'st boy's ambition of true manhood  
That wears a pride to brave us.

*Troy.* He's my friend, sir.

*Oct.* You are weary of our service, and may  
                    leave it ;  
We can court no man's duty.

*Liv.* Without passion,  
My lord, d'ye think your nephew here, your  
                    Troylo,  
Parts in your spirit<sup>9</sup> as freely as your blood ?  
'Tis no rude question.

*Oct.* Had you known his mother,  
You might have sworn her honest ; let him jus-  
                    tify

\* ————— 'twere better live a yeoman,  
And live with men,] One of these words was apparently caught  
from the other ; I should like to exchange the first of them for *be*.

<sup>9</sup> ————— d'ye think your nephew here, your Troylo,  
Parts in your spirit] i. e. partakes of your nobleness of mind, your  
high courage, &c. In other words, " will he fight ?"

Himself not base born: for thy sister's sake,  
I do conceive the like of thee; be wiser,  
But prate to me no more thus.—[*To TROYLO.*]—

If the gallant  
Resolve on my attendance, ere he leave me,  
Acquaint him with the present service, nephew,  
I meant to employ him in. [Exit.

*Troy.* Fie, Livio, wherefore  
Turn'd wild upon the sudden?

*Liv.* Pretty gentleman,  
How modestly you move your doubts! how  
tame!

Ask Romanello; he hath, without leave,  
Survey'd your Bowers of Fancies, hath discover'd  
The mystery of those pure nuns, those chaste  
ones,

Untouch'd, forsooth! the holy academy!  
Hath found a mother's daughter there of mine too,  
And one who call'd my father, father; talks on't,  
Ruffles in mirth on't; baffled to my face  
The glory of her greatness by it.

*Troy.* Truly?

*Liv.* Death to my sufferance, canst thou hear  
this misery,  
And answer it with a "truly"? 'Twas thy wick-  
edness,

False as thine own heart, tempted my credulity;  
That, her to ruin: she was once an innocent,  
As free from spot as the blue face of heaven,  
Without a cloud in't; she is now as sullied



His lady, and her brother, with their company,  
To my lord's court at supper.

*Liv.* Easy business ;  
And then—

*Troy.* And then, soon after, the performance  
Of my past vow waits on ye ; but be certain  
You bring them with you.

*Liv.* Yet your servant.

*Troy.* Nearer, my friend ; you'll find no less.

*Liv.* 'Tis strange : is't possible ? [*Exeunt.*

## SCENE II.

*Another Room in the same.*

*Enter CASTAMELA, CLARELLA, FLORIA, and  
SILVIA.*

*Cast.* You have discours'd to me a lovely story,  
My heart doth dance to th' music ; 'twere a sin  
Should I in any tittle stand distrustful,  
Where such a people, such as you are, innocent  
Even by the patent of your years and language,  
Inform a truth. O ! talk it o'er again.

You are, you say, three daughters of one mother,  
That mother only sister to the marquis,  
Whose charge bath, since her death, (being left a  
widow,)

Here in this place preferr'd your education ?  
Is't so ?

*Clar.* It is even so ; and howsoever  
Report may wander loosely in some scandal



Against our privacies, yet we have wanted  
No graceful means fit for our births and qualities,  
To train us up into a virtuous knowledge  
Of what, and who we ought to be.

*Flo.* Our uncle  
Hath often told us, how it more concern'd him,  
Before he show'd us to the world, to render  
Our youths and our demeanours in each action  
Approv'd by his experience, than too early  
Adventure on the follies of the age,  
By prone temptations fatal.

*Sil.* In good deed, la,  
We mean no harm.

*Cast.* Deceit must want a shelter  
Under a roof that's covering to souls  
So white as breathe beneath it, such as these are :  
My happiness shares largely in this blessing,  
And I must thank direction of the providence  
Which led me hither.

*Clar.* Aptly have you styled it  
A providence, for, ever in chaste loves,  
Such majesty hath power. Our kinsman, Troylo,  
Was herein his own factor ; he will prove,—  
Believe him, lady,—every way as constant,  
As noble ; we can bail him from the cruelty  
Of misconstruction.

*Flo.* You will find his tongue  
But a just secretary to his heart.

*Cast.* The guardianess, dear creatures, now  
and then,  
It seems, makes bold to talk.

*Clar.* She has waited on us  
From all our cradles ; will prate sometimes oddly,  
However, means but sport : I am unwilling  
Our household should break up, but must obey  
His wisdom, under whose command we live ;  
Sever our companies I'm sure we shall not :  
Yet, 'tis a pretty life this, and a quiet.—

*Enter MOROSA, and SECCO, with his apron on,  
carrying a bason of water, scissars, comb, towels,  
razor, &c.*

*Sec.* Chuck, duckling, honey, mouse, monkey,  
all and every thing, I am thine ever and only ;  
will never offend again, as I hope to shave clean,  
and get honour by it : heartily I ask forgiveness ;  
be gracious to thine own flesh and blood, and kiss  
me home.

*Mor.* Look you provoke us no more ; for this  
time you shall find mercy.—Was 't that hedgehog  
set thy brains a-crowing ? be quits with him ;  
but do not hurt the great male-baby.

*Sec.* Enough ; I am wise, and will be merry.—  
Haste, beauties ; the caroches will sudden receive  
you : a night of pleasure is toward, pray for good  
husbands a-piece, that may trim you featly, dainty  
ones, and let me alone to trim them.

*Mor.* Loving hearts, be quick as soon as ye can,  
time runs apace ; what you must do, do nimbly,  
and give your minds to't. Young bloods stand  
fumbling ! fie, away ; be ready, for shame, before-

hand. Husband, stand to thy tackling, husband, like a man of mettle :—go, go, go!

[*Exit with the ladies.*

*Sec.* [*Aloud.*] Will ye come away, loiterers? shall I wait all day? am I at livery d'ye think?

*Enter SPADONE ready to be trimmed, and*  
NITIDO.

*Spa.* Here, and ready; what a mouthing thou keepest! I have but scoured my hands, and curried my head to save time. Honest Secco! neat Secco! precious barbarian! now thou lookest like a worshipful tooth-drawer; would I might see thee on horseback,<sup>2</sup> in the pomp, once.

*Sec.* A chair, a chair! quick, quick!

*Nit.* Here's a chair, a chair-politic, my fine boy; sit thee down in triumph, and rise one of the Nine Worthies! thou'lt be a sweet youth anon, sirrah.

*Spa.* (*Sits down.*) So; to work with a grace now. I cannot but highly be in love with the fashion of gentry, which is never complete till the snip snap of dexterity hath mowed off the excrements of slovenry.

*Sec.* Very commodiously delivered, I protest.

<sup>2</sup> *Would I might see thee on horseback, in the pomp once.*] That is, I suppose, in the procession of the city "companies of trades and callings," as a barber-surgeon. The *chair-politic* mentioned in the next line was, not improbably, the "engine" introduced in the *Broken Heart*, vol. i. p. 348; at least, it appears to have prevented Spadone from using his arms.

*Nit.* Nay, the thing under your fingers is a whelp of the wits, I can assure you.

*Spa.* I a whelp of the wits? no, no, I cannot bark impudently and ignorantly enough. Oh, an a man of this art had now and then sovereignty over fair ladies, you would tickle their upper and their lower lips, you'd so smouch and belaver their chops!

*Sec.* We light on some offices for ladies too, as occasion serves.

*Nit.* Yes; frizzle or powder their hair, plane their eye-brows, set a nap on their cheeks,<sup>3</sup> keep secrets, and tell news; that's all.

*Sec.* Wink fast with both your eyes: the ingredients to the composition of this ball are most odorous camphire, pure soap of Venice, oil of sweet almonds, with the spirit of alum; they will search and smart shrewdly, if you keep not the shop windows of your head close.

[*SPA. shuts his eyes, while SEC. besmears the whole of his face.*]

*Spa.* News! well remembered; that's part of your trade too;—prithee do not rub so roughly—and how goes the tattle o' the town? what novel-ties stirring, ha?

*Sec.* Strange, and scarce to be credited. A gelding was lately seen to leap an old mare; and an old man of one hundred and twelve stood in a

<sup>3</sup> *Set a nap on their cheeks,*] i. e. give a freshness and bloom to them by the application of the usual cosmetics. See vol. i. p. 405.

white sheet for getting a wench of fifteen with child, here hard by :<sup>\*</sup> most admirable and portentous !

*Spa.* I'll never believe it ; 'tis impossible.

*Nit.* Most certain : some doctor-farriers are of opinion that the mare may cast a foal, which the master of their hall concludes, in spite of all jockies and their familiars, will carry every race before him, without spur or switch.

*Spa.* Oh rare ! a man might venture ten or twenty to one safely then, and never be in danger of the cheat :—this water, methinks, is none of the sweetest ; camphire and soap of Venice, say ye ?

*Sec.* With a little *Græcum album* for mundification.

*Nit.* *Græcum album* is a kind of white perfumed powder, which plain country people, I believe, call dog-musk.

*Spa.* Dog-musk ! pox o'the dog-musk !—what ! dost mean to bleach my nose, thou giv'st such twitches to't ? Set me at liberty as soon as thou canst, gentle Secco.

*Sec.* Only pare off a little superfluous down from your chin, and all's done.

\* Here seems to be an allusion to Old Parr. When he was presented to Charles I. that monarch said to him, " You have lived much longer than other men, what have you done more remarkable ? " " Please your majesty," replied the hoary profligate, " I did penance in a white sheet, for a bastard, when I was above a hundred years old." The king sternly rebuked the ill-advised old man, and dismissed him from his presence. The former part of the speech refers to Spadone and Morosa.

*Spa.* Pish, no matter for that ; dispatch, I entreat thee.

*Nit.* Have patience, man ; 'tis for his credit to be neat.

*Spa.* What's that so cold at my throat, and scrubs so hard ?

*Sec.* A kind of steel instrument, ycleped a razor, a sharp tool and a keen ; it has a certain virtue of cutting a throat, if a man please to give his mind to't—hold up your muzzle, signor—when did you talk bawdily to my wife last ? tell me for your own good, signor, I advise you.

*Spa.* I talk bawdily to thy wife ? hang bawdry ! Good now, mind thy business, lest thy hand slip.

*Nit.* Give him kind words, you were best, for a toy that I know.

*Sec.* Confess, or I shall mar your grace in whiffing tobacco, or squirting of sweet wines down your gullet—you have been offering to play the gelding we told you of, I suppose—speak truth,—move the semicircle of your countenance to my left hand file,—out with the truth ; would you have had a leap ?

*Nit.* Spadone, thou art in a lamentable pickle, have a good heart, and pray if thou canst ; I pity thee.

*Spa.* I protest and vow, friend Secco, I know no leaps, I.

*Sec.* Lecherously goatish, and an eunuch ! this cut, and then—

*Spa.* Confound thee, thy leaps and thy cuts !

I am no eunuch, you finical ass, I am no eunuch ; but at all points as well provided as any he in Italy, and that thy wife could have told thee. This your conspiracy ! to thrust my head into a brazen tub of kitchen-lee, hood-wink mine eyes in mud-soap, and then offer to cut my throat in the dark, like a coward ? I may live to be revenged on both of ye.

*Nit.* O scurvy ! thou art angry ; feel, man, whether thy weason be not cracked first.

*Sec.* You must fiddle my brains into a jealousy, rub my temples with saffron, and burnish my forehead with the juice of yellows ! Have I fitted you now, sir ?

*Enter MOROSA.*

*Spa.* All's whole yet, I hope.

*Mor.* Yes, sirrah, all is whole yet ; but if ever thou dost speak treason against my sweeting and me once more, thou'lt find a roguish bargain on't. Dear, this was handled like one of spirit and discretion ; Nitido has paged it trimly too ; no wording, but make ready and attend at court.

*Sec.* Now we know thou art a man, we forget what hath past, and are fellows and friends again.

*Nit.* Wipe your face clean, and take heed of a razor.

[*Exeunt MOR. SEC. and NIT.*

*Spa.* The fear put me into a sweat ; I cannot help it. I am glad I have my throat mine own, and must laugh for company, or be laughed at.

[*Erit.*

## SCENE III.

*A State Room in the same.*

*Enter LIVIO and TROYLO.*

*Liv.* You find, sir, I have proved a ready servant,  
And brought th' expected guests : amidst these  
    feastings,

These costly entertainments, you must pardon  
My incivility that here sequesters  
Your ears from choice of music or discourse,  
To a less pleasant parley. Night draws on,  
And quickly will grow old ; it were unmanly  
For any gentleman who loves his honour,  
To put it on the rack ;<sup>s</sup> here is small comfort  
Of such a satisfaction as was promised,  
Though certainly it must be had : pray tell me,  
What can appear about me to be used thus ?  
My soul is free from injuries.

*Troy.* My tongue  
From serious untruths ; I never wrong'd you,  
Love you too well to mean it now.

*Liv.* Not wrong'd me ?  
Bless'd Heaven ! this is the bandy of a patience  
Beyond all sufferance.

*Troy.* If your own acknowledgement  
Quit me not fairly, ere the hours of rest

<sup>s</sup> *To put it on the rack ;]* i. e. to stretch the period of redeeming it to the utmost. Livio is impatient for the moment of satisfaction ; and his reproof is delicate and forcible.



Shall shut our eyes up, say, I made a forfeit  
Of what no length of years can once redeem.

*Liv.* Fine whirls in tame imagination! On, sir;  
It is scarce mannerly at such a season,  
Such a solemnity (the place and presence  
Consider'd) with delights to mix combustions.

*Troy.* Prepare for free contents, and give 'em  
welcome.

*A Flourish.—Enter OCTAVIO, JULIO, FLAVIA,  
ROMANELLO, CAMILLO, and VESPUCCI.*

*Oct.* I dare not study words, or hold a compli-  
ment,  
For this particular, this special favour.

*Jul.* Your bounty and your love, my lord, must  
justly  
'Engage a thankfulness.

*Flav.* Indeed,  
Varieties of entertainment here  
Have so exceeded all account of plenty,  
That you have left, great sir, no rarities  
Except an equal welcome, which may purchase  
Opinion of a common hospitality.

*Oct.* But for this grace, madam, I will lay open  
Before your judgments, which I know can rate  
them,

A cabinet of Jewels, rich and lively,  
The world can show none goodlier; those I prize  
Dear as my life.—Nephew!

*Troy.* Sir, I obey you. [*Exit.*

*Flav.* Jewels, my lord?

*Oct.* No stranger's eye e'er view'd them,  
Unless your brother Romanello haply  
Was woo'd unto a sight, for his approvement;  
No more.

*Rom.* Not I, I do protest: I hope, sir,  
You cannot think I am a lapidary;  
I, skill in jewels!

*Oct.* 'Tis a proper quality  
For any gentleman; your other friends,  
May be, are not so coy.

*Jul.* Who, they? they know not  
A topaz from an opal.

*Cam.* We are ignorant  
In gems which are not common.

*Vesp.* But his lordship  
Is pleased, it seems, to try our ignorance.——  
For passage of the time, till they are brought,  
Pray look upon a letter lately sent me.  
Lord Julio, madam, Romanello, read  
A novelty; 'tis written from Bononia.  
Fabricio, once a merchant in this city,  
Is entered into orders, and received  
Amongst the Capuchins, a fellow; news  
Which ought not any ways to be unpleasant;  
Certain, I can assure it.

*Jul.* He at last has  
Bestow'd himself upon a glorious service.

9. ————— news

*Which ought not any ways to be unpleasant:]* The news is satisfactory enough; but surely it is awkwardly introduced, both as respects the time, and the company.

*Rom.* Most happy man!—I now forgive the  
injuries

Thy former life exposed thee to.

*Liv.* Turn capuchin!

He! whilst I stand a cypher, and fill up

Only an useless sum to be laid out

In an unthrifty lewdness, that must buy

Both name and riot; oh, my fickle destiny!

[*Aside.*

*Rom.* Sister, you cannot taste this course but  
bravely,

But thankfully.

*Flav.* He's now dead to the world,

And lives to Heaven; a saint's reward reward  
him!—

My only loved lord, all your fears are henceforth

Confined unto a sweet and happy penance. [*Aside.*

*Re-enter TROYLO, with CASTANELA, CLARELLA,  
FLORIA, SILVIA, and MOROSA.*

*Oct.* Behold, I keep my word; these are the  
jewels

Deserve a treasury; I can be prodigal

Amongst my friends: examine well their lustre,

Does it not sparkle! wherefore dwells your si-  
lence

In such amazement?

*Liv.* Patience, keep within me,

Leap not yet rudely into scorn of anger! [*Aside.*

*Flav.* Beauties incomparable!

*Oct.* Romanello,

I have been only steward to your pleasures;  
You loved this lady once; what say you now to  
her?

*Cast.* I must not court you, sir.

*Rom.* By no means, fair one;  
Enjoy your life of greatness. Sure the spring  
Is past, the BOWER OF FANCIES is quite wither'd,  
And offer'd like a lottery to be drawn;  
I dare not venture for a blank, excuse me.—  
Exquisite jewels!

*Liv.* Hark ye, Troylo.

*Troy.* Spare me.

*Oct.* You then renounce all right in Castamela?  
Say, Romanello.

*Rom.* Gladly.

*Troy.* Then I must not:  
Thus I embrace mine own, my wife; confirm it  
Thus—When I fail, my dearest, to deserve thee,  
Comforts and life shall fail me!'

*Cast.* Like vow I,  
For my part.

*Troy.* Livio, now my brother, justly  
I have given satisfaction.

*Cast.* Oh, excuse  
Our secrecy; I have been—

*Liv.* Much more worthy,

' ————— confirm it

*Thus—When I fail, &c.]* The old copy places the point after it. I have not disturbed the arrangement without some hesitation; but it seems as if Troylo meant to confirm the act of taking possession of his mistress, by imprecating a curse on himself if he proved unworthy of her love.



*-Flav.* Brother,  
Here's noble choice.

*Rom.* Frenzy, how didst thou seize me?

*Clar.* We knew you, sir, in Pragnoli's posture.

*Flo.* Were merry at the sight.

*Sil.* And gave you welcome.

*Mor.* Indeed, forsooth, and so we did, an't like you.

*Oct.* Enough, enough.—Now, to shut up the night,

Some menial servants of mine own are ready  
For to present a Merriment; they intend,  
According to th' occasion of the meeting,  
In several shapes, to show how love o'ersways  
All men of several conditions, Soldier,  
Gentry, Fool, Scholar, Merchant-man, and Clown;  
A harmless recreation.—Take your places.

[*Music.*

*Enter SPADONE, SECCO, NITIDO, and other Maskers, dressed, respectively, as the six characters mentioned above.*

A DANCE.

Your duties are perform'd. Henceforth, Spadone,  
Cast off thy borrowed title: nephew Troylo,  
His mother gave thee suck; esteem him honestly.  
Lights for the lodgings! 'tis high time for rest.—  
Great men may be mistook when they mean best.

[*Exeunt.*]

\* Much cannot be said in favour of the plot of this drama, as Ford has conducted it. He has imperfectly executed his own

design, for the story is capable of furnishing, in judicious hands, a series of events neither un instructive nor unamusing; but, with his usual ill-fortune, he entangled himself at the outset with a worthless rabble of comic characters, and after debasing his plot to the utmost, is compelled by their outrages on decorum, to terminate it prematurely. The Fancies are wholly insignificant, and the "great marquess" must have imbibed strange notions of female elegance and delicacy, when he confided the education of his nieces to the vulgar and profligate set who conduct his boasted Academy.

All, however, is not in this reprobate strain. The leading characters are well conceived, and judiciously sustained. Castamela, in particular, is beautifully depicted. Though indigent, and affectionately attached to her brother, she indignantly resents the compromise which she supposes him to have made with fortune at her expense, and when he appears willing to abandon his hopes, and, apprehensive of her danger, to return with her to their pristine poverty, she rejects the thought with scorn, and, secure in her high sense of female decorum, and of virtue, resolves to brave the severe trial to which his impatience of want had exposed her. Livio is only inferior to his sister; and his struggles to extricate himself with honour from the toils which appear to lie in his way, are described in that strong, free, and vivid language which marks the more serious parts of this singular play.

The second or under-plot of Julio and Flavia, like most of our author's *intermedes*, contributes nothing to the advancement of the main-story; it is not, however, without merit. Flavia is skilfully drawn, and has many touches of sensibility, for which we are not prepared by her first appearance; and her brother Romanello, *perplexed*, like Livio, *in the extreme*, but less fortunate, is entitled, both for language and sentiment, to considerable praise.

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## EPILOGUE.

*Spoken by MOROSA, CLARELLA, CASTAMELA,  
and FLAVIA.*

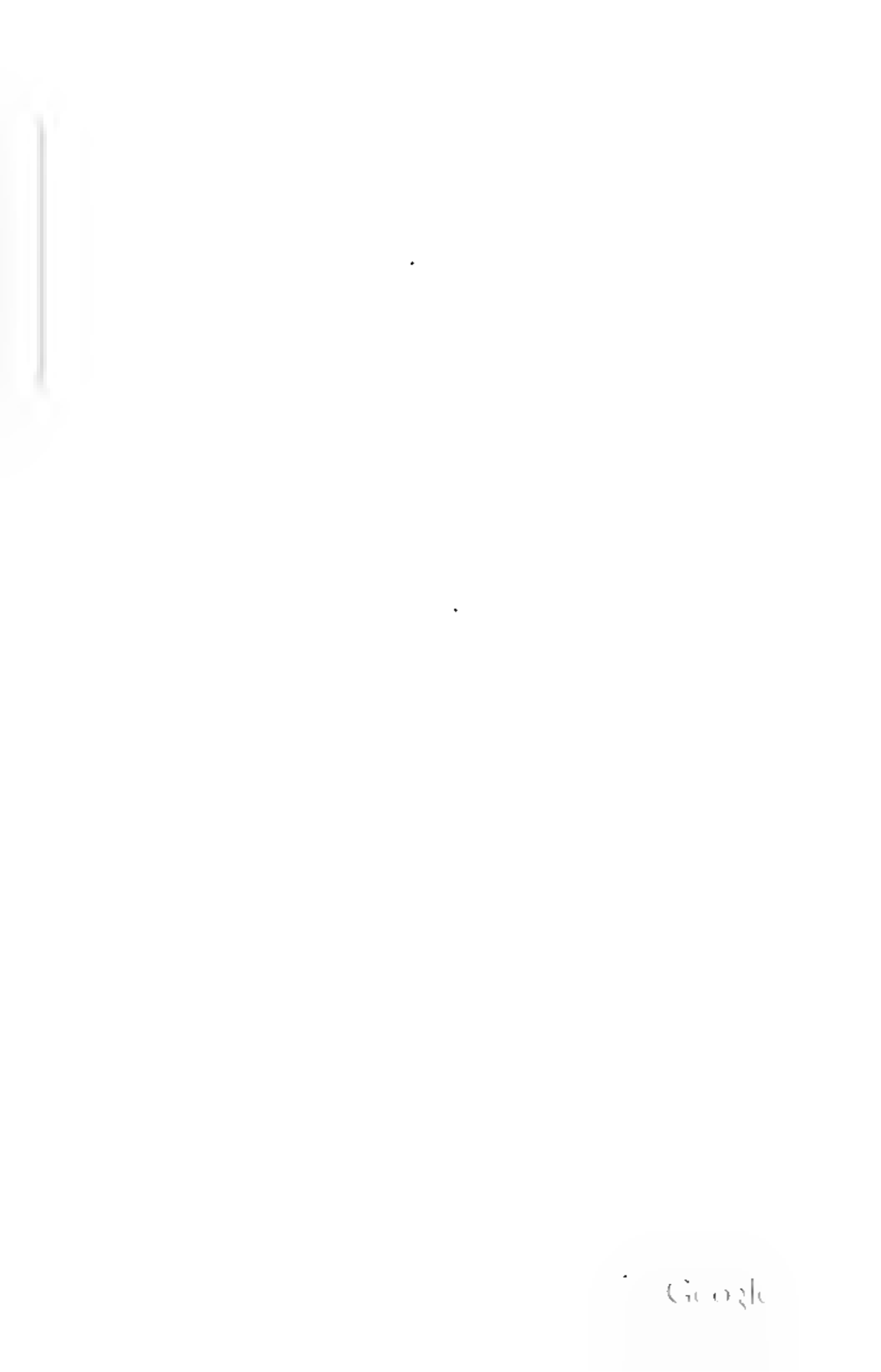
*Mor.* A while suspected, gentlemen, I look  
For no new law, being quitted by the book.

*Clar.* Our harmless pleasures, free, in every sort,  
Actions of scandal; may they free report!

*Cast.* Distrust is base, presumption urgeth wrongs;  
But noble thoughts must prompt as noble tongues.

*Flav.* Fancy and judgment are a play's full matter;  
If we have err'd in one, right you the latter.





**THE LADY'S TRIAL.**

## THE LADY'S TRIAL.

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**THE *Lady's Trial*** was licensed by the Master of the Revels, and performed at the Cockpit, May 3d, 1638. It was printed in the following year. The old title is "The Ladies Triall. Acted by both their Majesties servants, at the private-house in Drury Lane. *Fide Honor.* London, Printed by E. G. for Henry Shephard, and are to be sold at his shop in Chancery-Lane, at the signe of the Bible, between Sarjants Inne and Fleet-Street, near the King's-head Taverne, 1639."

TO  
MY DESERVINGLY HONOURED,  
**JOHN WYRLEY, Esquire,**  
AND TO THE VIRTUOUS AND RIGHT WORTHY GENTLEWOMAN,  
**MRS. MARY WYRLEY,**  
HIS WIFE,  
THIS SERVICE.

**THE** inequality of retribution turns to a pity, when there is not ability sufficient for acknowledgment. Your equal respects may yet admit the readiness of endeavour, though the very hazard in it betray my defect. I have enjoyed freely acquaintance with the sweetness of your dispositions, and can justly account, from the nobleness of them, an evident distinction betwixt friendship and friends. The latter (according to the practice of compliment) are usually met with, and often without search; the other, many have searched for, I have found. For which, though I partake a benefit of the fortune, yet to you, most equal pair, must remain the honour of that bounty. In presenting

this issue of some less serious hours to your tuition, I appeal from the severity of censure to the mercy of your judgments; and shall rate it at a higher value than when it was mine own, if you only allow it the favour of adoption. Thus, as your happiness in the fruition of each other's love proceeds to a constancy; so the truth of mine shall appear less unshaken, as you shall please to continue in your good opinions

JOHN FORD.



## PROLOGUE.

LANGUAGE and matter, with a fit of mirth,  
That sharply savours more of air than earth,  
Like midwives, bring a play to timely birth.

But where's now such a one, in which these three,  
Are handsomely contriv'd? or, if they be,  
Are understood by all who hear to see?

Wit, wit's the word in fashion, that alone  
Cries up the poet, which, though neatly shown,  
Is rather censured, oftentimes, than known.

He who will venture on a jest, that can  
Rail on another's pain, or idly scan  
Affairs of state, oh! he's the only man!

A goodly approbation, which must bring  
Fame with contempt, by such a deadly sting!  
The Muses chatter, who were wont to sing.

Your favours in what we present to-day;  
Our fearless author boldly bids me say,  
He tenders you no satire, but a play;

In which, if so he have not hit all right,  
For wit, words, mirth, and matter as he might,  
He wishes yet he had, for your delight.

MASTER BIRD.\*

\* See the Dedication to the *Sun's Darling*.

## DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

AURIA, *a noble Genoese.*

ADURNI, *a young lord.*

AURELIO, *friend to AURIA.*

MALFATO, *a discontented lover.*

TRELCATIO, } *citizens of Genoa.*

MARTINO, }

PIERO, } *dependents on ADURNI.*

FUTELLI, }

GUZMAN, *a braggadoccio Spaniard.*

FULGOSO, *an upstart gallant.*

BENATZI, *husband to LEVIDOLCHE.*

SPINELLA, *wife to AURIA.*

CASTANNA, *her sister.*

AMORETTA, *a fantastic maid.*

LEVIDOLCHE, *a wanton.*

THE SCENE—*Genoa.*

# THE LADY'S TRIAL.

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## ACT I. SCENE I.

*A Room in the House of AURIA.*

*Enter PIERO and FUTELLI, at opposite doors.*

*Piero.* ACCOMPLISHED man of fashion!

*Fut.* The times' wonder!

Gallant of gallants, Genoa's Piero!

*Piero.* Italy's darling, Europe's joy, and so forth!

The newest news? unvamp'd?

*Fut.* I am no foot-post,

No pedlar of Avisos, no monopolist

Of forged Corantos, monger of gazettes.

*Piero.* Monger of courtezans, [my] fine  
Futelli;

In certain kind a merchant of the staple

For wares of use and trade; a taker-up,

Rather indeed a knocker-down; the word

<sup>2</sup> *The newest news? unvamp'd?*] i.e. fresh, genuine, not patched up.





*Aur.* My lord,  
I shall not live to thrive in any action  
Deserving memory, when I forget  
Adurni's love and favour.

*Piero.* I present you  
My service for a farewell ;<sup>3</sup> let few words  
Excuse all arts of compliment.

*Fut.* For my own part,  
Kill or be kill'd, (for there's the short and long on't,)  
Call me your shadow's hench-boy.<sup>4</sup>

*Aur.* Gentlemen,  
My business urging on a present haste,  
Enforceth short reply.

*Adur.* We dare not hinder  
Your resolution wing'd with thoughts so constant.  
All happiness !

*Piero and Fut.* Contents !

[*Exeunt* ADURNI, PIERO, and FUTELLI.]

*Aur.* So leave the winter'd people of the north,  
The minutes of their summer, when the sun  
Departing leaves them in cold robes of ice,  
As I leave Genoa.——

*Enter* TRELCATIO, SPINELLA, and CASTANNA.

Now appears the object  
Of my apprenticed heart : thou bring'st, Spinella,

<sup>3</sup> *Piero.* *I present you, &c.*] In the old quarto, this short valediction is broken in the midst, and *Fut.* inserted before the latter part of it. *Fut.* instead of *Ful.* should be placed before the next speech.

<sup>4</sup> *Call me your shadow's hench-boy.*] A common expression in our old writers for a page; a state-attendant on court or municipal officers.



*Trel.* Blessings and health preserve you! [*Erit.*

*Aur.* Nay, nay, Castanna, you may hear our  
counsels;

A while, you are design'd your sister's husband.  
Give me thy hand, Spinella; you did promise,  
To send me from you with more cheerful looks,  
Without a grudge or tear; 'deed, love, you did.

*Spi.* What friend have I left in your absence?

*Aur.* Many:

Thy virtues are such friends they cannot fail thee;  
Faith, purity of thoughts, and such a meekness,  
As would force scandal to a blush.

*Spi.* Admit, sir,

The patent of your life should be call'd in;  
How am I then left to account with griefs,  
More slav'd to pity than a broken heart?  
Auria! soul of my comforts, I let fall  
No eye on breach of fortune; I contemn  
No entertainment to divided hopes,  
I urge no pressures by the scorn of change;  
And yet, my Auria, when I but conceive  
How easy 'tis (without impossibility)  
Never to see thee more, forgive me then,  
If I conclude I may be miserable,  
Most miserable.

*Cast.* And such conclusion, sister,  
Argues effects of a distrust more voluntary,  
Than cause by likelihood.

*Aur.* 'Tis truth, Castanna.

*Spi.* I grant it truth; yet, Auria, I'm a woman,  
And therefore apt to fear: to show my duty,



Thy husband at his parting seal'd this kiss.—

No more. *[Kisses her.]*

*Spi.* Dear heaven! go, sister, go.

*[Exeunt SPINELLA and CASTANNA.]*

*Aur.* Done bravely,

And like the choice of glory, to know mine—

One of earth's best I have forgone—

*[Enter AURELIO.]*

See, see!

Yet in another I am rich, a friend,

A perfect one, Aurelio.

*Aurel.* Had I been

No stranger to your bosom, sir, ere now,

You might have sorted me in your resolves,

Companion of your fortunes.

*Aur.* So the wrongs

I should have ventured on against thy fate

Must have denied all pardon. Not to hold

Dispute with reputations, why, before

This present instant, I conceal'd the stealth

Of my adventures from thy counsels,—know,

My wants do drive me hence.

*Aurel.* Wants! so you said,

And 'twas not friendly spoken.

*Aur.* Hear me further.

*Aurel.* Auria, take heed the covert of a folly

Willing to range, be not, without excuse,

Discover'd in the coinage of untruths;

I use no harder language. Thou art near

Already on a shipwreck, in forsaking

The holy land of friendship, [and forbearing]<sup>o</sup>  
To talk your wants.—Fie!

*Aur.* By that sacred thing  
Last issued from the temple where it dwelt,  
I mean our friendship, I am sunk so low  
In my estate, that, bid me live in Genoa  
But six months longer, I survive the remnant  
Of all my store.

*Aurel.* Umph!

*Aur.* In my country, friend,  
Where I have sided my superior, friend,  
Sway'd opposition, friend; friend, here to fall  
Subject to scorn, or rarely-found compassion,  
Were more than man that hath a soul could bear,  
A soul not stoop'd to servitude.

*Aurel.* You show,  
Nor certainty, nor weak assurance yet  
Of reparation in this course, in case  
Command be proffer'd.

*Aur.* He who cannot merit  
Preferment by employments, let him bare  
His throat unto the Turkish cruelty,  
Or die, or live a slave without redemption!

*Aurel.* For that, so! but you have a wife, a young,  
A fair wife; she, though she could never claim  
Right in prosperity, was never tempted

<sup>o</sup> The 4to reads ——— in forsaking

*The holy land of friendship in forsaking, &c.]* There can, I think, be no question but the last two words in the second line were inadvertently copied from the first at the press. I have given what may be supposed the sense of the original expression; the words themselves are irrecoverable.

By trial of extremes ; to youth and beauty  
Baits for dishonour, and a perish'd fame.

*Aur.* Shew me the man that lives, and to my face  
Dares speak, scarce think, such tyranny against  
Spinella's constancy, except Aurelio—  
He is my friend.

*Aurel.* There lives not then a friend  
Dares love you like Aurelio ; that Aurelio,  
Who, late and early, often said, and truly,  
Your marriage with Spinella would entangle  
As much the opinion due to your discretion,  
As your estate ; it hath done so to both.

*Aur.* I find it hath.

*Aurel.* He who prescribes no law,  
No limits of condition to the objects  
Of his affection, but will merely wed  
A face, because 'tis round, or limn'd by nature  
In purest red and white ; or, at the best,  
For that his mistress owes an excellence  
Of qualities, knows when and how to speak,  
Where to keep silence, with fit reasons why ;  
Whose virtues are her only dower, (else [none,]  
In either kind,) ought of himself to master  
Such fortunes as add fuel to their loves ;  
For otherwise—but herein I am idle,  
Have fool'd to little purpose. .

*Aur.* She's my wife.

*Aurel.* And being so, it is not manly done  
To leave her to the trial of her wits,  
Her modesty, her innocence, her vows :  
This is the way that points her out an art  
Of wanton life.



*Aur.* Sir, said ye?

*Aurel.* You form reasons,  
Just ones, for your abandoning the storms  
Which threaten your own ruin; but propose  
No shelter for her honour: what my tongue  
Hath utter'd, Auria, is but honest doubt,  
And you are wise enough in the construction.

*Aur.* Necessity must arm my confidence,  
Which, if I live to triumph over, friend,  
And e'er come back in plenty, I pronounce  
Aurelio heir of what I can bequeath;  
Some fit deduction for a worthy widow,  
Allow'd, with caution she be like to prove so.

*Aurel.* Who? I your heir! your wife being yet  
so young,  
In every probability so forward  
To make you a father? leave such thoughts.

*Aur.* Believe it,  
Without replies, Aurelio: keep this note,  
A warrant for receiving from Martino  
Two hundred ducats; as you find occasion  
Dispose them in my absence to Spinella:  
I would not trust her uncle, he, good man,  
Is at an ebb himself; another hundred  
I left with her, a fourth I carry with me.  
Am I not poor, Aurelio, now? Exchange  
Of more debates between us, would undo  
My resolution; walk a little, prithee,  
Friends we are, and will embrace; but let's not  
speak  
Another word.

*Aurel.* I'll follow you to your horse. [*Exeunt.*

## SCENE II.

*A Room in the House of ADURNI.*

*Enter ADURNI, and FUTELLI, with a letter which  
he presents to Adurni.*

*Adur.* With her own hand ?

*Fut.* She never used, my lord,  
A second means, but kiss'd the letter first,  
O'erlook'd the superscription; then let fall  
Some amorous drops, kiss'd it again, talk'd to it  
Twenty times over, set it to her mouth,  
Then gave it me, then snatch'd it back again,  
Then cry'd, "Oh, my poor heart!" and, in an in-  
stant,

"Commend my truth and secrecy." Such medley  
Of passion yet I never saw in woman.

*Adur.* In woman? thou'rt deceiv'd; but that  
we both

Had mothers, I could say how women are,  
In their own natures, models of mere change;  
Of change of what is naught to what is worse.—  
She feed you liberally ?

*Fut.* Twenty ducats  
She forced on me; vow'd, by the precious love  
She bore the best of men, (I use, my lord,  
Her very words,) the miracle of men,  
Malfato,—then she sigh'd,—this mite of gold

Was only entrance to a farther bounty :  
'Tis meant, my lord, belike, press-money.

*Adur.* Devil !

How durst she tempt thee [thus,] Futelli, knowing  
Thy love to me ?

*Fut.* There lies, my lord, her cunning,  
Rather her craft ; first she began, what pity  
It was, that men should differ in estates  
Without proportion ; some so strangely rich,  
Others so miserable poor ; “ and yet,”  
Quoth she, “ since 'tis [in] very deed unfit  
All should be equals, so I must confess,  
It were good justice that the properest men  
Should be preferr'd to fortune, such as nature  
Had mark'd with fair abilities ; of which  
Genoa, for aught I know, hath wond'rous few,  
Not two to boast of.”

*Adur.* Here began her itch.

*Fut.* I answer'd, she was happy then, whose  
choice

In you, my lord, was singular.

*Adur.* Well urg'd,

*Fut.* She smiled, and said, it might be so ; and  
yet—

There stopp'd : then I closed with her, and con-  
cluded

The title of a lord was not enough,  
For absolute perfection ; I had seen  
Persons of meaner quality, much more  
Exact in fair endowments—but your lordship  
Will pardon me, I hope.

*Adur.* And love thee for it.

*Fut.* "Phew! let that pass," quoth she, "and  
now we prattle  
Of handsome gentlemen, in my opinion,  
Malfato is a very pretty fellow;  
Is he not, pray, sir?" I had then the truth  
Of what I roved at, and with more than praise  
Approv'd her judgment in so high a strain,  
Without comparison, my honour'd lord,  
That soon we both concluded of the man,  
The match and business.

*Adur.* For delivering  
A letter to Malfato?

*Fut.* Whereto I  
No sooner had consented, with protests—  
(I did protest, my lord)—of secrecy  
And service, but she kiss'd me, as I live,  
Of her own free accord—I trust your lordship  
Conceives not me amiss—pray rip the seal,  
My lord, you'll find sweet stuff, I dare believe.

*Adur.* [*reads.*] *Present to the most accomplished  
of men, Malfato, with this love a service.*  
Kind superscription! prithee, find him out,  
Deliver it with compliment; observe  
How ceremoniously he does receive it.

*Fut.* Will not your lordship peruse the contents?

*Adur.* Enough, I know too much; be just and  
cunning;  
A wanton mistress is a common sewer.—  
Much newer project labours in my brain.<sup>7</sup>

<sup>7</sup> *Much newer project, &c.*] The old copy, by a slight mistake,  
reads—"Much *never* project," &c.



*Fut.* Handsome enough, good face, quick eye,  
well bred.

*Piero.* Is yet possest so strangely—

*Fut.* With an humour  
Of thinking she deserves——

*Piero.* A duke, a count,  
At least a viscount, for her husband, that——

*Fut.* She scorns all mention of a match beneath  
One of the foresaid nobles; will not ride  
In a caroch without eight horses.

*Piero.* Six  
She may be drawn to; four——

*Fut.* Are for the poor:  
But for two horses in a coach——

*Piero.* She says,  
They're not for creatures of Heaven's making;  
fitter——

*Fut.* Fitter for litters to convey hounds in,  
Than people Christian: yet herself——

*Piero.* Herself  
Walks evermore a-foot, and knows not whether  
A coach doth trot or amble——

*Fut.* But by hearsay.

*Adur.* Stop, gentlemen, you run a gallop  
both;  
Are out of breath sure: 'tis a kind of compliment  
Scarce enter'd to the times; but certainly  
You coin a humour; let me understand  
Deliberately your fancy.

*Piero.* In plain troth,  
My lord, the she whom we describe is such,  
And lives here, here in Genoa, this city,  
This very city, now, the very now.

*Adur.* Trelcatio's daughter?

*Fut.* Has refused suitors

Of worthy rank, substantial and free parts,  
Only for that they are not dukes, or counts;  
Yet she herself, with all her father's store,  
Can hardly weigh above four hundred ducats.

*Adur.* Now, your design for sport?

*Piero.* Without prevention:

Guzman, the Spaniard late cashier'd, most gravely  
Observes the full punctilios of his nation;  
And him have we beleaguer'd to accost  
This she-piece, under a pretence of being  
Grandee of Spain, and cousin to twelve princes.

*Fut.* For rival unto whom we have enraged  
Fulgoso, the rich coxcomb lately started  
A gentleman, out of a sutler's hut,  
In the late Flemish wars; we have resolv'd him  
He is descended from Pantagruel,  
Of famous memory, by the father's side,  
And by the mother from dame Fusti-Bunga,  
Who, troubled long time with a strangury,  
Vented at last salt-water so abundantly,  
As drown'd the land 'twixt Zirick-see and Vere,\*  
Where steeples' tops are only seen. He casts  
Beyond the moon, and will be greater yet,  
In spite of Don.

*Adur.* You must abuse the maid,<sup>9</sup>  
Beyond amends.

\* *As drown'd the land 'twixt Zirick-see and Vere.*] The old copy reads *Sirania* and Vere. The allusion is to the great inundation which overwhelmed a considerable part of Zealand in the early part of the 16th century.

<sup>9</sup> *You must abuse the maid.*] If *must* be not an error of the press for *much*, it is used here in the sense of—it cannot be but you abuse the maid beyond, &c.

*Fut.* But countenance the course,  
My lord, and it may chance, beside the mirth,  
To work a reformation on the maiden :  
Her father's leave is granted, and thanks pro-  
mised ;

Our ends are harmless trials.

*Adur.* I betray  
No secrets of such use.

*Piero and Fut.* Your lordship's humblest.

[*Exeunt.*]

### SCENE III.

*A Room in MALFATO'S House.*

*Enter AURELIO and MALFATO.*

*Aurel.* A melancholy, grounded, and resolv'd,  
Received into a habit, argues love,  
Or deep impression of strong discontents.  
In cases of these rarities a friend,  
Upon whose faith, and confidence, we may  
Vent with security our grief, becomes  
Oft-times the best physician ; for, admit  
We find no remedy, we cannot miss  
Advice instead of comfort ; and believe,  
It is an ease, Malfato, to disburthen  
Our souls of secret clogs, where they may find  
A rest in pity, though not in redress.

*Mal.* Let all this sense be yielded to.

*Aurel.* Perhaps





Bear back that paper to the hell from whence  
It gave thee thy directions ! tell this lord,  
He ventured on a foolish policy,  
In aiming at the scandal of my blood ;  
The trick is childish, base,—say base.

*Fut.* You wrong him.

*Aurel.* Be wise, Malfato.

*Mal.* Say, I know this whore.

She who sent this temptation, was wife  
To his abused servant ; and divorced  
From poor Benatzi, senseless of the wrongs,  
That madam Levidolche and Adurni  
Might revel in their sports without controul,  
Secure, uncheck'd.

*Aurel.* You range too wildly now,  
Are too much inconsiderate.

*Mal.* I am

A gentleman free born, I never wore  
The rags of any great man's looks, nor fed  
Upon their after-meals ; I never crouch'd  
Unto the offal of an office promised,  
(Reward for long attendance,) and then miss'd.  
I read no difference between this huge,  
This monstrous big word lord, and gentleman,  
More than the title sounds ; for aught I learn,  
The latter is as noble as the first,  
I am sure more ancient.

*Aurel.* Let me tell you then,  
You are too bitter, talk you know not what.  
Make all men equals, and confound all course  
Of order, and of nature ! this is madness.

*Mal.* 'Tis so ; and I have reason to be mad,  
Reason, Aurelio, by my truth and hopes.  
This wit Futelli brings a suit of love  
From Levidolche, one, however mask'd  
In colourable privacy, is famed  
The Lord Adurni's pensioner, at least.  
Am I a husband pick'd out for a strumpet ?  
For a cast suit of bawdry ? Aurelio,  
You are as I am,<sup>1</sup> you could ill digest  
The trial of a patience so unfit.—  
Begone, Futelli, do not mince one syllable  
Of what you hear ; another fetch like this  
May tempt a peace to rage : so say ; begone !

*Fut.* I shall report your answer. [*Erit.*

*Mal.* What have I  
Deserv'd to be so used ! In colder blood,  
I do confess nobility requires  
Duty and love ; it is a badge of virtue,  
By action first acquired, and next in rank  
Unto anointed royalty.—Wherein  
Have I neglected distance, or forgot  
Observance to superiors ? sure, my name  
Was in the note mistook.

*Aurel.* We will consider  
The meaning of this mystery.

*Mal.* Not so ;  
Let them fear bondage who are slaves to fear,  
The sweetest freedom is an honest heart. [*Exeunt.*

<sup>1</sup> ————— *Aurelio,*

*You are as I am, &c.*] This expression, which is not uncommon in our old writers, means, "suppose you were,"—or rather, "put yourself—in my place," &c.

## ACT II. SCENE I.

*A Street.**Enter FUTELLI and GUZMAN.*

*Fut.* Dexterity and sufferance, brave Don,  
Are engines the pure politic must work with.

*Guz.* We understand.

*Fut.* In subtleties of war,—  
I talk t'ye now in your own occupation,  
Your trade, or what you please,—unto a soldier,  
Surprisal of an enemy by stratagem,  
Or downright cutting throats is all one thing.

*Guz.* Most certain : on, proceed.

*Fut.* By way of parallel;  
You drill or exercise your company,  
(No matter which, for terms,) before you draw  
Into the field ; so in the feats of courtship,  
First, choice is made of thoughts, behaviour,  
words,

The set of looks, the posture of the beard,  
*Beso las manos*, cringes of the knee,  
The very hums and ha's, thumps, and ah me's!

*Guz.* We understand all these : advance.

*Fut.* Then next,  
Your enemy in face,—your mistress, mark it!—  
Now you consult either to skirmish slightly,—  
That's careless amours,—or to enter battle;  
Then fall to open treaty, or to work  
By secret spies or gold : here you corrupt  
The chambermaid, a fatal engine, or

Place there an ambuscado,—that's contract  
With some of her near friends, for half her portion;—

Or offer truce, and in the interim,  
Run upon slaughter, 'tis a noble treachery,—  
That's swear and lie; steal her away, and to her  
Cast caps, and cry *victoria!* the field's  
Thine own, my Don, she's thine.

*Guz.* We do vouchsafe her.

*Fut.* Hold her then fast.

*Guz.* As fast as can the arms  
Of strong imagination hold her.

*Fut.* No,  
She has skipt your hold; my imagination's eyes  
Perceive, she not endures the touch or scent  
Of your war over-worn habiliments,  
Which I forgot in my instructions  
To warn you of: therefore, my warlike Don,  
Apparel speedily your imaginations  
With a more courtly outside.

*Guz.* 'Tis soon done.

*Fut.* As soon as said;—in all the clothes thou  
hast,  
More than that walking wardrobe on thy back.

[*Aside.*

*Guz.* Imagine first our rich mockado<sup>2</sup> doublet,  
With our cut cloth-of-gold sleeves, and our  
quellio,  
Our diamond-button'd callamanco hose,

<sup>2</sup> *Our rich mockado doublet,*] i. e. an inferior kind of velvet,  
*velvet*: *quellio*, which occurs in the following line, is a *ruff*.

Our plume of ostrich, with the embroider'd scarf,  
The duchess Infantasgo roll'd our arm in.

*Fut.* Aye, this is brave indeed!

*Guz.* Our cloak, whose cape is  
Larded with pearls, which the Indian cacique  
Presented to our countryman De Cortez,  
For ransom of his life; rated in value  
At thirteen thousand pistolets; the guerdon  
Of our atchievement, when we rescued  
The infanta from the boar, in single duel,  
Near to the Austrian forest, with this rapier,  
This only, very, naked, single rapier.

*Fut.* Top and top-gallant brave!

*Guz.* We will appear,  
Before our Amoretta, like the issue  
Of our progenitors.

*Fut.* Imagine so,  
And that this rich suit of imagination  
Is on already now, (which is most probable)<sup>1</sup>  
As that apparel:—here stands your Amoretta,  
Make your approach and court her.

*Guz.* Lustre of beauty,  
Not to affright your tender soul with horror,  
We may descend to tales of peace and love,  
Soft whispers fitting ladies' closets; for  
Thunder of cannon, roaring smoke and fire,

<sup>1</sup> ————— (*which is most probable.*)] This hemistich seems to be spoken aside, and alludes to a former speech, in which he had hinted that Guzman was already dressed "in all the clothes he had." The rest is plain enough. Conceive, that this imaginary suit is now on; in other words—that what you now wear is that apparel.



Your dainty ten-times drest buff, with this language,

Bold man of arms, shall win upon her, doubt not,  
Beyond all silken puppetry. Think no more  
Of your "mockadoes, callamancoes, quellios,  
Pearl-larded capes, and diamond-button'd  
breeches;"

Leave such poor outside helps to puling lovers,  
Such as Fulgoso, your weak rival, is,  
That starveling-brain'd companion; appear you,  
At first at least, in your own warlike fashion:  
I pray be ruled, and change not a thread about  
you.

*Guz.* The humour takes; for I, sir, am a man  
Affects not shifts: I will adventure thus.

*Ful.* Why, so! you carry her from all the world.  
I'm proud my stars design'd me out an instrument  
In such an high employment.

*Guz.* Gravely spoken;  
You may be proud on't.—

*Enter, on the opposite side, FULGOSO and PIERO.*

*Ful.* What is lost is lost,  
Money is trash, and ladies are *et cæteras*,  
Play's play, luck's luck, fortune's an—I know  
what;

You see the worst of me, and what's all this now?

*Piero.* A very spark, I vow; you will be stiled  
Fulgoso the invincible. But did  
The fair Spinella lose an equal part?  
How much in all, d'you say?





*Guz.* [*crossing over to FUL.*] Did you do this to her? dare you to vaunt

Your triumph, we being present? *um, ha, um.*

[*FULGOSO whistles the Spanish Pavin.*]

*Fut.* What think you, Don, of this brave man?

*Guz.* A man!

It is some truss of reeds, or empty cask,

In which the wind with whistling sports itself.

*Fut.* Bear up, sir, he's your rival, budge not from him

An inch; your grounds are honour.

*Piero.* Stoutly ventured,

Don, hold him to't.

*Ful.* Protest, a fine conceit,

A very fine conceit; and thus I told her,

That for mine own part, if she lik'd me, so!

If not, not; for "my duck, or doe," said I,

"It is no fault of mine that I am noble:

Grant it; another may be noble, too,

And then we're both one noble;" better still!—

Hab-nab's good; wink and choose; if one must have her,

The other goes without her,—best of all!—

My spirit is too high to fight for woman,

I am too full of mercy to be angry;

A foolish generous quality, from which

No might of man can beat me, I'm resolv'd.

*Guz.* Hast thou a spirit then, ha? speaks thy weapon

Toledo language, Bilboa, or dull Pisa?

If an Italian blade, or Spanish metal,  
Be brief, we challenge answer.

*Fut.* Famous Don.

*Ful.* What does he talk? my weapon speaks no  
language,  
'Tis a Dutch iron truncheon.

*Guz.* Dutch!

*Fut.* And, if need be,  
'Twill maul one's hide, in spite of who says nay.

*Guz.* Dutch to a Spaniard! hold me.

*Ful.* Hold me too,  
Sirrah, if thou'rt my friend, for I love no fighting;  
Yet hold me, lest in pity I fly off:  
If I must fight, I must; in a scurvy quarrel  
I defy he's and she's: twit me with Dutch!  
Hang Dutch and French, hang Spanish and Italians,  
Christians and Turks. Pew-waw, all's one to me!  
I know what's what, I know upon which side  
My bread is butter'd.

*Guz.* Butter'd? Dutch again!  
You come not with intention to affront us?

*Ful.* Front me no fronts; if thou be'st angry,  
squabble—  
Here's my defence, and thy destruction.

[*Whistles a charge.*]

If friends, shake hands, and go with me to dinner.

*Guz.* We will embrace the motion, it doth re-  
lish.

The cavaliero treats on terms of honour;  
Peace is not to be baulk'd on fair conditions.

*Fut.* Still Don is Don the great.

*Piero.* He shews the greatness  
Of his vast stomach in the quick embracement  
Of th' other's dinner.

*Fut.* 'Twas the ready means  
To catch his friendship.

*Piero.* You're a pair of worthies,  
That make the Nine no wonder.

*Fut.* Now, since fate  
Ordains that one of two must be the man,  
The man of men which must enjoy alone  
Love's darling, Amoretta ; both take liberty  
To shew himself before her, without cross  
Of interruption, one of th' other : he  
Whose sacred mystery of earthly blessings  
Crowns the pursuit, be happy.

*Piero.* And, till then,  
Live brothers in society.

*Guz.* We are fast.

*Fut.* I vow a match ; I'll feast the Don to-day,  
And fast with him to-morrow.

*Guz.* Fair conditions.

ADURNI, SPINELLA, AMORETTA, and CASTANNA  
*pass over the Stage.*

*Adur.* Futelli and Piero, follow speedily.

*Piero.* My lord we wait you.

*Fut.* We shall soon return.

[*Exeunt all but FUL, and Guz.*



Your mother, my dear niece, did die, I thought,  
Too soon, but she is happy; had she lived  
Till now, and known the vanities your life  
Hath dealt in, she had wish'd herself a grave  
Before a timely hour.

*Lev.* Sir, consider

My sex; were I mankind, my sword should quit  
A wounded honour, and reprieve a name  
From injury, by printing on their bosoms  
Some deadly character, whose drunken surfeits  
Vomit such base aspersions: as I am,  
Scorn and contempt is virtue; my desert  
Stands far above their malice.

*Mart.* Levidolche,

Hypocrisy puts on a holy robe,  
Yet never changeth nature; call to mind,  
How, in your girl's days, you fell, forsooth,  
In love, and married,—married (hark ye!) whom?  
A trencher-waiter; shrewd preferment! but  
Your childhood then excused that fault; for so  
Footmen have run away with lusty heirs,  
And stable-grooms reach'd to some fair one's  
chambers.

*Lev.* Pray let not me be bandied, sir, and baffled,  
By your intelligence.

*Mart.* So touch'd to the quick!

Fine mistress, I will then rip up at length  
The progress of your infamy: in colour  
Of disagreement, you must be divorced;  
Were so, and I must countenance the reasons;  
On better hopes I did, nay, took you home,



She was a kind young soul, and might in time  
Be sued to by a loving man : no doubt,  
Here was a jolly breakfast !

*Lev.* Uncles are privileged  
More than our parents ; some wise man in state  
Hath rectified, no doubt, your knowledge, sir.  
Whilst all the policy for public business  
Was spent,—for want of matter, I by chance  
Fell into grave discourse ; but, by your leave,  
I from a stranger's table rather wish  
To earn my bread, than from a friend's by gift,  
Be daily subject to unfit reproofs.

*Mart.* Come, come, to the point.

*Lev.* All the curses  
Due to a ravisher of sober truth,  
Dam up their graceless mouths !

*Mart.* Now you turn rampant,  
Just in the wenches' trim and garb ; these prayers  
Speak your devotions purely.

*Lev.* Sir, alas ! [ *Weeps.*  
What would you have me do ? I have no orators,  
More than my tears, to plead my innocence,  
Since you forsake me, and are pleas'd to lend  
An open ear against my honest fame.  
Would all their spite could harry<sup>s</sup> my contents  
Unto a desperate ruin ! Oh dear goodness !  
There is a right for wrongs.

*Mart.* There is ; but first  
Sit in commission on your own defects,

<sup>s</sup> *Could harry my contents.*] i. e. worry, torment, drive by violence, &c.



Accuse yourself; be your own jury, judge,  
And executioner; I make no sport  
Of my vexation.

*Lev.* All the short remains  
Of undesired life shall only speak  
The extremity of penance; your opinion  
Enjoins it too.

*Mart.* Enough; thy tears prevail  
Against credulity.

*Lev.* My miseries,  
As in a glass, present me the rent face  
Of an unguided youth.

*Mart.* No more.—

*Enter TRELCAIO with an open letter.*

Trelcatio!

Some business speeds you hither.

*Trel.* Happy news—  
Signior Martino, pray your ear; my nephew,  
Auria, hath done brave service: and I hear—  
Let's be exceeding private—is return'd  
High in the duke of Florence's respects;  
'Tis said,—but make no words—that he has fir'd  
And mumbled the rogue Turks.

*Mart.* Why would you have  
His merits so unknown?<sup>6</sup>

*Trel.* I am not yet  
Confirm'd at full:—withdraw, and you shall read  
All what this paper talks.

<sup>6</sup> *Why would you have*

*His merits so unknown?*] The 4to. has, *Why would you know,*  
&c. A slighter alteration would be now; but the reading of the  
text gives, I think, the poet's meaning.

*Mart.* So!—Levidolche,  
You know our mind, be cheerful.—Come, Trel-  
catio,—

Causes of joy or grief do seldom happen  
Without companions near; thy resolutions  
Have given another birth to my contents.

[*Exeunt MART. and TREL.*]

*Lev.* Even so, wise uncle! much good do ye.—  
Discover'd!

I could fly out, mix vengeance with my love—  
Unworthy man, Malfato!—my good lord,  
My hot in blood, rare lord, grows cold too! well,  
Rise dotage into rage, and sleep no longer;  
Affection turn'd to hatred threatens mischief.  
[*Exit.*]

### SCENE III.

*An Apartment in ADURNI's House.*

*Enter PIERO, AMORETTA, FUTELLI, and  
CASTANNA.*

*Piero.* In the next gallery you may behold  
Such living pictures, lady, such rich pieces,  
Of kings, and queens, and princes, that you'd think  
They breathe and smile upon you.

*Amor.* Ha they crownths,  
Great crownths oth gold upon their headths?

*Piero.* Pure gold;  
Drawn all in state.

*Amor.* How many horthes, pray,  
Are ith their chariots?

*Piero.* Sixteen, some twenty.

*Cast.* My sister! wherefore left we her alone?  
Where stays she, gentlemen?

*Fut.* Viewing the rooms;  
'Tis like you'll meet her in the gallery:  
This house is full of curiosities,  
Most fit for ladies' sights.

*Amor.* Yeth, yeth, the thigh  
Of printhethes ith a fine thigh.

*Cast.* Good, let us find her.

*Piero.* Sweet ladies, this way; see the doors sure.

[*Aside to Fut.*

*Fut.* Doubt not.

[*Exeunt.*

#### SCENE IV.

*Another Room in the same.—A Banquet set out.*

*Enter ADURNI and SPINELLA.—A Song within.*

*Pleasures, beauty, youth attend ye,  
Whilst the spring of nature lasteth;  
Love and melting thoughts [befriend] ye,  
Use the time, ere winter hasteth.  
Active blood, and free delight,  
Place and privacy invite.  
Do, do! be kind as fair.  
Lose not opportunity for air.*

*She is cruel that denies it,  
 Bounty best appears in granting,  
 Stealth of sport as soon supplies it,  
 Whilst the dues of love are wanting.  
 Here's the sweet exchange of bliss,  
 When each whisper proves a kiss.  
 In the game are felt no pains,  
 For in all the loser gains.*

*Adur.* Plead not, fair creature, without sense of  
 pity,

So incompassionately gainst a service,  
 In nothing faulty more than pure obedience :  
 My honours and my fortunes are led captives  
 In triumph, by your all-commanding beauty ;  
 And if you ever felt the power of love,  
 The rigour of an uncontrolled passion,  
 The tyranny of thoughts, consider mine,  
 In some proportion, by the strength of yours ;  
 Thus may you yield and conquer.

*Spin.* Do not study,  
 My lord, to apparel folly in the weed  
 Of costly colours ;<sup>7</sup> henceforth cast off far,  
 Far from your noblest nature, the contempt  
 Of goodness, and be gentler to your fame,  
 By purchase of a life to grace your story.

*Adur.* Dear, how sweetly

<sup>7</sup> ——— to apparel folly in the weed

*Of costly colours.*] This is the nearest approach which I can make to the expression in the old copy—*steed*. That it was the author's word, I cannot flatter myself ; but it may serve in the absence of *stole*, or garb, or some more fortunate guess.

Reproof drops from that balmy spring your breath!  
Now could I read a lecture of my griefs,  
Unearth a mine of jewels at your foot,  
Command a golden shower to rain down,  
Impoverish every kingdom of the east,  
Which traffics richest clothes, and silks, would  
you

Vouchsafe one unspleen'd chiding to my riot:  
Else such a sacrifice can but beget  
Suspicion of returns to my devotion,  
In mercenary blessings; for that saint  
To whom I vow myself, must never want  
Fit offerings to her altar.

*Spin.* Auria, Auria,  
Fight not for name abroad; but come, my husband,  
Fight for thy wife at home!

*Adur.* Oh, never rank,  
Dear cruelty, one that is sworn your creature,  
Amongst your country's enemies; I use  
No force, but humble words, deliver'd from  
A tongue that's secretary to my heart.

*Spin.* How poorly some, tame to their wild de-  
sires,  
Fawn on abuse of virtue! pray, my lord,  
Make not your house my prison.

*Adur.* Grant a freedom  
To him who is the bondman to your beauty.—

[A noise within, and the door is forced.]

*Enter AURELIO, followed by CASTANNA, AMORETTA, FUTELLI, and PIERO.*

*Aurel.* Keep back, ye close contrivers of false pleasures,  
Or I shall force ye back.—Can it be possible?  
Lock'd up, and singly too! chaste hospitality!  
A banquet in a bed-chamber! Adurni,  
Dishonourable man!

*Adur.* What sees this rudeness,  
That can broach scandal here?

*Aurel.* For you, hereafter.—  
Oh, woman, lost to every brave report,  
Thy wrong'd Auria is come home with glory!  
Prepare a welcome to uncrown the greatness  
Of his prevailing fates.

*Spin.* Whiles you, belike,  
Are furnish'd with some news for entertainment,  
Which must become your friendship, to be knit  
More fast betwixt your souls, by my removal,  
Both from his heart and memory!

*Adur.* Rich conquest,  
To triumph on a lady's injured fame,  
Without a proof or warrant!

<sup>a</sup> *Thy wrong'd Auria is come home with glory.*] Ford seldom embarrasses himself with the unities either of time or place; nor is his conduct in this respect, perhaps, a matter of much importance. Auria's "triumphant exploits" must have occupied a space worth noticing; and his return might easily, had the author been so pleased, been transferred to the opening of the next Act: though this, after all, would only have relieved one improbability among many.

*Fut.* Have I life, sir?

Faith? Christianity?

*Piero.* Put me on the rack,  
The wheel, or the gallies, if——

*Aurel.* Peace, factors  
In merchandize of scorn! your sounds are deadly.  
Castanna, I could pity your consent  
To such ignoble practice; but I find  
Coarse fortunes easily seduced, and herein  
All claim to goodness ceases.

*Cast.* Use your tyranny.

*Spin.* What rests behind for me? out with it!

*Aurel.* Horror,  
Becoming such a forfeit of obedience;  
Hope not that any falsity in friendship  
Can palliate a broken faith, it dares not.  
Leave, in thy prayers, fair, vow-breaking wanton,  
To dress thy soul anew, whose purer whiteness  
Is sullied by thy change from truth to folly.  
A fearful storm is hovering, it will fall;  
No shelter can avoid it: let the guilty  
Sink under their own ruin. [*Erit.*

*Spin.* How unmanly  
His anger threatens mischief!

*Amor.* Whom, I prethee,  
Doth the man speak to?

*Adur.* Lady, be not mov'd;  
I will stand champion for your honour, hazard  
All what is dearest to me.

*Spin.* Mercy, heaven!  
Champion for me, and Auria living! Auria!

He lives; and, for my guard, my innocence,  
As free as are my husband's clearest thoughts,  
Shall keep off vain constructions. I must beg  
Your charities; sweet sister, your's, to leave me;  
I need no followers now: let me appear,  
Or mine own lawyer, or, in open court,  
(Like some forsaken client,) in my suit  
Be cast for want of honest plea—oh, misery!

[*Exit.*

*Adur.* Her resolution's violent;—quickly follow.

*Cast.* By no means, sir: you've followed her already,

I fear, with too much ill success, in trial  
Of unbecoming courtesies, your welcome  
Ends in so sad a farewell.

*Adur.* I will stand  
The roughness of th' encounter, like a gentleman,  
And wait ye to your homes, whate'er befall me.

[*Exeunt.*

### ACT III. SCENE I.

*The Street before MARTINO's House.*

*Enter FULGOSO and GUZMAN.*

*Ful.* I say, Don, brother mine, win her and wear her.



And so will I; if't be my luck to lose her,  
I lose a pretty wench, and there's the worst  
on't.

*Guz.* Wench said ye? most mechanically,  
faugh!

Wench is your trull, your blowze, your dowdie;  
but,

Sir brother, he who names my queen of love  
Without his bonnet vail'd, or saying grace,  
As at some paranympthal feast, is rude,  
Nor vers'd in literature. Dame Amoretta,  
Lo, I am sworn thy champion!

*Ful.* So am I too,—

Can as occasion serves, if she turns scurvy,  
Unswear myself again, and ne'er change co-  
lours.

Pish, man! the best, though call 'em ladies, ma-  
dams,

Fairs, fines, and honies, are but flesh and blood,  
And now and then too, when the fit's come on  
'em,

Will prove themselves but flirts, and tirliry-puf-  
kins.

*Guz.* Our choler must advance.

*Ful.* Dost long for a beating?

Shall's try a slash? here's that shall do't; I'll tap  
[*Draws.*

A gallon of thy brains, and fill thy hogshead  
With two of wine for't.

*Guz.* Not in friendship, brother.

*Ful.* Or whistle thee into an ague: hang it,  
Be sociable; drink till we roar and scratch;  
Then drink ourselves asleep again:—the fashion!  
Thou dost not know the fashion.

*Guz.* Her fair eyes,  
Like to a pair of pointed beams drawn from  
The sun's most glorious orb, do dazzle sight,  
Audacious to gaze there; then over those  
A several bow of jet securely twines  
In semicircles; under them two banks  
Of roses red and white, divided by  
An arch of polish'd ivory, surveying  
A temple from whence oracles proceed,  
More gracious than Apollo's, more desired  
Than amorous songs of poets, softly tuned.

*Ful.* Heyday! what's this?

*Guz.* Oh! but those other parts,  
All——

*Ful.* All!—hold there, I bar play under board,  
My part yet lies therein; you never saw  
The things you wire-draw thus.

*Guz.* [But] I have dreamt  
Of every part about her, can lay open  
Her several inches, as exactly—mark it—  
As if I had took measure with a compass,  
A rule, or yard, from head to foot.

*Ful.* Oh, rare!  
And all this in a dream!

*Guz.* A very dream.

*Ful.* My waking brother soldier is turn'd

Into a sleeping carpenter, or taylor,  
Which goes for half a man.—What's he? (*seeing*  
BENATZI) bear up!

*Enter BENATZI, as an outlaw, LEVIDOLCHE at a  
window above.*

*Ben.* Death of reputation, the wheel, strappado,  
gallies, rack, are ridiculous fopperies; goblins to  
fright babies. Poor lean-soul'd rogues! they will  
swoon at the scar of a pin; one tear dropp'd from  
their harlot's eyes breeds earthquakes in their  
bones.

*Ful.* Bless us! a monster, patch'd of dagger-  
bombast,  
His eyes like copper-basons; he has changed  
Hair with a shag-dog.

*Guz.* Let us then avoid him,  
Or stand upon our guard; the foe approaches.

*Ben.* Cut-throats by the score abroad, come  
home, and rot in fripperies. Brave man at arms,  
go turn pandar, do; stalk for a mess of warm broth  
—damnable! honourable cuts are but badges for  
a fool to vaunt; the raw-ribb'd apothecary poisons  
*cum privilegio*, and is paid. Oh, the commonwealth  
of beasts is most politicly ordered!

*Guz.* Brother, we'll keep aloof, there is no va-  
lour  
In tugging with a man-fiend.

*Ful.* I defy him.

It gabbles like I know not what ;—believe it,  
The fellow's a shrewd fellow at a pink.\*

*Ben.* Look else : the lion roars, and the spaniel  
fawns ; down, cur ; the badger bribes the unicorn,  
that a jury may not pass upon his pillage ; here the  
bear fees the wolf, for he will not howl gratis ;—  
beasts call pleading howling.—So then ! there the  
horse complains of the ape's rank riding ; the  
jockey makes mouths, but is fined for it ; the stag  
is not jeer'd by the monkey for his horns ; the ass  
by the hare for his burthen ; the ox by the leopard  
for his yoke ; nor the goat by the ram for his  
beard : only the fox wraps himself warm in beaver,  
bids the cat mouse, the elephant toil, the boar  
gather acorns ; while he grins, feeds fat, tells tales,  
laughs at all, and sleeps safe at the lion's feet.—  
Save ye, people.

*Ful.* Why, save thee too, if thou be'st of Hea-  
ven's making :

What art ?—fear nothing, Don, we have our blades,  
Are metal men ourselves, try us who dare.

*Guz.* Our brother speaks our mind, think what  
you please on't.

*Ben.* A match ; observe well this switch ; with  
this only switch have I pash'd out the brains of  
thirteen Turks to the dozen, for a breakfast.

\* *This fellow's a shrewd fellow at a pink.*] i. e. at fighting, at a  
duel. He judges from the rugged appearance of Benatzi, and his  
fierce strutting language. He is described above as an *outlaw* ; by  
which nothing more seems meant than a disbanded soldier in rags,  
as in our author's age was too commonly the case, formidable from  
arms, and desperate from necessity.

*Ful.* What, man, thirteen! is't possible thou liest not?

*Ben.* I was once a scholar, then I begg'd without pity; from thence I practised law, there a scruple of conscience popp'd me over the bar: a soldier I turn'd a while, but could not procure the letter of preferment. Merchant I would be, and a glut of land-rats gnaw'd me to the bones; would have bought an office, but the places with reversions were catch'd up; offered to pass into the court, and wanted trust for clothes; was lastly, for my good parts, prest into the gallies, took prisoner, redeemed amongst other slaves by your gay great man, they call him Auria; and am now I know not who, where, or what. How d'ye like me?—say.

*Ful.* A shaver of all trades! What course of life

Dost mean to follow next? ha! speak thy mind.

*Guz.* Nor be thou daunted, fellow; we ourselves

Have felt the frowns of fortune in our days.

*Ben.* I want extremely, exceedingly, hideously.

*Lev.* [*above*] Take that, enjoy it freely, wisely use it, [*to*]

Th' advantage of thy fate, and know the giver.

[*Throws him a purse, and draws back.*]

*Ful.* Hey day! a purse in troth, who dropp'd?  
—stay, stay:

Umph, have we gipsies here? oh, mine is safe;  
Is't your purse, brother Don?

*Guz.* Not mine; I seldom  
Wear such unfashionable trash about me.

*Ful.* Has it any money in it, honest blade?  
A bots on empty purses!

*Guz.* We defy them.

*Ben.* Stand from about me, as you are mortal!  
You are dull clod-pated lumps of mire and garbish.  
This is the land of fairies.—Imperial queen of  
elves, I do crouch to thee, vow my services, my  
blood, my sinews to thee, sweet sovereign of lar-  
gess, and liberality.—A French tailor—neat!—  
Persian cook—dainty!—Greek wines—rich!—  
Flanders' mares—stately!—Spanish sallads—poi-  
gnant!—Venetian wanton—ravishing!—English  
bawd—unmatchable!—Sirs, I am fitted.

*Ful.* All these thy followers? miserable pigmies!  
Prate sense and don't be mad; I like thy humour,  
'Tis pretty, odd, and so—as one might say,  
I care not greatly if I entertain thee:  
Dost want a master? if thou dost, I am for thee;  
Else choose, and sneek up! pish, I scorn to flinch,  
man.

*Guz.* Forsake not fair advancement; money,  
certes,  
Will flit and drop off, like a cozening friend;  
Who holds it, holds a slippery eel by th' tail,  
Unless he gripe it fast: be ruled by counsel.

*Ben.* Excellent! what place shall I be admitted  
to? chamber, wardrobe, cellar, or stable?

*Ful.* Why, one and all; thou'rt welcome, let's  
shake hands on't.

Thy name?

*Ben.* Parado, sir.

*Ful.* The great affairs  
I shall employ thee most in, will be news,  
And telling what's a clock, for ought I know yet.

*Ben.* It is, sir, to speak punctually, some hour  
and half, eight three thirds of two seconds of one  
minute over at most, sir.

*Ful.* I do not ask thee now, or if I did,  
We are not much the wiser; and for news——

*Ben.* Auria, the fortunate, is this day to be re-  
ceiv'd with great solemnity at the city council-  
house; the streets are already throng'd with  
lookers on.

*Ful.* That's well remember'd; brother Don, let's  
trudge,  
Or we shall come too late.

*Guz.* By no means, brother.

*Ful.* Wait close, my ragged new-come.

*Ben.* As your shadows. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*A Hall in the House of Auria.*

*Enter* AURIA, ADURNI, MARTINO, TRELCATIO,  
AURELIO, PIERO, and FUTELLI.

*Aur.* Your favours, with these honours, speak  
your bounties;  
And though the low deserts of my success  
Appear, in your constructions, fair and goodly,  
Yet I attribute to a noble cause,  
Not my abilities, the thanks due to them.

The duke of Florence hath too highly prized  
My duty in my service, by example,  
Rather to cherish and encourage virtue,  
In spirits of action, than to crown the issue  
Of feeble undertakings. Whilst my life  
Can stand in use, I shall no longer rate it  
In value, than it stirs to pay that debt  
I owe my country for my birth and fortunes.

*Mart.* Which to make good, our state of Genoa,  
Not willing that a native of her own,  
So able for her safety, should take pension  
From any other prince, hath cast upon you  
The government of Corsica.

*Trel.* Adds thereto,  
Besides th' allowance yearly due, for ever,  
To you and to your heirs, the full revenue  
Belonging to Savona, with the office  
Of admiral of Genoa.

*Adur.* Presenting  
By my hands, from their public treasury,  
A thousand ducats.

*Mart.* But they limit only  
One month of stay for your dispatch; no more.

*Fut.* In all your great attempts, may you grow  
thrifty,  
Secure and prosperous!

*Piero.* If you please to rank,  
Amongst the humblest, one that shall attend  
Instructions under your command, I am  
Ready to wait the charge.

*Aur.* Oh, still the state



Engageth me her creature, with the burthen  
Unequal for my weakness : to you, gentlemen,  
I will prove friendly honest ; of all mindful.

*Adur.* In memory, my LORD, (such is your  
stile now,)

Of your late fortunate exploits, the council,  
Amongst their general acts, have register'd  
The great-duke's letters, witness of your merit,  
To stand in characters upon record.

*Aur.* Load upon load ! let not my want of  
modesty

Trespass against good manners ; I must study  
Retirement to compose this weighty business,  
And moderately digest so large a plenty,  
For fear it swell into a surfeit.

*Adur.* May I  
Be bold to press a visit ?

*Aur.* At your pleasure :  
Good time of day, and peace !

*All.* Health to your lordship !

[*Exeunt all but ADUR. and FUT.*]

*Adur.* What of Spinella yet ?

*Fut.* Quite lost ; no prints,  
Or any tongue of tracing her. However  
Matters are huddled up, I doubt, my lord,  
Her husband carries little peace about him.

*Adur.* Fall danger what fall can, she is a good-  
ness

Above temptation ; more to be adored  
Than sifted ; I'm to blame, sure.

*Fut.* Levidolche,

For her part too, laugh'd at Malfato's frenzy ;  
(Just so she term'd it ;) but for you, my lord,  
She said she thank'd your charity, which lent  
Her crooked soul, before it left her body,  
Some respite, wherein it might learn again  
The means of growing straight.

*Adur.* She has found mercy ;  
Which I will seek, and sue for.

*Fut.* You are happy.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—*Another Room in the same.*

*Enter AURIA and AURELIO.*

*Aur.* Count of Savona ! Genoa's admiral !  
Lord governor of Corsica ! enroll'd  
A worthy of my country ! sought and sued to,  
Praised, courted, flatter'd ! sure this bulk of mine  
Tails in the size ! a tympany of greatness  
Puffs up too monstrously my narrow chest.  
How surely dost thou malice these extremes,<sup>1</sup>  
Uncomfortable man ! When I was needy,  
Cast naked on the flats of barren pity,  
Abated to an ebb so low, that boys  
A cock-horse frisk'd about me without plunge,  
You could chat gravely then, in formal tones,  
Reason most paradoxically ; now,

<sup>1</sup> *How surely dost thou malice these extremes,*] i. e. view with ill will, bear malice to, &c. Thus Jonson: "I am so far from malicing their states, That I begin to pity them."—vol. ii. p. 208.

Contempt and wilful grudge at my uprising  
Becalms your learned noise.

*Aurel.* Such flourish, Auria,  
Flies with so swift a gale, as it will waft  
Thy sudden joys into a faithless harbour.

*Aur.* Canst mutter mischief? I observ'd your  
dulness,  
Whilst the whole ging crow'd to me. Hark! my  
triumphs

Are echo'd under every roof; the air  
Is straiten'd with the sound, there is not room  
Enough to brace them in; but not a thought  
Doth pierce into the grief that cabins here:  
Here, through a creek, a little inlet, crawls  
A flake, no bigger than a spider's thread,\*  
Which sets the region of my heart a-fire.  
I had a kingdom once, but am deposed  
From all that royalty of blest content,  
By a confederacy 'twixt love and frailty.

*Aurel.* Glories in public view but add to  
misery,  
Which travails in unrest at home.

*Aur.* At home!  
That home Aurelio speaks of I have lost,  
And, which is worse, when I have roll'd about,  
Toil'd like a pilgrim round this globe of earth,  
Wearied with care, and overworn with age,

\* *A flake, no bigger than a spider's thread.*] The old copy has *a sister's thread*; which I do not understand, unless it means one of the Fates: if the reader prefer *a spinster's thread*, it is just as near the quarto, and just as likely to be genuine.

Lodged in the grave, I am not yet at home ;  
There rots but half of me, the other part  
Sleeps, Heaven knows where: would she and I—  
my wife

I mean,—but what, alas ! talk I of wife ?—  
The woman—would we had together fed  
On any out-cast parings, coarse and mouldy,  
Not lived divided thus ! I could have begg'd  
For both ; for't had been pity she should ever  
Have felt so much extremity.

*Aurel.* This is not  
Patience required in wrongs of such vile nature :  
You pity her ; think rather on revenge.

*Aur.* Revenge ! for what, uncharitable friend ?  
On whom ? let's speak a little, pray, with reason.  
You found Spinella in Adurni's house ;  
'Tis like he gave her welcome—very likely ;  
Her sister and another with her ; so !  
Invited, nobly done ; but he with her  
Privately chamber'd :—he deserves no wife  
Of worthy quality, who dares not trust  
Her virtue in the proofs of any danger.

*Aurel.* But I broke ope the doors upon them.

*Aur.* Marry,  
It was a slovenly presumption,  
And punishable by a sharp rebuke.  
I tell you, sir, I, in my younger growth,  
Have by the stealth of privacy enjoy'd  
A lady's closet, where to have profaned  
That shrine of chastity and innocence,  
With one unhallow'd word, would have exiled

The freedom of such favour into scorn.  
Had any he alive then ventured there,  
With foul construction, I had stamp'd the justice  
Of my unguilty truth upon his heart.

*Aurel.* Adurni might have done the like; but  
that

The conscience of his fault, in coward blood,  
Blush'd at the quick surprisal.

*Aur.* O fie, fie!

How ill some argue, in their sour reproof,  
Against a party liable to law!  
For had that lord offended with that creature,  
Her presence would have doubled every strength  
Of man in him, and justified the forfeit  
Of noble shame; else 'twas enough in both  
With a smile only to correct your rudeness.

*Aurel.* 'Tis well you make such use of neighbours' courtesy:  
Some kind of beasts are tame, and hug their injuries;  
Such way leads to a fame too!

*Aur.* Not uncivilly,  
Though violently, friend.<sup>3</sup>

*Aurel.* Wherefore, then, think you,  
Can she absent herself, if she be blameless?  
You grant, of course, your triumphs are proclaim'd;  
And I in person told her your return:  
Where lies she hid the while?

<sup>3</sup> *Not uncivilly,  
Though violently, friend.]* i. e. Do not use *rude* language, however warm you may be.

*Aur.* That rests for answer  
In you ; now I come to you : we have exchanged  
Bosoms, Aurelio, from our years of childhood ;  
Let me acknowledge with what pride I own  
A man so faithful, honest, fast, my friend ;  
He whom, if I speak fully, never fail'd,  
By teaching trust to me, to learn of mine :  
I wish'd myself thine equal ; if I aim'd  
Awrong, 'twas in an envy of thy goodness ;  
So dearly (witness with me my integrity)  
I laid thee up to heart, that, from my love,  
My wife was but distinguish'd in her sex :  
Give back that holy signature of friendship,  
Cancell'd, defaced, pluck'd off, or I shall urge  
Accounts, scored on the tally of my vengeance,  
Without all former compliments.

*Aurel.* D'you imagine  
I fawn upon your fortunes, or intrude  
Upon the hope of bettering my estate,  
That you cashier me at a minute's warning ?  
No, Auria, I dare vie with your respects ;  
Put both into the balance, and the poise  
Shall make a settled stand : perhaps the proffer,  
So frankly vow'd at your departure first,  
Of settling me a partner in your purchase,  
Leads you into opinion of some ends  
Of mercenary falsehood ; yet such wrong  
Least suits a noble soul.

*Aur.* By all my sorrows,  
The mention is too coarse.

*Aurel.* Since then the occasion



Auria, come on, this weapon looks not pale

[*Draws.*

At sight of that—Again hear, and believe it,  
What I have done, was well done and well meant;  
Twenty times over, were it new to do,  
I'd do't and do't, and boast the pains religious;  
Yet since you shake me off, I slightly value  
Other severity.

*Aur.* Honour and duty

Stand my compurgators: never did passion  
Purpose ungentle usage of my sword  
Against Aurelio; let me rather want  
My hands, nay, friend, a heart, than ever suffer  
Such dotage enter here. If I must lose  
Spinella, let me not proceed to misery,  
By losing my Aurelio: we, through madness,  
Frame strange conceits in our discoursing brains,  
And prate of things as we pretend they were.  
Join help to mine, good man, and let us listen  
After this straying soul, and, till we find her,  
Bear our discomfort quietly.

*Aurel.* So, doubtless,

She may be soon discover'd.

*Aur.* That's spoke cheerfully.

Why there's a friend now!—Auria and Aurelio  
At odds! oh! it cannot be, must not, and shall  
not.—

*Enter CASTANNA.*

But look, Castanna's here!—welcome, fair figure



Of a choice jewel, lock'd up in a cabinet,  
More precious than the public view should sully.

*Cast.* Sir, how you are inform'd, or on what terms  
Of prejudice against my course or custom,  
Opinion sways your confidence, I know not.  
Much anger, if my fears persuade not falsely,  
Sits on this gentleman's stern brow; yet, sir,  
If an unhappy maid's word may find credit,  
As I wish harm to nobody on earth,  
So would all good folks may wish none to me!

*Aur.* None does, sweet sister.

*Cast.* If they do, dear Heaven  
Forgive them, is my prayer; but, perhaps,  
You might conceive (and yet methinks you should  
not)

How I am faulty in my sister's absence :  
Indeed 'tis nothing so, nor was I knowing  
Of any private speech my lord intended,  
Save civil entertainment : pray, what hurt  
Can fall out in discourse, if it be modest ?  
Sure noblemen will show that they are such  
With those of their own rank ;—and that was all  
My sister can be charged with.

*Aur.* Is't not, friend,  
An excellent maid ?

*Aurel.* Deserves the best of fortunes ;  
I ever spoke her virtuous.

*Cast.* With your leave,  
You used most cruel language to my sister,  
Enough to fright her wits ; not very kind  
To me myself ; she sigh'd when you were gone,

Desired no creature else should follow her;  
And in good truth, I was so full of weeping,  
I mark'd not well which way she went.

*Aur.* Staid she not  
Within the house then?

*Cast.* 'Las, not she!—Aurelio  
Was passing rough.

*Aur.* Strange! nowhere to be found?

*Cast.* Not yet; but on my life, ere many hours,  
I shall hear from her.

*Aur.* Shalt thou? worthy maid,  
Thou hast brought to my sick heart a cordial.—  
Friend,

Good news!—Most sweet Castanna!

*Aurel.* May it prove so. [*Exeunt.*

#### SCENE IV.—*A Street.*

*Enter BENATZI.*

*Ben.* The paper in the purse for my directions  
appointed this the place, the time now; here dance  
I attendance—she is come already.

*Enter LEVIDOLCHE.*

*Lev.* Parado! so I overheard you named.

*Ben.* A mushroom, sprung up in a minute by  
the sunshine of your benevolent grace. Liberality,  
and hospitable compassion, most magnificent  
beauty, have long since lain bed-rid in the ashes  
of the old world, till now your illustrious charity  
hath raked up the dead embers, by giving life to  
a worm inevitably devoted yours, as you shall  
please to new-shape me.

*Lev.* A grateful man, it seems. Where gratitude Has harbour, other furniture, becoming Accomplish'd qualities, must needs inhabit. [*Aside.* What country claims your birth?

*Ben.* None; I was born at sea, as my mother was in passage from Cape Ludugory to Cape Cagliari,<sup>1</sup> toward Africk, in Sardinia; was bred up in Aquilastro, and, at years, put myself in service under the Spanish viceroy, till I was taken prisoner by the Turks. I have tasted in my days handsome store of good and bad, and am thankful for both.

*Lev.* You seem the issue, then, of honest parents.

*Ben.* Reputed no less: many children oftentimes inherit their lands who peradventure never begot them. My mother's husband was a very old man at my birth; but no man is too old to father his wife's child: your servant, I am sure, I will ever prove myself entirely.

*Lev.* Dare you be secret?

*Ben.* Yes.

*Lev.* And sudden?

*Ben.* Yes.

*Lev.* But, withal, sure of hand and spirit?

*Ben.* Yes, ycs, yes.

*Lev.* I use not many words, the time prevents 'em:

A man of quality has robb'd mine honour.

*Ben.* Name him.

*Lev.* Adurni.

<sup>1</sup> *As my mother was in passage from Cape Ludugory to Cape Cagliari.*] Benatzi is sufficiently correct in his geography. In our old maps of Sardinia, the northern division of the island is called *Logudori*, and the southern Cagliari.

*Ben.* He shall bleed.

*Lev.* Malfato

Contemn'd my proffer'd love.

*Ben.* Yoke them in death.—

What's my reward?

*Lev.* Propose it, and enjoy it.

*Ben.* You for my wife.

*Lev.* Ha!

*Ben.* Nothing else : deny me,

And I'll betray your counsels to your ruin ;

Else, do the feat courageously.—Consider.

*Lev.* I do : dispatch the task I have enjoin'd,  
Then claim my promise.

*Ben.* No such matter, pretty one,

We'll marry first,—or—farewell. [Going.

*Lev.* Stay : examine

From my confession what a plague thou draw'st  
Into thy bosom ; though I blush to say it,  
Know, I have, without sense of shame or ho-  
nour,

Forsook a lawful marriage-bed, to dally  
Between Adurni's arms.

*Ben.* This lord's ?

*Lev.* The same.

More ; not content with him, I courted  
A newer pleasure, but was there refused  
By him I named so late.

*Ben.* Malfato ?

*Lev.* Right :

Am henceforth resolutely bent to print  
My follies on their hearts ; then change my life

For some rare penance.\* Canst thou love me  
now?

*Ben.* Better;

I do believe 'tis possible you may mend :  
All this breaks off no bargain.

*Lev.* Accept my hand ; with this a faith as constant  
As vows can urge ; nor shall my haste prevent  
This contract, which death only must divorce.

*Ben.* Settle the time.

*Lev.* Meet here to-morrow night ;  
We will determine further, as behoves us.

*Ben.* How is my new love call'd ?

*Lev.* Levidolche.

Be confident, I bring a worthy portion.—  
But you'll fly off.

*Ben.* Not I, by all that's noble !

A kiss—farewell, dear fate ! [*Erit.*

*Lev.* Love is sharp-sighted,  
And can pierce through the cunning of disguises.  
False pleasures I cashier ye ; fair truth welcome !  
[*Erit.*

\* ————— then change my life

[For some rare penance.] It might almost be conjectured from this passage, that the author really had some Italian story before him. It is the genuine mode of repentance in that country. "Let me only commit a few more crimes, dispatch a few more enemies, and I will then do some rare penance, and amend my life for good and all."

It may seem somewhat extraordinary that Benatzi should not recognize his wife. She, it appears, had discovered him through all his disguises, his military rags and accoutrements, his false beard, &c., whereas he continues ignorant of her, though she meets him without any apparent effort at concealment, affects no change of language, or even of name, and resides with her uncle, with whom Benatzi must have been sufficiently familiar. But there is the old plea—*alter non fit, Avite, liber !* Otherwise, no plot !

## ACT IV. SCENE I.

*A Room in the House of Malfato.*

*Enter Malfato and Spinella.*

*Mal.* Here you are safe, sad cousin; if you please,  
May over-say the circumstance of what  
You late discours'd: mine ears are gladly open,  
For I myself am in such hearty league  
With solitary thoughts, that pensive language  
Charms my attention.

*Spin.* But my husband's honours,  
By how much more in him they sparkle clearly,  
By so much more they tempt belief, to credit  
The wreck and ruin of my injured name.

*Mal.* Why, cousin, should the earth cleave to  
the roots,  
The seas and heavens be mingled in disorder,  
Your purity with unaffrighted eyes  
Might wait the uproar; 'tis the guilty trembles  
At horrors, not the innocent! you are cruel  
In censuring a liberty allow'd.  
Speak freely, gentle cousin, was Adurni  
Importunately wanton?

*Spin.* In excess  
Of entertainment, else not.

*Mal.* Not the boldness  
Of an uncivil courtship ?

*Spin.* What that meant,  
I never understood. I have at once  
Set bars between my best of earthly joys,  
And best of men ; so excellent a man  
As lives without comparison ; his love  
To me was matchless.

*Mal.* Yet put case, sweet cousin,  
That I could name a creature, whose affection  
Followed your Auria in the height ; affection  
To you, even to Spinella, true and settled  
As ever Auria's was, can, is, or will be ;  
You may not chide the story.

*Spin.* Fortune's minions  
Are flatter'd, not the miserable.

*Mal.* Listen  
To a strange tale, which thus the author sigh'd.  
A kinsman of Spinella, (so it runs)  
Her father's sister's son, some time before  
Auria, the fortunate, possess'd her beauties,  
Became enamour'd of such rare perfections  
As she was stored with ; fed his idle hopes  
With possibilities of lawful conquest ;  
Proposed each difficulty in pursuit  
Of what his vain supposal stiled his own ;  
Found in the argument one only flaw  
Of conscience, by the nearness of their bloods—  
Unhappy scruple, easily dispens'd with,  
Had any friend's advice resolv'd the doubt.  
Still on he loved, and loved, and wish'd, and  
wish'd ;

Edison began to speak, yet soon broke off,  
And still the fondling durst not,—'cause he durst  
not.

*Spin.* 'Twas wonderful.

*Mal.* Exceeding wonderful,  
Beyond all wonder; yet 'tis known for truth.  
After her marriage, when remain'd not ought  
Of expectation to such fruitless dotage,  
His reason then,—now,—then—could not reduce  
The violence of passion, though he vow'd  
Ne'er to unlock that secret, scarce to her,  
Herself, Spinella; and withal resolv'd  
Not to come near her presence, but to avoid  
All opportunities, however proffer'd.

*Spin.* An understanding dull'd by the infelicity  
Of constant sorrow, is not apprehensive  
In pregnant novelty; my ears receive  
The words you utter, cousin, but my thoughts  
Are fasten'd on another subject.

*Mal.* Can you  
Embrace, so like a darling, your own woes,  
And play the tyrant with a partner in them?  
Then I am thankful for th' advantage; urg'd  
By fatal and enjoin'd necessity,  
To stand up in defence of injur'd virtue;  
Will, against any, I except no quality,  
Maintain all supposition misapplied,  
Unhonest, false, and villainous.

*Spin.* Dear cousin,  
As you're a gentleman—

*Mal.* I'll bless that hand,



Whose honourable pity seals the passport  
For my incessant turmoils, to their rest.  
If I prevail, (which heaven forbid!) these ages  
Which shall inherit ours, may tell posterity  
Spinella had Malfato for a kinsman,  
By noble love made jealous of her fame.

*Spin.* No more; I dare not hear it.

*Mal.* All is said:

Henceforth shall never syllable proceed,  
From my unpleasant voice, of amorous folly.<sup>5</sup>

*Enter CASTANNA.*

*Cast.* Your summons warn'd me hither; I am  
come.

Sister! my sister, 'twas an unkind part,  
Not to take me along wi' you.

*Mal.* Chide her for it;  
Castanna, this house is as freely yours,  
As ever was your father's.

*Cast.* We conceive so,  
Though your late strangeness hath bred marvel  
in us.

But wherefore, sister, keeps your silence dis-  
tance?

Am I not welcome to you?

<sup>5</sup> Malfato has hitherto appeared to little advantage; but the author makes him full amends in this beautiful scene, and that which follows in the next Act, in which the pure, undeviating attachment of the wife, and the warm, delicate, and honourable affection of the friend are pourtrayed in language worthy of the highest commendation.

*Spin.* Lives Auria safe ?

Oh, prithee do not hear me call him husband,  
Before thou canst resolve what kind of wife  
His fury terms the runaway ; speak quickly,  
Yet do not—stay, Castanna,—I am lost !  
His friend hath set before him a bad woman,  
And he, good man, believes it.

*Cast.* Now in truth—

*Spin.* Hold ! my heart trembles—I perceive thy  
tongue

Is great with ills, and hastes to be deliver'd ;  
I should not use Castanna so. First tell me,  
Shortly and truly tell me, how he does.

*Cast.* In perfect health.

*Spin.* For that, my thanks to Heaven.

*Mal.* The world hath not another wife like this.—

Cousin, you will not hear your sister speak,  
So much your passion rules.

*Spin.* Even what she pleases :

Go on, Castanna.

*Cast.* Your most noble husband  
Is deaf to all reports, and only grieves  
At his soul's love, Spinella's, causeless absence.

*Mal.* Why look ye, cousin, now !

*Spin.* Indeed !

*Cast.* Will value

No counsel, takes no pleasure in his greatness,  
Neither admits of likelihood at all  
That you are living ; if you were, he's certain  
It were impossible you could conceal  
Your welcomes to him, being all one with him ;

But as for jealousy of your dishonour,  
He both laughs at and scorns it.

*Spin.* Does he!

*Mal.* Therein

He shows himself desertful of his happiness.

*Cast.* Methinks the news should cause some  
motion, sister—

You are not well.

*Mal.* Not well!

*Spin.* I am unworthy—

*Mal.* Of whom? what? why?

*Spin.* Go, cousin;—come, Castanna. [*Ereunt.*

SCENE II.—*An Apartment in the House of*  
TRELATIO.

*Enter TRELATIO, PIERO, and FUTELLI.*

*Trel.* The state in council is already set,  
My coming will be late; now therefore, gentle-  
men,

This house is free; as your intents are sober,  
Your pains shall be accepted.

*Fut.* Mirth sometimes  
Falls into earnest, signor.

*Piero.* We, for our parts,  
Aim at the best.

*Trel.* You wrong yourselves and me else:  
Good success to you! [*Erit.*

*Piero.* Futelli, 'tis our wisest course to follow

Our pastime with discretion, by which means  
We may ingratiate, as our business hits,  
Our undertakings to great Auria's favour.

*Fut.* I grow quite weary of this lazy custom,  
Attending on the fruitless hopes of service,  
For meat and rags: a wit? a shrewd preferment  
Study some scurril jests, grow old, and beg!  
No, let them be admired that love foul linen;  
I'll run a new course.

*Piero.* Get the coin we spend,  
And knock them o'er the pate who jeer our  
earnings.—

*Fut.* Hush, man; one suitor comes.

*Piero.* The t'other follows.

*Fut.* Be not so loud—— [Music below.  
Here comes Madonna Sweet-lips;  
Mithtreth, in thooth, forthooth, will lithpe it to  
uth.

*Enter AMORETTA.*

*Amor.* Dentlemen, then ye!<sup>6</sup> Ith thith muthicke  
yourth, or can ye tell what great manth's fiddleth  
made it? tith vedee petty noyth, but who thold  
thend it?

*Piero.* Does not yourself know, lady?

*Amor.* I do not uthe  
To thpend lip-labour upon quethtionths,  
That I mythelfe can anthwer.

<sup>6</sup> *Dentlemen, then ye!*] i. e. *den ye!* good even! The reader  
would scarcely thank me for putting the rest of the pretty lisings  
of this affected fair one into articulate language.

*Fut.* No, sweet madam,  
Your lips are destined to a better use,  
Or else the proverb fails of lipping maids.<sup>7</sup>

*Amor.* Kithing you mean; pay come behind  
with your mockths then.  
My lipthes will therve the one to kith the other—  
How now, whath neckth?

SONG below.

*What, ho! we come to be merry,  
Open the doors, a jovial crew,  
Lusty boys and free, and very,  
Very, very lusty boys are we;  
We can drink till all look blue,  
Dance, sing, and roar,  
Never give o'er,  
As long as we have e'er an eye to see.  
Pithee, pithee, leths come in,  
Oue thall all oua favous win,<sup>8</sup>  
Dently, dently, we thall passe;  
None kitheth like the lithping lasse.*

*Piero.* What call ye this, a song?

*Amor.* Yeth, a delithious thing, and wondroth  
prety.

*Fut.* A very country-catch! (*Aside.*)—Doubtless,  
some prince

Belike, hath sent it to congratulate  
Your night's repose.

*Amor.* Thinke ye tho, thignior?

<sup>7</sup> Or else the proverb fails.] See the last line of the song; it seems to have come very opportunely for the purpose of explanation.

<sup>8</sup> Oue thall all oua favous win.] *Opus est interprete.* We shall all your favours win.

It muth be then thome unknowne obthcure printh,  
That thuns the light.

*Piero.* Perhaps the prince of darkness.

*Amor.* Of darkneth! what ith he?

*Fut.* A courtier matchless;

He woos and wins more beauties to his love  
Than all the kings on earth.

*Amor.* Whea thandth hith court, pey?

*Fut.* This gentleman approaching, I presume,  
Has more relation to his court than I,  
And comes in time t'inform ye.

*Enter FULGOSO.*

*Amor.* Think ye tho?

I'm thure you know him.

*Piero.* Lady, you'll perceive it.

*Ful.* She seems in my first entrance to admire  
me:

Protest she eyes me round; *Fulg.* she's thine  
own! [*Aside.*]

*Piero.* Noble Fulgoso.

*Ful.* Did you hear the music?

'Twas I that brought it; was't not tickling? ah, ha!

*Amor.* Pay, what pinth thent it?

*Ful.* Prince! no prince, but we;

We set the ditty, and composed the song;

There's not a note or foot in't but our own,

And the pure trodden mortar of this brain:

We can do things and things.

*Amor.* Dood! thing't youa thelfe then.

*Ful.* Nay, nay, I could never sing



*Ful.* Oh, Don, keep off at further distance ; yet  
A little farther ; do you not observe  
How your strong breath hath terrified the lady ?

*Guz.* I'll stop the breath of war, and breathe as  
gently

As a perfumed pair of sucking bellows  
In some sweet lady's chamber ; for I can  
Speak lion-like, or sheep-like, when I please.

*Ful.* Stand by, then, without noise, a while,  
brave Don,

And let her only view your parts ; they'll take her.

*Guz.* I'll publish them in silence.

*Piero.* Stand you there,  
Fulgoso the magnificent.

*Ful.* Here ?

*Piero.* Just there :  
Let her survey you both ; you'll be her choice  
Ne'er doubt it, man.

*Ful.* I cannot doubt it, man.

*Piero.* But speak not till I bid you.

*Ful.* I may whistle ?

*Piero.* A little to yourself, to spend the time.

*Amor.* Both foolth, you thay ?

*Ful.* But hear them for your sport.

*Piero.* Don shall begin.—Begin, Don ; she has  
survey'd  
Your outwards and your inwards, through the  
rents

And wounds of your apparel.

*Guz.* She is politic ;  
My outside, lady, shrouds a prince obscured.



*Amor.* I thank ye for your muthicke, printh.

*Guz.* My words

Are music to her.

[*Aside.*

*Amor.* The muthicke and the thong

You thent me by thith whithling thing, your man.

*Guz.* She took him for my man! love, thou wert just.

[*Aside.*

*Ful.* I will not hold;—his man! 'tis time to speak

Before my time; oh scurvy, I his man,

That has no means for meat, or rags and seam-rents!

*Guz.* Have I with this one rapier—

*Piero.* He has no other.

*Guz.* Pass'd through a field of pikes, whose heads I lopt

As easily as the bloody-minded youth

Lopt off the poppy-heads?<sup>9</sup>

*Ful.* The puppet-heads.

*Guz.* Have I——have I——have I?

*Ful.* Thou liest, thou hast not,

And I'll maintain't.

*Guz.* Have I—but let that pass;

For though my famous acts were damn'd to silence,

Yet my descent shall crown me thy superior.

*Amor.* That I would lichen to.

<sup>9</sup> *Guz.* *Lopt off the poppy-heads?*

*Ful.* *The puppet-heads.*] The Don seems the better scholar of the two; he alludes to Tarquin, and Fulgoso corrects him out of Don Quixote. The poetical rant which Ford occasionally puts into Guzman's mouth is an evident burlesque of some piece then on the stage.

*Guz.* List and wonder.

My great-great-grandsire was an ancient duke,  
Stiled Desver di Gonzado.<sup>1</sup>

*Fut.* That's, in Spanish,  
An incorrigible rogue, without a fellow,  
An unmatch'd rogue: he thinks we understand  
not.

*Guz.* So was my grandfather, hight Argozile.

*Fut.* An arrant, arrant thief-leader; pray mark  
it.

*Guz.* My grandsire by the mother's side a  
conde,  
Conde Scrivano.

*Fut.* A crop-ear'd scrivener.

*Guz.* Whose son, my mother's father, was a  
marquis,

Hijo di puto.

*Piero.* That's the son of a whore.

*Guz.* And my renowned sire, Don Picaro,—

*Fut.* In proper sense, a rascal—O, brave Don!

*Guz.* Hijo di una pravada—

*Piero.* He goes on,

Son of a branded bitch—high-spirited Don!

*Guz.* Had honours both by sea and land, to  
wit—

<sup>1</sup> *Desver* [*di* *Gonzado*,] i. e. *Desvergonzado*; shameless; or, as it is expounded with sufficient accuracy by the learned Futelli, "a rogue without a fellow." Ford probably had his scraps out of the Spanish grammar, and is hardly worth amending, (even supposing that he meant to be correct, which is doubtful,) either here, or in the balderdash which follows.

*Fut.* The gallies and Bridewell.

*Ful.* I'll not endure it.

To hear a canting mongrel—hear me, lady!

*Guz.* 'Tis no fair play.

*Ful.* I care not, fair or foul.—

I from a king derive my pedigree,  
King Oberon by name, from whom my father,  
The mighty and courageous Mountibanco,  
Was lineally descended; and my mother  
(In right of whose blood, I must ever honour  
The lower Germany) was a Harlequin.

*Fut.* He'll blow up

The Spaniard presently by his mother's side.

*Ful.* Her father was Grave Hans Van Herne,  
the son

Of Hogen Mogen, dat de droates did sneighen  
Of veirteen hundred Spaniards in one neict.

*Guz.* Oh, diablo!

*Ful.* Ten thousand devils, nor diabolos,  
Shall fright me from my pedigree.—My uncle,  
Yacob Van Flagon-drought, with Abraham Snor-  
ten-fert,

And yongster Brogen-foh, with fourscore hargu-  
bush,

Managed by well lined butter-boxes, took  
A thousand Spanish jobbernowls by surprise,  
And beat a scone about their ears.

*Guz.* My fury

Is now but justice on thy forfeit life. [Draws.

*Amor.* 'Lath, they thall not fight.

*Fut.* Fear not, sweet lady.

*Piero.* Be advised, great spirits.

*Ful.* My fortunes bid me to be wise in duels ;  
Else hang't, who cares ?

*Guz.* Mine honour is my tutor,  
Already tried and known.

*Fut.* Why, there's the point,  
Mine honour is my tutor too. Noble men  
Fight in their persons! scorn't! 'tis out of fashion ;  
There's none but hare-brain'd youths of mettle  
use it.

*Piero.* Yet put not up your swords ; it is the  
pleasure  
Of the fair lady that you quit the field,  
With brandish'd blades in hand.

*Fut.* And more, to show  
Your suffering valour, as her equal favours,  
You both should take a competence of kicks.

*Both.* How ?

*Fut. and Piero.* Thus and thus! [*kicking them,*]  
away, you brace of stinkards!

*Ful.* Pheugh! as it were.— [*Whistles.*

*Guz.* Why, since it is her pleasure,  
I dare and will endure it.

*Ful.* Pheugh!

*Piero.* Away,  
But stay below.

*Fut.* Budge not, I charge ye,  
Till you have further leave.

*Guz.* Mine honour claims  
The last foot in the field.

*Ful.* I'll lead the van then.

*Fut.* Yet more ? begone ! [*Exeunt FULG. and GUZ.*  
Are not these precious suitors—

*Re-enter TRELCAIO.*

*Trel.* What tumults fright the house ?

*Fut.* A brace of castrels,  
That flutter'd, sir, about this lovely game,  
Your daughter ; but they durst not give the souse,  
And so took hedge.

*Piero.* Mere haggards, buzzards, kites.

*Amor.* I thkorne thuch trumpery ; and will  
thape my luffe,  
Henthforth, ath thall my father betht direct me.

*Trel.* Why now thou sing'st in tune, my Amo-  
retta ;  
And, my good friends, you have, like wise phy-  
sicians,  
Prescribed a healthful diet : I shall think on  
A bounty for your pains, and will present ye  
To noble Auria, such as your descents  
Commend ;<sup>2</sup> but for the present we must quit  
This room to privacy : they come——

*Amor.* Nay, predee,  
Leave me not, dentlemen.

*Fut.* We are your servants. [*Exeunt.*

*Enter AURIA, ADURNI, and AURELIO.*

*Aur.* You are welcome, be assured you are ; for  
proof,

<sup>2</sup> ——— such as your descents

*Commend ;]* I have not ventured to alter the text ; but, surely,  
*descents* should be *deserts*.

Retrieve the boldness (as you please to term it)  
Of visit to commands : if this man's presence  
Be not of use, dismiss him.

*Adur.* 'Tis, with favour,  
Of consequence, my lord, your friend may witness  
How far my reputation stands engaged  
To noble reconciliation.

*Aur.* I observe  
No party here amongst us, who can challenge  
A motion of such honour.

*Adur.* Could your looks  
Borrow more clear serenity and calmness,  
Than can the peace of a composed soul ;  
Yet, I presume, report of my attempt,  
Train'd by a curiosity in youth  
For scattering clouds before 'em, hath rais'd tem-  
pests  
Which will at last break out.

*Aur.* Hid now, most likely,  
I' the darkness of your speech.

*Aurel.* You may be plainer.

*Adur.* I shall, my lord ; that I intended wrong—

*Aur.* Ha ! wrong ! to whom ?

*Adur.* To Auria ; and as far  
As language could prevail, did——

*Aur.* Take advice,  
Young lord, before your tongue betray a secret  
Conceal'd yet from the world ; hear and consider :  
In all my flight of vanity and giddiness,  
When scarce the wings of my excess were fledg'd,  
When a distemperature of youthful heat

Might have excus'd disorder and ambition,  
Even then, and so from thence till now the down  
Of softness is exchang'd for plumes of age,  
Confirm'd and harden'd,' never durst I pitch  
On any, howsoever likely, rest,  
Where the presumption might be construed  
wrong;

The word is hateful, and the sense wants pardon.  
For, as I durst not wrong the meanest, so  
He who but only aim'd, by any boldness,  
A wrong to me, should find I must not bear it;  
The one is as unmanly as the other.—  
Now, without interruption.

*Adur.* Stand, Aurelio,  
And justify thine accusation boldly ;  
Spare me the needless use of my confession ;  
And, having told no more, than what thy jealousy  
Possess'd thee with, again before my face,  
Urge to thy friend the breach of hospitality  
Adurni trespass in, and thou conceiv'st,  
Against Spinella ; [when thy] proofs grow faint,<sup>4</sup>  
If barely not suppos'd, I'll answer guilty.

**Aurel.** You come not here to brave us?

*Adur.* No, Aurelio;

**3** \_\_\_\_\_ *now the down*

Of softness is exchange'd for plumes of age, &c.] This is at once a correct translation, and a good comment on the well-known line,

"*Insuperata tuæ cum veniet pluma superbiæ,*" which has sorely perplexed the critics.

\* When thy proofs grow faint ] This is formed by conjecture out of *why*, (the old reading,) which has no sense here, and which the defect of metre shows to be made up of some dropt word.

But to reply upon that brittle evidence,  
To which thy cunning never shall rejoin.  
I make my judge my jury; be accountant  
Whether, with all the eagerness of spleen  
Of a suspicious rage can plead, thou hast  
Enforced the likelihood of scandal.

*Aurel.* Doubt not  
But that I have deliver'd honest truth,  
As much as I believe, and justly witness.

*Adur.* Loose grounds to raise a bulwark of reproach on!  
And thus for that—My errand hither is not  
In whining, truant-like submission,  
To cry, "I have offended, pray, forgive me;  
I will do so no more:" but to proclaim  
The power of virtue, whose commanding sovereignty  
Sets bounds to rebel-bloods; and checks, restrains,  
Custom of folly; by example teaches  
A rule to reformation; by rewards,  
Crowns worthy actions, and invites to honour.  
*Aurel.* Honour and worthy actions best beseem  
Their lips who practise both, and not discourse  
'em.

*Aur.* Peace, peace, man; I am silent.

*Adur.* Some there are,  
And they not few in number, who resolve  
No beauty can be chaste, unless attempted;<sup>5</sup>

<sup>5</sup> *No beauty can be chaste, unless attempted.*] The old copy reads "less unattempted." The speaker seems to allude to the



And, for because the liberty of courtship  
Flies from the wanton, on the her comes next,  
Meeting oft-times too many soon seduced,  
Conclude, all may be won by gifts, by service,  
Or compliments of vows : and with this file  
I stood in rank ; conquest secured my confidence.  
Spinella—storm not, Auria—was an object  
Of study for fruition ; here I angled,  
Not doubting the deceit could find resistance.

*Aurel.* After confession, follows——

*Aur.* Noise ! observe him.

*Adur.* Oh, strange ! by all the comforts of my  
hopes,

I found a woman good ;—a woman good !  
Yet, as I wish belief, or do desire  
A memorable mention, so much majesty  
Of humbleness, and scorn, appear'd at once  
In fair, in chaste, in wise Spinella's eyes,  
That I grew dull in utterance, and one frown  
From her, cool'd every flame of sensual appetite.

*Aur.* On, sir, and do not stop.

*Adur.* Without protests,

I pleaded merely love, used not a syllable,  
But what a virgin might, without a blush,  
Have listen'd to, and, not well arm'd, have pitied ;  
But she neglecting, cry'd, " Come, Auria, come,  
Fight for thy wife at home ! " then in rush'd you,  
sir,

*Parliament of Love*, where this thorny question is treated with great clearness and spirit by the Lady Bellisant.—*Mass.* vol. ii. p. 243. The error, if there be one, consists simply in the accidental separation and misplacement of *un*.

Talk'd in much fury, parted; when as soon  
The lady vanish'd, after her the rest.

*Aur.* What follow'd?

*Adur.* My commission on mine error;<sup>a</sup>  
In execution whereof I have proved  
So punctually severe, that I renounce  
All memory, not to this one fault alone,  
But to my other greater, and more irksome.  
Now he, whoever owns a name, that construes  
This repetition the report of fear,  
Of falsehood, or imposture, let him tell me,  
I give myself the lie, and I will clear  
The injury, and man to man;—or, if  
Such justice may prove doubtful, two to two,  
Or three to three, or any way reprieve  
The opinion of my forfeit, without blemish.

*Aur.* Who can you think I am? did you expect  
So great a tameness as you find, Adurni,  
That you cast loud defiance? say—

*Adur.* I have robb'd you  
Of rigour, Auria, by my strict self-penance,  
For the presumption.

*Aur.* Sure, Italians hardly  
Admit dispute in questions of this nature;  
The trick is new.

*Adur.* I find my absolution,  
By vows of change from all ignoble practice.

<sup>a</sup> *Aur.* What follow'd?

*Adur.* *My commission on mine error.*] This drama is so carelessly printed, as almost to justify the suspicion of an error whenever the text, as in the present instance, appears singularly involved, and obscure: *commission*, (which is not readily explicable,) has here, perhaps, if we may judge from Adurni's two next speeches, usurped the place of *contrition*.

*Aur.* Why look ye, friend, I told you this before ;

You would not be persuaded :—let me think—

[ *Walks apart.*

*Aurel.* You do not yet deny that you solicited  
The lady to ill purpose.

*Adur.* I have answer'd ;  
But it return'd much quiet to my mind,  
Perplex'd with rare commotions.

*Aur.* That's the way ;  
It smooths all rubs.

*Aurel.* My lord ?

*Aur.* Foh ! I am thinking——  
You may talk forward.—If it take, 'tis clear ;  
And then—and then,—and so—and so—

*Adur.* You labour  
With curious engines, sure.

*Aur.* Fine ones ! I take you  
To be a man of credit ; else—

*Adur.* Suspicion  
Is needless, know me better.

*Aur.* Yet you must not  
Part from me, sir.

*Adur.* For that, your pleasure.

*Aur.* “ Come,  
Fight for thy wife at home, my Auria ! ”—Yes,  
We can fight, my Spinella, when thine honour  
Relies upon a champion.——

*Re-enter TRELCAIO.*

Now ?

*Trel.* My lord,

Castanna, with her sister, and Malfato  
Are newly enter'd.

*Aur.* Be not loud ; convey them  
Into the gallery.—Aurelio, friend,  
Adurni, lord, we three will sit in council,  
And piece a hearty league, or scuffle shrewdly.  
[*Exeunt.*

## ACT V. SCENE I.

*A Room in the House of MARTINO.*

*Enter MARTINO, BENATZI, and LEVIDOLCHE.*

*Mart.* Ruffian, out of my doors ! thou com'st  
to rob me.—

An officer ! what, ho !—my house is haunted  
By a lewd pack of thieves, of harlots, murderers,  
Rogues, vagabonds ! I foster a decoy here ;  
And she trowls on her ragged customer,  
To cut my throat for pillage.

*Lev.* Good sir, hear me.

*Ben.* Hear or not hear,—let him rave his lungs  
out——whilst this woman hath abode under this  
roof, I will justify myself her bedfellow in despite  
of denial ; in despite—those are my words.

*Mart.* Monstrous !

Why, sirrah, do I keep a bawdy-house,  
An hospital for pandars ? Oh, thou monster,  
Thou she-confusion ! are you grown so rampant,



death, signior Martino, to preserve your sleeps, and such as you are, untroubled. A soldier is in peace a mockery, a very town-bull for laughter; unthrifths, and landed babies are prey curmudgeons lay their baits for. Let the wars rattle about your ears once, and the security of a soldier is right honourable amongst ye then; that day may shine again. So to my business.

*Mart.* A soldier! thou a soldier! I do believe Thou'rt lowsy; that's a pretty sign I grant:—  
A villainous poor banditti rather; one  
Can man a quean, and cant, and pick a pocket,  
Pad for a cloak, or hat, and, in the dark,  
Pistol a straggler for a quarter-ducat.  
A soldier! yes,—he looks as if he had not  
The spirit of a herring, or a tumbler.\*

*Ben.* Let age and dotage rage together! Levi-dolche, thou art mine; on what conditions the world shall soon witness: yet since our hands join'd, I have not interess'd my possession of thy bed; nor till I have accounted to thy injunction, do I mean: kiss me quick, and resolute, so!—adieu, signor!

*Lev.* Dear, 'for love's sake, stay.

*Ben.* Forbear entreaties.

[*Exit.*

\* ————— or a tumbler.] A species of hound. Jonson uses the word as synonymous with *setting* dog; "Away, setter, away; yet stay, my little tumbler."—vol. ii. p. 407. In the *Gentleman's Recreation*, where a full description of the animal's qualities will be found, he is said to be justly called a mongrel greyhound.

*Mart.* Ah, thou—but what? I know not how  
to call thee:

Fain would I smother grief, [but] out it must;  
My heart is broke: thou hast for many a day  
Been at a loss, and now art lost for ever;  
Lost, lost, without recovery.

*Lev.* With pardon,  
Let me restrain your sorrows.\*

*Mart.* 'Tis impossible;  
Despair of rising up to honest fame  
Turns all the courses wild, and this last action  
Will roar thy infamy.—Then you are certainly  
Married, forsooth, unto this new-come?

*Lev.* Yes,  
And herein every hope is brought to life,  
Which long hath lain in deadness; I have once  
more

Wedded Benatzi, my divorced husband.

*Mart.* Benatzi! this the man?

*Lev.* No odd disguise  
Could guard him from discovery; 'tis he,  
The choice of my ambition; heaven preserve me  
Thankful for such a bounty! yet he dreams not  
Of this deceit; but let me die in speaking,  
If I repute not my success more happy  
Than any earthly blessing. Oh! sweet uncle,  
Rejoice with me; I am a faithful convert,

\* *Let me restrain your sorrows.*] The quarto reads *retain*. There is something very extraordinary in the construction of this part of the plot. But see page 353.

And will redeem the stains of a foul name,  
By love and true obedience.

*Mart.* Force of passion  
Shows me a child again. Do, Levidolche,  
Perform thy resolutions; those perform'd,  
I have been only steward for your welfare,  
You shall have all between ye.

*Lev.* Join with me, sir;  
Our plot requires much speed; we must be earnest.  
I'll tell you what conditions threaten danger,  
Unless you intermediate; let us hasten,  
For fear we come too late.

*Mart.* As thou intendest  
A virtuous honesty, I am thy second  
To any office, Levidolche witty,  
My niece, my witty niece.

*Lev.* Let's slack no time, sir.

[*Exeunt.*]

## SCENE II.

*An Apartment in TRELCATIO's House.*

*Enter TRELCATIO, MALFATO, SPINELLA, and  
CASTANNA.*

*Trel.* Kinsman and ladies, have a little patience.  
All will be as you wish: I'll be your warrant,



Fear nothing; Auria is a noble fellow.

I leave ye; but, be sure, I am in hearing:

Take courage. [*Exit.*

*Mal.* Courage! they who have no hearts,  
Find none to lose; ours is as great as his,  
Who defies danger most.—Sure, state and cere-  
mony

Inhabit here. Like strangers, we shall wait

Formality of entertainment. Cousin,

Let us return; 'tis paltry.

*Spin.* Gentle sir,  
Confine your passion; my attendance only  
Commends a duty.

*Cast.* Now, for Heaven's sake, sister!—  
He comes, your husband comes; take comfort,  
sister.

*Enter AURIA and AURELIO.*

*Aur.* Malfato!

*Mal.* Auria!

*Aur.* Cousin, would mine arms,  
In their embraces, might at once deliver  
Affectionately what interest your merit  
Holds in my estimation! I may chide  
The coyness of this intercourse betwixt us,  
Which a retired privacy on your part  
Hath pleas'd to show: if ought of my endeavours  
Can purchase kind opinion, I shall honour  
The means and practice.

*Mal.* 'Tis your charity.

*Aurel.* Worthy Malfato!

*Mal.* Provident Aurelio!

*Aur.* Castanna, virtuous maid!

*Cast.* Your servant, brother.

*Aur.* But who's that other? such a face mine eyes  
Have been acquainted with; the sight resembles  
Something which is not quite lost to remembrance.

[*SPINELLA kneels.*

Why does the lady kneel? to whom? pray rise;  
I shall forget civility of manners,  
Imagining you tender a false tribute,  
Or him to whom you tender it, a counterfeit.

[*She rises.*

*Mal.* My lord, you use a borrow'd bravery,  
Not suiting fair constructions: may your fortunes  
Mount higher than can apprehension reach 'em!  
Yet this waste kind of antic sovereignty  
Unto a wife who equals every best  
Of your deserts, achievements, or prosperity,  
Bewrays a barrenness of noble nature:  
Let upstarts exercise uncomely roughness,  
Clear spirits to the humble will be humble.—  
You know your wife, no doubt.

*Aur.* 'Cry ye mercy, gentleman!  
Belike you come to tutor a good carriage,  
Are expert in the nick on't: we shall study  
Instructions quaintly—"wife," you said? agreed.  
Keep fair, and stand the trial.

*Spin.* Those words raise  
A lively soul in her, who almost yielded  
To faintness and stupidity; I thank ye:

Though prove what judge you will, till I can  
purge

Objections which require belief and conscience,  
I have no kindred, sister, husband, friend,  
Or pity for my plea.

*Mal.* Call ye this welcome?

We are mistook, Castanna.

*Cast.* Oh! my lord,

Other respects were promised.

*Aur.* Said ye, lady,

“No kindred, sister, husband, friend”?

*Spin.* Nor name;

With this addition—I disclaim all benefit  
Of mercy from a charitable thought;  
If one or all the subtleties of malice,  
If any engineer of faithless discord,  
If supposition for pretence in folly,  
Can point out, without injury to goodness,  
A likelihood of guilt in my behaviour,  
Which may declare neglect in every duty,  
Required, fit, or exacted.

*Aur.* High and peremptory!

The confidence is masculine.

*Mal.* Why not?

An honourable cause gives life to truth,  
Without controul.

*Spin.* I can proceed; that tongue,

Whose venom, by traducing spotless honour,  
Hath spread th’ infection—is not more mine  
enemy,

Than their’s, or his weak and besotted brains are,

On whom the poison of its canker'd falsehood  
Hath wrought for credit to so foul a mischief.  
Speak, sir, the churlish voice of this combustion,  
Aurelio, speak ; nor, gentle sir, forbear  
Ought what you know, but roundly use your  
eloquence

Against a mean defendant.

*Mal.* He's put to't ;

It seems the challenge gravels him.

*Aurel.* My intelligence

Was issue of my doubts, not of my knowledge.

A self-confession may crave assistance ;

Let the lady's justice [then] impose the penance.

So, in the rules of friendship, as of love,

Suspicion is not seldom an improper

Advantage for the knitting faster joints

Of faithfullest affection, by the fevers

Of casualty unloos'd, where lastly error

Hath run into the toil.

*Spin.* Woful satisfaction

For a divorce of hearts !

*Aur.* So resolute ?

I shall touch nearer home : behold these hairs,

Great masters of a spirit,<sup>9</sup> yet they are not

By winter of old age quite hid in snow ;

Some messengers of time, I must acknowledge,

Amongst them took up lodging ; when we first

<sup>9</sup> ————— Behold these hairs,

Great masters of a spirit, &c.]

Lenit albescens animos capillus,

Litium et rixæ cupidos, &c.

See the Introduction, page clviii.



Allow the fact, and spurn her from our bloods :  
Else, not detected, you have wrong'd her innocence  
Unworthily and childishly, for which  
I challenge satisfaction.

*Cast.* 'Tis a tyranny  
Over an humble and obedient sweetness.  
Ungently to insult.

*Enter ADURNI.*

*Adur.* That I make good,  
And must without exception find admittance,  
Fitting the party who hath herein interest.  
Put case I was in fault, that fault stretch'd merely  
To a misguided thought; and who in presence,  
Except the pair of sisters, fair and matchless,  
Can quit an imputation of like folly ?  
Here I ask pardon, excellent Spinella,  
Of only you; that granted, he amongst you,  
Who calls an even reckoning, shall meet  
An even accountant.

*Aur.* Baited by confederacy !  
I must have right.

*Spin.* And I, my lord, my lord—  
What stir and coil is here! you can suspect?  
So reconciliation then is needless:—  
Conclude the difference by revenge, or part,  
And never more see one another. Sister,  
Lend me thine arm; I have assumed a courage  
Above my force, and can hold out no longer:  
Auria, unkind, unkind!

*Cast.* She faints.

*Aur.* Spinella!

Regent of my affections, thou hast conquer'd:  
I find thy virtues as I left them, perfect,  
Pure and unflaw'd; for instance, let me claim  
Castanna's promise.

*Cast.* Mine?

*Aur.* Yours, to whose faith  
I am a guardian, not by imposition,  
But by you chosen. Look you, I have fitted  
A husband for you, noble and deserving;  
No shrinking back. Adurni, I present her,  
A wife of worth.

*Mal.* How's that?

*Adur.* So great a blessing  
Crowns all desires of life.—The motion, lady,  
To me, I can assure you, is not sudden;  
But welcomed and forethought; would you could  
please  
To say the like!

*Aur.* Castanna, do.—Speak, dearest,  
It rectifies all crooked, vain surmises;  
I prithee speak.

*Spin.* The courtship's somewhat quick,  
The match it seems agreed on; do not, sister,  
Reject the use of fate.

*Cast.* I dare not question  
The will of heaven.

*Mal.* Unthought of and unlook'd for!

*Spin.* My ever honoured lord.

*Aurel.* This marriage frees  
Each circumstance of jealousy.

*Aur.* Make no scruple,  
Castanna, of the choice; 'tis firm and real:  
Why else have I so long with tameness nourish'd  
Report of wrongs, but that I fix'd on issue  
Of my desires? Italians use not dalliance,  
But execution: herein I degenerated  
From custom of our nation; for the virtues  
Of my Spinella rooted in my soul,

\* \* \* \* \*

Yet common form of matrimonial compliments,  
Short-liv'd as are their pleasures.—Yet in sooth,  
My dearest, I might blame your causeless absence,  
To whom my love and nature were no strangers:  
But being in your kinsman's house, I honour  
His hospitable friendship, and must thank it.  
Now lasting truce on all hands.

*Aurel.* You will pardon  
A rash and over-busy curiosity.

*Spin.* It was to blame; but the success remits it.

*Adur.* Sir, what presumptions formerly have  
grounded

\* ————— for the virtues

Of my Spinella rooted in my soul,

Yet common form of matrimonial compliments,

*Short-liv'd as are their pleasures.*] This passage, as it stands in the quarto, is scarcely intelligible. What Auria apparently means to urge is, that the virtues of his wife, of which he was firmly persuaded, triumphed over, or were too great for the flattering, "yet common form, &c.": a verse, therefore, if not more, has been lost at the press. It may be added here, that Ford has imitated himself, in some measure, and awkwardly removed the suspicions of Aurelio, as he had previously done those of Romanello, in the Fancies, by an unlooked for marriage.



Opinion of unfitting carriage to you,  
On my part I shall faithfully acquit  
At easy summons.

*Mal.* You prevent the nicety ;  
Use your own pleasure—

*BENATZI rushes in with his sword drawn, followed by  
LEVIDOLCHE and MARTINO.*

*Aurel.* What's the matter ?

*Aur.* Matter ?

*Ben.* Adurni and Malfato found together !  
Now for a glorious vengeance.

*Lev.* Hold, oh, hold him !

*Aurel.* This is no place for murder ; yield thy  
sword.

*Aur.* Yield it, or force it ; [*Ben. is disarmed*] set  
you up your shambles  
Of slaughter in my presence ?

*Adur.* Let him come.

*Mal.* What can the ruffian mean ?

*Ben.* I am prevented ;  
The temple or the chamber of the Duke,  
Had else not proved a sanctuary. Lord,  
Thou hast dishonourably wrong'd my wife.

*Adur.* Thy wife ! I know not her, nor thee.

*Aur.* Fear nothing.

*Lev.* Yes, me you know. Heaven has a gentle  
mercy

For penitent offenders : blessed ladies,  
Repute me not a cast-away, though once

I fell into some lapses, which our sex  
Are oft entangled by; yet what I have been  
Concerns me now no more, who am resolv'd  
On a new life. This gentleman, Benatzi,  
Disguised as you see, I have re-married.—  
I knew you at first sight, and tender constantly  
Submission for all errors.

*Mart.* Nay, 'tis true, sir.

*Ben.* I joy in the discovery, am thankful<sup>1</sup>  
Unto the change.

*Aur.* Let wonder henceforth cease,  
For I am partner with Benatzi's counsels,  
And in them was director: I have seen  
The man do service in the wars late past,  
Worthy an ample mention; but of that  
At large hereafter, repetitions now  
Of good or bad, would straiten time, presented  
For other use.

*Mart.* Welcome, and welcome ever.

*Lev.* Mine eyes, sir, never shall without a blush  
Receive a look from yours; please to forget  
All passages of rashness; such attempt  
Was mine, and only mine.

<sup>1</sup> *I joy in the discovery, am thankful*

*Unto the change.*] Benatzi takes the matter with all due composure. That his precious moiety should recognize him through his rags, his formidable mustachoes, and his Pistol-like demeanour, is natural enough; the wonder is, that Benatzi should not recollect her. She wore no disguise; she retains the name by which he married her; she still lived, as before, with her foolish uncle, and she confides to him a part of her history, in which he was a sharer. The author seems to have discovered all this, when it was too late; and has just allowed us to surmise, from Auria's next speech, that the "re-married gentleman" might not be so complete a dupe as he appears.

*Mal.* You have found a way  
To happiness ; I honour the conversion.

*Adur.* Then I am freed.

*Mal.* May style your friend your servant.

*Mart.* Now all that's mine is theirs.

*Adur.* But let me add  
An offering to the altar of this peace.

*(Gives her money.)*

*Aur.* How likes Spinella this ? our holiday  
Deserves the kalendar.

*Spin.* This gentlewoman  
Reform'd, must in my thoughts live fair and  
worthy.

Indeed you shall. *(Offering her money.)*

*Cast.* And mine ; the novelty  
Requires a friendly love.

*Lev.* You are kind and bountiful.

*Enter TRELCATIO, FUTELLI, AMORETTA, PIERO,  
driving in FULGOSO and GUZMAN.*

*Trel.* By your leaves, lords and ladies ! to your  
jollities,  
I bring increase with mine too ; here's a youngster  
Whom I call son-in-law, for so my daughter  
Will have it. *(Presenting Fut.)*

*Amor.* Yeth, in sooth thee will.

*Trel.* Futelli  
Hath wean'd her from this pair.

*Piero.* Stand forth, stout lovers.

*Trel.* Top and top-gallant pair—and for his  
pains,  
She will have him or none. He's not the richest  
I'th' parish; but a wit: I say, amen,  
Because I cannot help it.

*Amor.* Tith no matter.

*Aur.* We'll remedy the penury of fortune;  
They shall with us to Corsica. Our cousin  
Must not despair of means, since 'tis believed  
Futelli can deserve a place of trust.

*Fut.* You are in all unfellow'd.

*Amor.* Withly thpoken.

*Piero.* Think on Piero, sir.

*Aur.* Piero, yes;  
But what of these two pretty ones?

*Ful.* I'll follow  
The ladies, play at cards, make sport, and whistle,  
My purse shall bear me out: a lazy life  
Is scurvy and debosh'd; fight you abroad,  
And we'll be gaming, whilst you fight, at home,  
Run high, run low, here is a brain can do't—  
But for my martial brother Don, pray ye make  
him

A—what-d'ye call't—a setting dog,—a sentinel;  
I'll mend his weekly pay.

*Guz.* He shall deserve it.  
Vouchsafe employment, honourable—

*Ful.* Marry,  
The Don's a generous Don.

*Aur.* Unfit to lose him.  
Command doth limit us short time for revels;

We must be thrifty in them. None, I trust,  
Repines at these delights, they are free and harm-  
less :

After distress at sea, the dangers o'er,  
Safety and welcomes better taste ashore.

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This Drama, like *Perkin Warbeck*, has been somewhat too lightly regarded. The plot, indeed, is simple, and the poet has not availed himself of the interest of which even that simplicity was susceptible ; but the characters are well discriminated, and strongly marked. The high-spirited, pure-minded Spinella ; the uxorious, sensitive, and noble Auria ; and the rash, repentant, and dignified Adurni, do credit to the author's powers of conception : nor is the next trio, the faithful sister, the silent devoted lover, and the suspicious, gloomy, and selfish friend, to be passed without praise. The more serious scenes are beautifully written ; and the situation, if not the language of some of the speakers in them, is well calculated to excite that tender feeling which melts the heart in almost every drama of this pathetic writer.

Either by accident or design, the humbler characters of the *Lady's Trial* are inoffensive ; they are occasionally even amusing, and lead us to wish that Ford had suspected his want of genuine humour, and recollected, before he closed his theatrical career, (for this was probably his last play,) that a dull medley of extravagance and impurity was poorly calculated to supply the defect.

## EPILOGUE.

**THE** court's on rising ; 'tis too late  
To wish the lady in her fate  
Of trial now more fortunate.

A verdict in the jury's breast,  
Will be giv'n up anon at least,  
Till then 'tis fit we hope the best.

Else if there can be any stay,  
Next sitting without more delay,  
We will expect a gentle day.



**THE SUN'S DARLING.**

**A MORAL MASQUE.**



**BY JOHN FORD AND THOMAS DECKER.**



## THE SUN'S DARLING.

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THE title of the old copy runs thus : "The Sun's Darling: A Moral Masque : As it hath been often presented by their Majesties servants, at the Cock-pit in Drury-lane, with great applause. Written by John Foard and Tho. Decker, Gent. London, printed by T. Bell, for Andrew Penneycuicke, Anno Dom. 1657. 4to." It appears from the Henslowe papers, (examined by Mr. Malone,) that a play of this name was on the acting-stock of the Rose Theatre. This might probably be the first sketch of the present Masque as furnished by Decker, who is known to have written for that theatre ; and Ford might have been called in to assist him, when the growing taste of the times rendered it necessary to recast or improve the original plot. This was no uncommon circumstance : many of the popular pieces of the old stage, such as Jeronymo, the Virgin Martyr, &c., having been re-produced, with large "adlycions." In its present state, the Sun's Darling was presented in March, 1623-4. It seems to have been a favourite with the people, an advantage which it owed, perhaps, in some degree, to its activity and bustle, its May-games, its songs, and its dances.

TO

THE RIGHT HONOURABLE

THOMAS WRIOTHESLEY,

EARL OF SOUTHAMPTON,

LORD WRIOTHESLEY, OF TITCHFIELD, &c.<sup>1</sup>

MY LORD!

HERODOTUS reports, that the Ægyptians, by wrapping their dead in glass, present them lively to all posterity; but your lordship will do more, by the vivifying beams of your acceptation revive the parents of this orphan poem, and make them live to eternity. While the stage flourished, the POEM lived by the breath of general applauses, and the virtual fervour of the court; but since hath languished for want of heat, and now, near shrunk up with cold, creeps, with a shivering fear, to extend itself at the flames of your benignity. My lord, though it seems rough and forlorn, it is the

<sup>1</sup> *Lord Wriothesley, of Titchfield, &c.*] Thomas, fourth Earl of Southampton, eminent for his rare virtues; more eminent for those of his daughter, the admirable Lady Rachael Russell. He succeeded his father Henry, third Earl, the friend and patron of Shakspeare, in 1624, and died in 1667. If more be wanting to his fame, it may be added, that he enjoyed the friendship, and merited the praise of the Earl of Clarendon.

issue of worthy parents, and we doubt not but you will find it accomplished with their virtue. Be pleased, then, my lord, to give it entertainment; the more destitute and needy it is, the greater reward may be challenged by your charity; and so, being sheltered under your wings, and comforted by the sunshine of your favour, it will become proof against the injustice of time, and, like one of Demetrius's statues, appear fresher and fresher to all ages. My lord, were we not confident of the excellence of the piece, we should not dare to assume an impudence to prefer it to a person of your honour, and known judgment; whose hearts are ready sacrifices to your name and honour, being, my lord, your lordship's most humble and most obligedly submissive servants,

THEOPHILUS BIRD.

ANDREW PENNEYCUICKE.

Little more is known of Bird, than what is told by the sensible author of the *Historia Histrionica*, that "he was one of the eminent actors at the Cockpit, before the wars." He probably played in the *Lady's Trial*, to which he has a prologue; and he is known to have taken a part in several of Beaumont and Fletcher's pieces. In 1647, when the success of the puritans had enabled them to close the theatres, and consign the great actors of that period to hopeless poverty, he joined with Lewis, Taylor, and others, in bringing out a folio edition of Beaumont and Fletcher, which they dedicated to Philip, Earl of Pembroke, who ill deserved the honour.

Andrew Penneycuicke was also an actor of some celebrity. He is entitled to our gratitude for having, as Shirley expresses it, "in that tragical age in which the theatre itself was outacted," rescued not only this, and perhaps the following drama, but also Massinger's admirable comedy of the *City Madam*, from what he calls "the teeth of time;"—and something yet more destructive than the teeth of time, the vulgar and malignant persecution of all that tended to harmonize and improve society.

**READER,**

It is not here intended to present thee with the perfect analogy between the world and man, which was made for man; nor their co-existence, the world determining with man: this, I presume, hath been by others treated on: but, drawing the curtain of this moral, you shall find him in his progression as followeth:

**THE FIRST SEASON.**

Presents him in the *Twilight* of his age,  
Not pot-gun-proof, and yet he'll have his page:  
This small knight-errant will encounter things  
Above his perch, and like the partridge springs.

**THE SECOND SEASON.**

Folly, his squire, the lady Humour brings,  
Who in his ear far sweeter novels sings.  
He follows them; forsakes the April queen,  
And now the *Noon-tide* of his age is seen.

**THE THIRD SEASON.**

As soon, as nerv'd with strength, he becomes weak,  
Folly and Humour do his reason break;  
Hurry him from his Noontide to his Even:  
From summer to his *Autumn* he is driven.

## THE FOURTH SEASON.

And now the *Winter*, or his nonage, takes him,  
 The sad remembrance of his errors wakes him;  
 Folly and Humour fain he'd cast away,  
 But they will never leave him till he's clay:  
 Thus man as clay descends, ascends in spirit;  
 Dust goes to dust: the soul unto its merit.

*World and Man.*] The "analogy betwixt the world and man," or Macrocosmus and Microcosmus, had, as the writer says, been treated of by others. With this, however, the present Masque has little to do, and it is therefore unnecessary to say another word on the subject. Nabbes, who followed our authors, and who also calls his play (Microcosmus) "a Moral Masque," has written with better effect, and on a plan far more ingeniously constructed.

The "Progression" sufficiently explains the poet's object, which was originally more simple, perhaps, than it appears in the present piece of patch-work. The authors are mainly indebted to Jonson. Many hints are taken from some of his "Masques at Court," and the character of the Lady Humour is formed from the elaborate description of this quality in *Every Man out of his Humour*. If the reader wishes for more on the subject, he may turn to the *Masque of Hymen*, vol. vii. p. 55.

## DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

PHŒBUS, *the Sun.*

RAYBRIGHT, *the Sun's Darling.*

SPRING.

YOUTH,  
DELIGHT,  
HEALTH, } *her attendants.*

SUMMER.

PLENTY.

POMONA.

CUPID.

FORTUNE.

AUTUMN.

BACCHANALIAN.

BOUNTY.

WINTER.

CONCEIT.

DETRACTION.

TIME.

PRIEST *of the Sun.*

HUMOUR.

FOLLY.

ÆOLUS.

*A Soldier, a Spaniard, an Italian Dancer,  
a French Tailor, a Forester, Masquers,  
Clowns, &c.*



# THE SUN'S DARLING.

---

## ACT I. SCENE I.

*A Temple with an Altar.—RAYBRIGHT discovered asleep.*

*Enter the PRIEST of the Sun.*

**Priest.** LET your tunes, you sweet voiced spheres,  
O'ertake him :  
Charm his fancies, ope his ears ;  
Now wake him !                    [*Music within.*]

SONG.

*Fancies are but streams  
Of vain pleasure :  
They, who by their dreams  
True joys measure,*



*Feasting starve, laughing weep,  
Playing smart ; whilst in sleep  
Fools, with shadows smiling,  
Wake and find  
Hopes like wind,  
Idle hopes, beguiling.  
Thoughts fly away ; Time hath passed them :  
Wake now, awake ! see and taste them !*

*Ray. (waking.)* That I might ever slumber, and  
enjoy

Contents as happy as the soul's best wishes  
Can fancy or imagine ! 'tis a cruelty  
Beyond example, to usurp the peace  
I sat enthroned in ; who was't pluck'd me from it ?

*Priest.* Young man, look hither !

*Ray.* Good, I envy not  
The pomp of your high office ; all preferment  
Of earthly glories are to me diseases,  
Infecting those sound parts which should preserve  
The flattering retribution to my thankfulness.  
The times are better to me ; there's no taste  
Left on the palate of my discontent  
To catch at empty hopes, whose only blessedness  
Depends on being miserable.

*Priest.* Raybright,  
Thou draw'st thy great descent from my grand  
patron,  
The Sun, whose priest I am.

*Ray.* For small advantage.  
He who is high-born never mounts yon battle-  
ments

Of sparkling stars, unless he be in spirit  
As humble as the child of one that sweats  
To eat the dear-earn'd bread of honest thrift.

*Priest.* Hast thou not flow'd in honours?

*Ray.* Honours? I'd not be baited with my  
fears

Of losing them, to be their monstrous creature  
An age together: 'tis besides as comfortable  
To die upon the embroidery of the grass,  
Unminded, as to set a world at gaze,  
Whilst from a pinnacle I tumble down  
And break my neck, to be talk'd of and wonder'd  
at.

*Priest.* You have worn rich habits.

[*Ray.*] Fine ass-trappings!

A pedlar's heir turn'd gallant, follows fashion,  
Can, by a cross-legg'd tailor, be transform'd  
Into a jack-an-apes of passing bravery.  
'Tis a stout happiness to wear good clothes,  
Yet live and die a fool!—mew!

*Priest.* You have had choice  
Of beauties to enrich your marriage-bed.

*Ray.* Monkeys and paraquitoes are as pretty  
To play withal, though not indeed so gentle.  
Honesty's indeed a fine jewel, but the Indies  
Where't grows is hard to be discover'd: 'troth,  
sir,

I care for no long travels with lost labour.

*Priest.* Pleasures of every sense have been your  
servants,

Whenas you have commanded them.

*Ray.* To threaten ruin,  
Corrupt the purity of knowledge; wrest  
Desires of better life to those of this,  
This scurvy one, this life scarce worth the keep-  
ing!

*Priest.* 'Tis melancholy, and too fond indul-  
gence  
To your own dull'd affections, sway your judg-  
ment;

You could not else be thus lost, or suspect  
The care your ancestor the Sun takes of you.

*Ray.* The care! the scorn he throws on me.

*Priest.* Fie! fie!  
Have you been sent out into strange[r] lands,  
Seen courts of foreign kings; by them been graced  
To bring home such neglect?

*Ray.* I have reason for it.

*Priest.* Pray show it.

*Ray.* Since my coming home I have found  
More sweets in one unprofitable dream,  
Than in my life's whole pilgrimage.

*Priest.* Your fantasy  
Misleads your judgment vainly. Sir, in brief,  
I am to tell you, how I have received  
From your progenitor, my lord, the Sun,  
A token, that he visibly will descend  
From the celestial orb, to gratify  
All your wild longings.

*Ray.* Very likely! when, pray?  
The world the while shall be beholding to him  
For a long night; new-married men will curse,

Though their brides tickle for't—oh! candle and  
lanthorn

Will grow to an excessive rate i' th' city.

*Priest.* These are but flashes of a brain disorder'd.

Contain your float of spleen in seemly bounds;  
Your eyes shall be your witness.

*Ray.* He may come.

*Enter TIME, whipping FOLLY, in rags, before him.*

*Time.* Hence, hence, thou shame of nature,  
mankind's foil!

Time whips thee from the world, kicks thee, and  
scorns thee.

*Fol.* Whip me from the world! why whip? am  
I a dog, a cur, a mongrel? bow wow! do thy  
worst, I defy thee. [Sings.

*I will roar and squander,  
Cozen and be drunk too;  
I'll maintain my pandar,  
Keep my horse and punk too;  
Brawl and scuffle,  
Shift and shuffle,  
Swagger in my potmeals:  
Damn-me's rank with;  
Do mad prank with  
Roaring-boys and Oatmeals.\**

\* Do mad prank with  
Roaring-boys and Oatmeals.] I have already had more than one

*Pox on time, I care not ;  
 Being past, 'tis nothing.  
 I'll be free and spare not ;  
 Sorrows are life's loathing.  
 Melancholy  
 Is but folly ;  
 Mirth and youth are plotters :  
 Time, go hang thee !  
 I will bang thee,  
 Though I die in totters.<sup>3</sup>*

occasion to notice those lawless ruffians, who, to the disgrace of the city, under the various names of mohawks, roarers, circling-boys, twi-bills, blades, Tityre-tu's, oatmeals, &c., infested the streets, almost with impunity, from the days of Elizabeth, down to the beginning of the last century. Some of the Tityre-tu's, not long after the appearance of this drama, (1624,) appear to have been brought before the Council, and committed on a suspicion of state delinquency: had they been sent to be flogged in Bridewell, it would have been at least as wise. The names of two of them incidentally appear—A. Windsor, and George Chambers:—"madcaps," they call themselves. The badge of their order was a blue ribbon: the *Oatmeals* are usually coupled with them. "So! now I am a *Blade*, and of a better row" (higher class?) "than those of Tityre-tu, or *Oatmeal-lo!*" *Covent Garden weeded.*

The *Oatmeals* are alluded to by Cartwright, under a pretended mistake, for Ottomans. "My son (a roaring boy) shall have the Turkish monarchy! Great Andrew Mahomet! Andrew *Oatmeal-man!* *Oatmeal-man* Andrew!" &c.

The Tityre-tu's were committed to prison, on the charge (they say) of "my Lord of Canterbury;" and they do not forget to triumph over the misfortune which embittered his declining years.

"If he were but behind me now,  
 And should this ballad hear,  
 Sure he'd revenge with *bended bow*,  
 And I die like a *decr.*"

<sup>3</sup> *Though I die in totters* ] i. e. *tatters*. So the word was usually written by our old dramatists.

And what think you of this, you old doating, moth-eaten, bearded rascal! as I am Folly by the mother's side, and a true-bred gentleman, I will sing thee to death, if thou vex me. Cannot a man of fashion, for his pleasure, put on, now and then, his working-day robes of humility, but he must presently be subject to a beadle's rod of correction? Go, mend thyself, cannibal! 'tis not without need; I am sure the times were never more beggarly and proud: waiting women flaunt it in cast-suits, and their ladies fall for 'em; knaves over-brave wise men, while wise men stand with cap and knee to fools. Pitiful Time! pitiful Time!

*Time.* Out, foul, prodigious and abortive birth! Behold, the sand-glass of thy days is broke.

*Fol.* Bring me another; I'll shatter that too.

*Time.* No, thou'st mis-spent thy hours, lavish['d,] fool-like,

The circuit of thy life, in ceaseless riots;  
It is not therefore fit, that thou shouldst live  
In such a court, as the Sun's majesty  
Vouchsafes to illuminate with his bright beams.

*Fol.* In any court, father bald-pate, where my grannam the Moon shows her horns, except the Consistory Court; and there she need not appear, cuckolds carry such sharp stilettos in their foreheads. I'll live here and laugh at the bravery of ignorance, maugre thy scurvy and abominable beard.

*Time.* Priest of the Sun, 'tis near about the minute

Thy patron will descend; scourge hence this trifle:

Time is ne'er lost, till, in the common schools  
Of impudence, time meets with wilful fools.

[*Exit.*

*Fol.* Farewell 1538! I might have said 5000, but the other's long enough o'conscience, to be honest-condition'd—pox on him! it's a notable railing whipper, of a plain Time-whipper.

*Priest.* You heard the charge he left.

*Fol.* Ay, ay, he may give a charge; he has been a petty court-holder ever since he was a minute old; he took you for a foreman of a jury.

*Ray.* Pray, sir, what are you?

*Fol.* No matter what; what are you?

*Ray.* Not as you are, I thank my better fates; I am grandchild to the Sun.

*Fol.* And I am cousin-german, some two or three hundred removes off, to the Moon, and my name is Folly.

*Ray.* Folly, sir! of what quality?

*Fol.* Quality! any quality in fashion; drinking, whoring, singing, dancing, dicing, swearing, roaring, foisting, lying, cogging, canting, *et cætera*. Will you have any more?

*Ray.* You have a merry heart, if you can guide it.

*Fol.* Yes, 'faith; so, so: I laugh not at those whom I fear; I fear not those whom I love; and I love not any whom I laugh not at: pretty strange humour, is't not?

*Ray.* To any one, that knows you not, it is.

*Priest.* You must avoid.

*Fol.* Away, away! I have no such meaning,  
indeed, la! *[Music of Recorders.*

*Priest.* Hark! the fair hour is come; draw to  
the altar,

And, with amazement, reverence and comfort,  
Behold the broad eyed lamp of heaven descending!  
Stand!—

*The SUN appears above.*

*Fol.* Oh, brave!

*Priest.* Stand.

SONG.

*Glorious and bright! lo, here we bend  
Before thy throne, trembling, attend  
Thy sacred pleasures: be pleas'd then  
To shower thy comforts down, that men  
May freely taste, in life's extremes,  
The influence of thy powerful beams.\**

*Ray.* Let not my fate too swiftly run,  
Till thou acknowledge me thy son;  
Oh! there's no joy even from the womb  
Of frailty, till we be call'd home.

\* *The influence of thy powerful beams.*] For *beams*, the old copy reads *dreams*,—an evident mis-print; of which there are far too many in this piece.



*Fol.* Now am I an arrant rascal, and cannot speak one word for myself, if I were hanged.

*Sun.* Raybright!

*Priest.* It calls you; answer.

*Ray.* Lord and Father!

*Sun.* We know thy cares; appear to give release:

Boldly make thy demands, for we will please  
To grant whate'er thou su'st for.

*Ray.* Fair-beam'd sir!

I dare not greedily prefer  
Eternity of Earth's delights,  
Before that duty which invites  
My filial piety: in this  
Your love shall perfect my heart's bliss,  
If I but for one only year,  
Enjoy the several pleasures here,  
Which every season in his kind,  
Can bless a mortal with.

*Sun.* I find

Thy reason breeds thy appetite, and grant it;  
Thou master'st thy desire, and shalt not want it.  
To the Spring garden let him be convey'd,  
And entertain'd there by that lovely maid;  
All the varieties the Spring can show,  
Be subject to his will.

*Priest.* Light's lord! we go.

[*Exeunt* PRIEST and RAYBRIGHT.

*Fol.* And I will follow, that am not in love with  
such fopperies. [Exit.

*Sun.* We must descend, and leave awhile our  
sphere,<sup>5</sup>

To greet the world.—Ha? there does now appear  
A circle in this round, of beams that shine  
As if their friendly lights would darken mine:  
No, let them shine out still, for these are they,  
By whose sweet favours, when our warmth decay,  
Even in the storms of winter, daily nourish  
Our active motions, which in summer flourish,  
By their fair quick'ning dews of noble loves:  
Oh, may you all, like stars, whilst swift time  
moves,

Stand fix'd in firmaments of blest content!  
Meanwhile [the] recreations we present,  
Shall strive to please:—I have the foremost  
tract;

Each Season else begins and ends an Act.

[*The Sun disappears.*]

<sup>5</sup> *We must descend, &c.*] The "sphere" in which the "lord of Light" appeared, was probably a *creaking throne* which overlooked the curtain at the back of the stage; from this he probably descended to the raised platform. Besides his robe, *flammas imitante pyropo*, his solar majesty was probably distinguished by a tiara, or rayed coronet,—but this is no subject for light merriment. Whatever his *SHAPE* might be, his address to the audience of the Cockpit is graceful, elegant, and poetical. I believe it to be the composition of Decker.

## ACT II. SCENE I.

*The Garden of SPRING.*

*Enter* SPRING, RAYBRIGHT, YOUTH, HEALTH,  
and DELIGHT.

*Spring.* Welcome! The mother of the year, the  
Spring,  
That mother, on whose back Age ne'er can sit,  
For Age still waits on her; that Spring, the nurse  
Whose milk the Summer sucks, and is made  
wanton;  
Physician to the sick, strength to the sound,  
By whom all things above and under-ground  
Are quicken'd with new heat, fresh blood, brave  
vigour,—  
That Spring, on thy fair cheeks, in kisses lays  
Ten thousand welcomes, free as are those rays,  
From which thy name thou borrow'st; glorious  
name,  
RAYBRIGHT, as bright in person as in fame!  
*Ray.* Your eyes amazed me first, but now mine  
ears  
Feel your tongue's charm; in you move all the  
spheres.

Oh, lady! would the Sun, which gave me life,  
Had never sent me to you!

*Spring.* Why? all my veins  
Shrink up, as if cold Winter were come back,  
And with his frozen beard had numb'd my lips,  
To hear that sigh fly from you.

*Ray.* Round about me  
A firmament of such full blessings shine,  
I, in your sphere, seem a star more divine,  
Than in my father's chariot, should I ride  
One year about the world in all his pride.

*Spring.* Oh, that sweet breath revives me; if  
thou never  
Part'st hence, (as part thou shalt not,) be happy  
ever!

*Ray.* I know I shall.

*Spring.* Thou, to buy whose state  
Kings would lay down their crowns, fresh Youth,  
wait,

I charge thee, on my darling.

*Youth.* Madam, I shall,  
And on his smooth cheek such sweet roses set,  
You still shall sit to gather them; and when  
Their colours fade, [like] brave shall spring again.

*Spring.* Thou, without whom they that have  
hills of gold  
Are slaves and wretches, Health! that canst nor  
be sold  
Nor bought, I charge thee make his heart a  
tower  
Guarded, for there lies the Spring's paramour.

*Health.* One of my hands is writing still in  
Heaven,  
For that's Health's library; t' other on the Earth,  
Is physic's treasurer, and what wealth those lay  
Up for my queen, all shall his will obey.

*Ray.* Mortality sure falls from me.

*Spring.* Thou! to whose tunes  
The five nice senses dance; thou, that dost spin  
Those golden threads all women love to wind,  
And but for whom, man would cut off mankind,  
Delight! not base, but noble, touch thy lyre,  
And fill my court with brightest Delphic fire.

*Del.* Hover, you wing'd musicians, in the air!  
Clouds, leave your dancing! no winds stir but fair!

*Health.* Leave blustering March——

### SONG *by* DELIGHT.

*What bird so sings, yet so does wail?<sup>a</sup>*  
*'Tis Philomel, the nightingale;*

<sup>a</sup> *What bird, &c.]* This is taken from the beautiful song of Trico, in Lily's "Alexander and Campaspe." It will be seen from the original, which is subjoined, that it has received no improvements from Delight.

"What bird so sings, yet so does wail?  
O! 'tis the ravish'd nightingale.  
Jug, jug, jug, jug, tereu she cries,  
And still her woes at midnight rise.  
Brave prick-song! who is't now we hear?  
None but the lark so shrill and clear;  
How at heaven's gates she claps her wings,  
The morn not waking till she sings.  
Hark, hark, with what a pretty throat,  
Poor robin red-breast tunes his note;  
Hark, how the jolly cuckoes sing,  
Cuckoe! to welcome in the spring."

*Jugg, jugg, jugg, terue she cries,  
And, hating earth, to heaven she flies.*

[The cuckow is heard.

*Ha, ha! hark, hark! the cuckows sing  
Cuckow, to welcome in the Spring.*

*Brave prick-song! who is't now we hear?*

*'Tis the lark's silver leer-a-leer.*

*Chirup the sparrow flies away;*

*For he fell to't ere break of day.*

[The cuckow again.

*Ha, ha! hark, hark! the cuckows sing  
Cuckow! to welcome in the Spring.*

*Spring.* How does my sun-born sweetheart like  
his queen,

Her court, her train?

*Ray.* Wondrous; such ne'er were seen.

*Health.* Fresher and fresher pastimes! one de-  
light

Is a disease to th' wanton appetite.

*Del.* Music, take Echo's voice, and dance quick  
rounds

To thine own times in repercussive sounds.

[An echo of Cornets.

*Spring.* Enough! I will not weary thee.

[Exit Del.

Pleasures, change!

Thou, as the Sun in a free zodiac range.

*Re-enter DELIGHT.*

*Del.* A company of rural fellows, faced'  
Like lovers of your laws, beg to be graced  
Before your highness, to present their sport.

*Spring.* What is't?

*Del.* A morrice.

*Spring.* Give them our court.—

Stay, these dull birds may make thee stop thine  
ear;

Take thou my lightning, none but laurel here  
Shall scape thy blasting: whom thou wilt con-  
found,

Smite; let those stand, who in thy choice sit  
crown'd.

*Ray.* Let these then, I may surfeit else on  
sweets;

Sound sleeps do not still lie in princes' sheets.

*Spring.* Beckon the rurals in; the country-gray  
Seldom ploughs treason: should'st thou be stol'n  
away

By great ones,—that's my fear.

*Ray.* Fear it not, lady;  
Should all the world's black sorceries be laid

*Enter the MORRICE-DANCERS.*

To blow me hence, I move not.

<sup>1</sup> *A company of rural fellows, faced  
Like lovers of your laws.] i. e. with youthful, ruddy, cheerful  
countenances.*

*Spring.* I am made  
In that word the Earth's empress.——

A DANCE.

Are not these sports too rustic?

*Ray.* No; pretty and pleasing.

*Spring.* My youngest girl, the violet-breathing  
May,

Being told by Flora that my love dwelt here,  
Is come to do you service: will you please  
To honour her arrival?

*Ray.* I shall attend.

*Spring.* On then, [Exeunt Morrice-dancers.  
and bid my rosy-finger'd May  
Rob hills and dales, with sweets to strew his  
way.

[Exit, followed by YOUTH and HEALTH.

*Enter FOLLY, and whispers RAYBRIGHT.*

*Ray.* An empress, say'st thou, fall'n in love with  
me?

*Fol.* She's a great woman, and all great women  
love to be empresses; her name, the lady Humour.

*Ray.* Strange name! I never saw her, knew her  
not;

What kind of creature is she?

*Fol.* Creature! of a skin soft as pomatum, sleek  
as jelly, white as blanched almonds; no mercer's  
wife ever handled yard with a prettier [hand];  
breath, sweet as a monkey's; lips of cherries,  
teeth of pearl, eyes of diamond, foot and leg  
as——



*Ray.* And what's thy name ?<sup>a</sup>

*Fol.* 'Tis but a folly to tell it ; my name is Folly.

*Ray.* Humour and Folly ! To my listening ear  
The lady's praises often have been sung ;  
Thy trumpet, sounding forth her graceful beauties,  
Kindles high flames within me to behold her.

*Fol.* She's as hot as you for your heart.

*Ray.* This lady, called the Spring, is an odd trifle.

*Fol.* A green-sickness thing. I came by the  
way of a hobby-horse letter-of-attorney, sent by  
my lady as a spy to you. Spring, a hot lady ! a  
few fields and gardens lass. Can you feed upon  
sallads and tansies ? eat like an ass upon grass  
every day ? At my lady's comes to you now a  
goose, now a woodcock ; nothing but fowl ; fowl  
pies, platters all covered with fowl,<sup>b</sup> and is not  
fowl very good fare ?

*Ray.* Yea, marry is't, sir ; the fowl being kept  
clean.

My admiration wastes itself in longings  
To see this rare piece : I'll see her ; what are kings,

<sup>a</sup> *And what's thy name ?*] Raybright has but a short memory ; he had been informed of this in a former scene ; see p. 336 ; but perhaps Folly had changed his dress with his service ; for he first enters in rags. This, however, will not account for his forgetfulness of the lady Humour, of whom he has just declared his utter ignorance, though it now appears that he was familiar with her praises. In the preceding speech, I have inserted *hand*, at a guess ; and, in that which follows, have transposed the words *thy* and *there*, at the commencement of the respective lines.

<sup>b</sup> *Platters all covered with fowl.*] The author seems fearful that his witticisms should escape the reader, for he has judiciously printed *fowl*, in one place, for *fowl*. This scene savours strongly of Decker, whose inveterate and wearisome propensity to playing on words is everywhere discoverable.

Were not their pleasures varied? shall not mine,  
then?

Should day last ever, 'twould be loath'd as night;  
Change is the sauce that sharpens appetite.

The way? I'll to her.

*Fol.* The way is windy and narrow; for, look  
you, I do but wind this cornet, and if another  
answer it, she comes.

*Ray.* Be quick then!

[*FOLLY winds his cornet, and is answered  
from without.*]

*Enter HUMOUR, followed by a Soldier, a Spaniard,  
an Italian dancer, and a French tailor.*

*Hum.* Is this that flower the Spring so dotes  
upon?

*Fol.* This is that honeysuckle she sticks in her  
ruff.

*Hum.* A bedfellow for a fairy! [Aside.

*Ray.* Admired perfection,  
You set my praises to so high a tune,  
My merits cannot reach them.

*Hum.* My heart-strings shall then,  
As mine eye gives that sentence on thy person,  
And never was mine eye a corrupt judge.  
That judge to save thee would condemn a world,  
And lose mankind to gain thee: 'tis not the Spring,  
With all her gaudy arbours, nor perfumes  
Sent up in flattering incense to the Sun,  
For shooting glances at her, and for sending

Whole choirs of singers to her every morn,  
With all her amorous fires, can heat thy blood  
As I can with one kiss.

*Ray.* The rose-lipp'd dawning  
Is not so melting, so delicious:  
Turn me into a bird, that I may sit  
Still singing in such boughs.

*Hum.* What bird?

*Fol.* A ring-tail.

*Hum.* Thou shalt be turn'd to nothing but to  
mine,

My Mine of pleasures, which no hand shall rifle  
But this, which in warm nectar bathes the palm.  
Invent some other tires! Music!—stay,—none!—

*Fol.* Heyday!

*Hum.* New gowns, fresh fashions! I'm not brave  
enough

To make thee wonder at me.

*Ray.* Not the moon,  
Riding at midnight in her crystal chariot,  
With all her courtiers in their robes of stars,  
Is half so glorious.

*Hum.* This feather was a bird of Paradise;  
Shall it be your's?

*Ray.* No kingdom buys it from me.

*Fol.* Being in fool's paradise he must not lose  
his bauble.

*Ray.* I am wrapt—

*Fol.* In your mother's smock.

*Ray.* I am wrapt above man's being, in being  
sphered

In such a globe of rarities ; but say, lady,  
What these are that attend you ?

*Hum.* All my attendants  
Shall be to thee sworn servants.

*Fol.* Folly is sworn to him already never to leave  
him.

*Ray.* He ?

*Fol.* A French gentleman, that trails a Spanish  
pike ;<sup>1</sup> a tailor.

*Tail.* Wee, mounsieur ; hey ! nimbla upon de  
cross-caper ; me take a de measure of de body  
from de top a de noddle to de heel and great toe ;  
oh, dish be fine ! dis collar is cut out in anger  
scurvy : oh, dis beeshes pincha de bum ; me put  
one French yard into de toder hose.

*Fol.* No French yards ; they want an [English]  
yard, at least.

*Ray.* Shall I be brave, then ?

*Hum.* Golden as the sun.

*Ray.* What's he that looks so smickly ?<sup>2</sup>

*Fol.* A flounder in a frying-pan, still skipping ;  
one that loves mutton so well, he always carries  
capers about him ; his brains lie in his legs, and  
his legs serve him to no other use than to do

<sup>1</sup> *Spanish pike.*] i. e. a needle. It has been observed, elsewhere,  
that our best sword-blades, seissors, needles, &c. were, in the  
poet's days, imported from Spain. Thus Green : "He (the  
tailor) had no other weapon but a plain *Spanish needle*, with a  
Welch cricket (a louse) at top."—*Quippe*, &c.

<sup>2</sup> *What's he that looks so smickly ?*] i. e. so *finically*, so *effemi-  
nately*. Ford has the word again in "Fame's Memorial."

he forsook  
The *smicker* use of court humanity.

tricks, as if he had bought them of a juggler.—He's an Italian dancer, his name——

*Dan.* Signor Lavolta, messer mio; me tesha all de bella corantoos, gagliardas, pianettas, capeorettras, amorettas, dolche dolche, to declamante do bona robas de Toscana.<sup>3</sup>

*Ray.* I ne'er shall be so nimble.

*Fol.* Yes, if you pour quicksilver into your shin-bones, as he does.

*Ray.* This now?

*Fol.* A most sweet Spaniard.

*Span.* A confecianador, which in your tongue is a comfit-maker, of Toledo. I can teach sugar to slip down your throat a million of ways——

*Fol.* And the throat has but one in all; oh, Toledo!

*Span.* In conserves, candies, marmalades, sindacoes, ponadoes, marablane, bergamoto, aranxues muria, limons, berengenas of Toledo, oriones, potatoes of Malaga, and ten millions more.

*Fol.* Now 'tis ten millions! a Spaniard can multiply.

*Span.* I am your servidor.

*Ray.* My palate pleased too! What's this last?

*Sold.* I am a gun that can roar, two stilettoes in one sheath; I can fight and bounce too. My lady, by me, presents this sword and belt to you.

*Ray.* Incomparable mistress!

*Hum.* Put them on.

<sup>3</sup> ————— to declamante do bona robas, &c.} I have left this and all the remaining gallimaufry nearly as I found it. It is too ignorant for correction, and too trifling for explanation.

*Sold.* I'll drill you how to give the lie, and stab in the punto; if you dare not fight, then how to vamp<sup>4</sup> a rotten quarrel without ado.

*Ray.* How? *dare not fight!* there's in me the Sun's fire.

*Hum* No more of this:—(*dances*)—awake the music! Oyez! music!

*Ray.* No more of this;—this sword arms me for battle.

*Hum.* Come then, let thou and I rise up in arms;

The field, embraces; kisses, our alarms.

*Fol.* A dancer and a tailor! yet stand still?  
Strike up. [*Music.—A Dance.*]

*Re-enter* SPRING, HEALTH, YOUTH, DELIGHT.

*Spring.* Oh, thou enticing strumpet! how durst thou

Throw thy voluptuous spells about a temple  
That's consecrate to me?

*Hum.* Poor Spring, goody herb-wife!  
How dar'st thou cast a glance on this rich jewel,  
I have bought for my own wearing?

*Spring.* Bought! art thou sold then?

*Ray.* Yes, with her gifts; she buys me with her  
graces.

<sup>4</sup> *I'll teach you how to vamp, &c.] i. e. to patch up a quarrel.*  
See p. 255.

*Health.* Graces? a witch!

*Spring.* What can she give thee?—

*Ray.* All things.

*Spring.* Which I for one bubble cannot add a sea to?

*Fol.* And show him a hobby-horse in my likeness.

*Spring.* My Raybright, hear me; I regard not these.

*Ray.* What dowry can you bring me?

*Spring.* Dowry? ha!

Is't come to this? am I held poor and base!

A girdle make whose buckles, stretch'd to th' length,

Shall reach from th' arctic to th' antarctic pole;

What ground soe'er thou canst with that enclose

I'll give thee freely: not a lark, that calls<sup>s</sup>

The morning up, shall build on any turf

But she shall be thy tenant, call thee lord,

And for her rent pay thee in change of songs.

*Ray.* I must turn bird-catcher.

*Fol.* Do you think to have him for a song?

<sup>s</sup> *Not a lark, &c.*] I attribute, without scruple, all these incidental glimpses of rural nature to Decker. Ford rarely, if ever, indulges in them. The lark is justly a great favourite with our old poets; and I should imagine, from my own observations, that a greater number of descriptive passages might be found respecting him, than of the nightingale. A judicious collection of both would furnish not a few pages of surpassing taste and beauty. While I am writing this, the following simple and pretty address occurs to me. It is that of Young Fitzwalter to his mistress, whom he meets at day-break.

“So early! then I see love's the best larke:

For the corne-builder has not warbled yet

His morning's caroll to the rising sun.”—*The Palsg.*

*Hum.* *Live with me still, and all the measures,  
Play'd to by the spheres, I'll teach thee;  
Let's but thus dally, all the pleasures  
The moon beholds, her man shall reach  
thee.*

*Ray.* Divinest!

*Fol.* Here's a lady!

*Spring.* Is't come to who gives most?  
The self-same bay-tree, into which was turn'd  
Peneian Daphne, I have still kept green;  
That tree shall now be thine: about it sit  
All the old poets, with fresh laurel crown'd,  
Singing in verse the praise of chastity;  
Hither when thou shalt come, they all shall rise,  
Sweet cantos of thy love and mine to sing,  
And invoke none but thee as Delian king.

*Ray.* Live by singing ballads!

*Fol.* Oh, base! turn poet? I would not be one  
myself.

*Hum.* *Dwell in mine arms, aloft we'll hover,  
And see fields of armies fighting:  
Oh, part not from me! I'll discover  
There all, but books of fancy's writing.*

*Del.* Not far off stands the Hippocrenian well  
Whither I'll lead thee, and but drinking there,  
To welcome thee, nine Muses shall appear;  
And with full bowls of knowledge thee inspire.

*Ray.* Hang knowledge, drown your Muses!

*Fol.* Aye, aye, or they'll drown themselves in  
sack and claret.



*Hum.* Do not regard their toys ;  
*Be but my darling, age to free thee*  
*From her curse, shall fall a-dying ;*  
*Call me thy empress ; Time to see thee*  
*Shall forget his art of flying.*

*Ray.* Oh, my all excellence !

*Spring.* Speak thou for me ; I am fainting.

[*To HEALTH.*

*Health.* Leave her ; take this, and travel through  
the world,<sup>6</sup>

I'll bring thee into all the courts of kings,  
Where thou shalt stay, and learn their languages ;  
Kiss ladies, revel out the nights in dancing,  
The day [in] manly pastimes ; snatch from Time  
His glass, and let the golden sands run forth  
As thou shalt jog them ; riot it, go brave,  
Spend half a world, my queen shall bear thee out :  
Yet all this while, though thou climb hills of years,  
Shall not one wrinkle sit upon thy brow,  
Nor any sickness shake thee ; Youth and Health,  
As slaves, shall lackey by thy chariot wheels :  
And who, for two such jewels, would not sell  
Th' East and West Indies ? both are thine, so  
that—

*Ray.* What ?

*Fol.* All lies ! gallop over the world, and not  
grow old, nor be sick ? a lie. One gallant went  
but into France last day, and was never his own

<sup>6</sup> *Leave her, take this, and travel through the world.*] It is plain, from Folly's next speech, that this is the true reading : the old copy has,—take this, and travel, *tell* the world.

man since; another stept but into the Low Countries, and was drunk dead under the table; another did but peep into England, and it cost him more in good-morrows blown up to him under his window, by drums and trumpets, than his whole voyage; besides, he ran mad upon't.<sup>7</sup>

*Hum.* Here's my last farewell: ride along with me;  
I'll raise by art out of base earth a palace,  
\* \* \* \* \* a crystal stream,<sup>8</sup>

Whither thyself, waving \* \* \* \* \*  
Shall call together the most glorious spirits  
Of all the kings that have been in the world;  
And they shall come, only to feast with thee.

*Ray.* Rare!

*Hum.* At one end of this palace shall be heard  
That music which gives motion to the heaven;  
And in the midst Orpheus shall sit and weep,  
For sorrow that his lute had not the charms  
To bring his fair Eurydice from hell:  
Then, at another end,—

<sup>7</sup> I scarcely know how to understand this. France and the Low Countries are characterised by their well known attributes; but the *greeting* of strangers (if that be the poet's meaning) was never before, I believe, made the distinctive mark of England. It is sufficiently clear, however, that the streets of London were grievously infested with *noises* (little knots) of fiddlers, who pressed into all companies, and pestered every *new-comer* with their salutations. Thus, Withers:

Oh! how I scorn  
Those raptures, which are free and nobly born,  
Should, *fiddler-like*, for entertainment, scrape  
At *strangers'* windows!—*Malto.*

<sup>8</sup> Here again something is apparently lost;—perhaps a description of the palace-garden. All that can be done is to mark the omission.

*Ray.* I'll hear no more :  
This ends your strife ; you only I adore.

*To HUMOUR.*

*Spring.* Oh, I am sick at heart ! unthankful man,  
'Tis thou hast wounded me ; farewell !

*[She is led in by DELIGHT.]*

*Ray.* Farewell.

*Fol.* Health, recover her ; sirrah Youth, look to her.

*Health.* That bird that in her nest sleeps out  
the spring,  
May fly in summer ; but—with sickly wing.

*[Exeunt HEALTH and YOUTH.]*

*Ray.* I owe thee for this pill, doctor.

*Hum.* The Spring will die sure.

*Ray.* Let her !

*Hum.* If she does,  
Folly here is a kind of a foolish poet,  
And he shall write her epitaph.

*Ray.* Against the morning  
See it then writ, and I'll reward thee for it.

*Fol.* It shall not need.

*Ray.* 'Tis like it shall not need ;  
This is your Folly ?

*Hum.* He shall be ever yours.

*Fol.* I hope ever to be mine own folly ; he's  
one of our fellows.

*Hum.* In triumph now I lead thee ;—no, be thou  
Cæsar,  
And lead me.

*Ray.* Neither ; we'll ride with equal state  
Both in one chariot, since we have equal fate.

*Hum.* Each do his office to this man, your  
lord;  
For though Delight, and Youth, and Health should  
leave him,  
This ivory-gated palace shall receive him.  
[*Exeunt.*

## ACT III. SCENE I.

*The Confines of Spring and Summer.*

*Enter RAYBRIGHT melancholy.*

*Ray.* Oh, my dear love the Spring, I am cheated  
of thee!  
Thou hadst a body, the four elements  
Dwelt never in a fairer; a mind, princely:  
Thy language, like thy singers, musical.  
How cool wert thou in anger! in thy diet,  
How temperate, and yet sumptuous! thou wouldst  
not waste  
The weight of a sad violet in excess;  
Yet still thy board had dishes numberless:  
Dumb beasts even loved thee; once a young lark  
Sat on thy hand, and gazing on thine eyes,  
Mounted and sung, thinking them moving skies.

*Enter FOLLY.*

*Fol.* I have done, my lord; my muse has pump'd

hard for an epitaph upon the late departed Spring,  
and here her lines spring up.

*Ray.* Read.

*Fol.* Read! so I will, please you to reach me  
your high ears.

*Here lies the blithe Spring,  
Who first taught birds to sing;  
Yet in April herself fell a crying:  
Then May growing hot,  
A sweating sickness she got,  
And the first of June lay a dying.*

*Yet no month can say,  
But her merry daughter May  
Stuck her coffin with flowers great plenty:  
The cuckow sung in verse  
An epitaph o'er her hearse,  
But assure you the lines were not dainty.*

*Ray.* No more are thine, thou idiot! hast thou  
none

To poison with thy nasty jigs but mine,  
My matchless frame of nature, creation's wonder?  
Out of my sight!

*Fol.* I am not in it; if I were, you'd see but scur-  
vily. You find fault as patrons do with books, to  
give nothing.

*Ray.* Yes, bald one, beastly base one; blockish—  
away!

Vex me not, fool; turn out o' doors your roarer,  
French tailor, and that Spanish ginger-bread,  
And your Italian skipper; then, sir, yourself.

*Fol.* Myself! Carbonado me, bastinado me,

strappado me, hang me, I'll not stir; poor Folly, honest Folly, jocundary Folly forsake your lordship! no true gentleman hates me; and how many women are given daily to me, (if I would take 'em,) some not far off know. Tailor gone, Spanish fig gone, all gone, but I——

*Enter HUMOUR.*

*Hum.* My waiters quoited off by you! you flay them!

Whence come these thunderbolts? what furies haunt you?

*Ray.* You.

*Fol.* She!

*Ray.* Yes, and thou.

*Fol.* Bow-wow!

*Ray.* I shall grow old, diseased, and melancholy; For you have robb'd me both of Youth and Health, And that Delight my Spring bestow'd upon me: But for you two, I should be wondrous good; By you I have been cozen'd, baffled, torn From the embracements of the noblest creature——

*Hum.* Your Spring?

*Ray.* Yes, she, even she, only the Spring. One morning, spent with her, was worth ten nights With ten of the prime beauties in the world: She was unhappy never, but in two sons, March, a rude roaring fool,——

*Fol.* And April, a whining puppy.

*Hum.* But May was a fine piece.

*Ray.* Mirror of faces.

*Fol.* Indeed May was a sweet creature; and yet a great raiser of Maypoles.

*Hum.* When will you sing my praises thus?

*Ray.* Thy praises,  
That art a common creature!

*Hum.* Common!

*Ray.* Yes, common:  
I cannot pass through any prince's court,  
Through any country, camp, town, city, village,  
But up your name is cried, nay curs'd; "a vengeance

On this your debauch'd Humour!"

*Fol.* A vintner spoke those very words, last night, to a company of roaring-boys, that would not pay their reckoning.

*Ray.* How many bastards hast thou?

*Hum.* None.

*Ray.* 'Tis a lie;  
Be judged by this your squire, else.

*Fol.* Squire! worshipful master Folly.

*Ray.* The courtier has his Humour, has he not,  
Folly?

*Fol.* Yes, marry, has he—folly: the courtier's humour is to be brave, and not pay for't; to be proud, and no man cares for't.

*Ray.* Brave ladies have their humours.

*Fol.* Who has to do with that, but brave lords?

*Ray.* Your citizens have brave humours.

*Fol.* Oh! but their wives have tickling humours.

*Hum.* Yet done?

*Fol.* Humour, madam! if all are your bastards that are given to humour you, you have a company of as arrant rascals to your children as ever went to the gallows: a collier being drunk jostled a knight into the kennel, and cried, 'twas his humour; the knight broke his coxcomb, and that was his humour.

*Ray.* And yet you are not common!

*Hum.* No matter what I am:

Rail, curse, be frantic; get you to the tomb  
Of your rare mistress; dig up your dead Spring,  
And lie with her, kiss her: me, have you lost.

*Fol.* And I scorn to be found.

*Ray.* Stay; must I lose all comfort? dearest,  
stay;

There's such a deal of magic in those eyes,  
I'm charm'd to kiss these only.

*Fol.* Are you so? kiss on; I'll be kissed somewhere, I warrant.

*Ray.* I will not leave my Folly for a world.

*Fol.* Nor I you for ten.

*Ray.* Nor thee, my love, for worlds piled upon  
worlds.

*Hum.* If ever for the Spring you do but sigh,  
I take my bells.\*

\* *If ever for the spring you do but sigh,  
I take my bells.*] i. e. I fly away,—an allusion to falconry. Before the hawk was thrown off the fist, a light strap of leather, garnished with bells, was buckled round her leg, by which the course of her erratic flight was discovered.



*Fol.* And I my hobby-horse :—<sup>†</sup>will you be merry then, and jocund ?<sup>\*</sup>

*Ray.* As merry as the cuckows of the spring.

*Fol.* Again !

*Ray.* How, lady, lies the way ?

*Hum.* I'll be your convoy,

And bring you to the court of the Sun's queen,  
Summer, a glorious and majestic creature ;  
Her face outshining the poor Spring's as far  
As a sunbeam does a lamp, the moon a star.

*Ray.* Such are the spheres I'd move in.—Attend  
us, Folly. [*Exeunt.*

## SCENE II.—*Near the SUMMER's Court.*

*Enter RAYBRIGHT and HUMOUR.*

*Ray.* I muse, my nimble Folly stays so long.

*Hum.* He's quick enough of foot, and counts, I  
swear,

That minute cast away, not spent on you.

*Ray.* His company is music next to your's ;  
Both of you are a consort, and your tunes  
Lull me asleep ; and, when I most am sad,  
My sorrows vanish from me in soft dreams :  
But how far must we travel ? Is't our motion  
[That] puts us in this heat, or is the air

<sup>\*</sup> *Will you be merry, then, and jocund.*] For this last word, the 4to. reads *jawsand* ; perhaps, *joysome* may be thought nearer the sound of the word, in the old text.

In love with us, it clings with such embraces,  
It keeps us in this warmth?

*Hum.* This shows her Court  
Is not far off, you covet so to see;  
Her subjects seldom kindle needless fires,  
The Sun lends them his flames.

*Ray.* Has she rare buildings?

*Hum.* Magnificent and curious: every noon  
The horses of the day bait there; whilst he,  
Who in a golden chariot makes them gallop  
In twelve hours o'er the world, alights awhile,  
To give a love-kiss to the Summer-queen.

*Ray.* And shall we have fine sights there?

*Hum.* Oh!

*Ray.* And hear  
More ravishing music?

*Hum.* All the choristers  
That learn'd to sing i' the temple of the Spring;  
But here attain such cunning,\* that when the  
winds  
Roar and are mad, and clouds in antick gam-  
bols  
Dance o'er our heads, their voices have such  
charms,  
They'll all stand still to listen.

*Ray.* Excellent.

\* *But here attain, &c.*] For *here*, the old copy reads *her*. The passage is imperfect at best; but perhaps the manuscript had, *By her*; i. e. by the aid of Summer.

*Enter FOLLY.*

*Fol.* I sweat like a pamper'd jade of Asia,<sup>1</sup> and  
drop like a cob-nut out of Africa——

*Enter a Forester.*

*Fores.* Back ! whither go you ?

[*Fol.*] Oyes ! this way.

*Fores.* None must pass :

Here's kept no open court ; our queen this day  
Rides forth a-hunting, and the air being hot,  
She will not have rude throngs so stifle her.  
Back !

[*Exeunt.*]

### SCENE III.—*The Court of SUMMER.*

*Enter SUMMER and DELIGHT.*

*Sum.* And did break her heart then ?

*Del.* Yes, with disdain.

*Sum.* The heart of my dear mother-nurse, the  
Spring !

I'll break his heart for't : had she not a face,  
Too tempting for a Jove ?

*Del.* The Graces sat

On her fair eyelids ever ; but his youth,  
Lusting for change, so doted on a lady,  
Fantastic and yet fair, a piece of wonder,

<sup>1</sup> *I sweat like a pamper'd jade of Asia, &c.]* This bombast is from Marlow, and has run the gauntlet through every dramatic writer, from Shakspeare to Ford. The *cobnut* of Africa is less familiar to us ; literally, it means a large nut, but I know of no fruit with that specific name.

(They call her Humour, and her parasite Folly)  
He cast the sweet Spring off, and turn'd us from  
him;  
Yet his celestial kinsman, for young Raybright  
Is the SUN'S DARLING, knowing his journeying  
hither  
To see thy glorious court, sends me before  
T' attend upon you, and spend all my hours  
In care for him.— [Recorders

*The SUN appears above.*

*Sum.* Obey your charge!—Oh, thou builder  
[Kneels.  
Of me, thy handmaid! landlord of my life!  
Life of my love! throne where my glories sit!  
I ride in triumph on a silver cloud,  
Now I but see thee.  
*Sun.* Rise! [*she rises.*] Is Raybright come yet?  
*Del.* Not yet.  
*Sun.* Be you indulgent over him;

*Enter PLENTY.*

And lavish thou thy treasure.—

*Plen.* Our princely cousin  
Raybright, your Darling, and the world's delight.  
Is come.

*Sun.* Who with him?

*Plen.* A goddess in a woman,  
Attended by a prating saucy fellow,  
Call'd Folly.

*Sun.* They'll confound him—  
But he shall run [his course;] go and receive  
him.

[*Exit* PLENTY.

*Sum.* Your sparkling eyes, and his arrival,  
draws  
Heaps of admirers; earth itself will sweat  
To bear our weights. Vouchsafe, bright power,  
to borrow  
Winds not too rough from Æolus, to fan  
Our glowing faces.

*Sun.* I will: ho, Æolus!  
Unlock the jail, and lend a wind or two  
To fan my girl, the Summer.

*Æol.* (*Within.*) I will.

*Sun.* No roarers.

*Æol.* (*Within.*) No.

*Sun.* Quickly.

*Æol.* (*Within.*) Fly, you slaves! Summer sweats;  
cool her.

[*Hoboyes.*—*The SUN takes his seat above.*

*Enter* RAYBRIGHT, HUMOUR, PLENTY, FOLLY,  
*Country-fellows, and Wenches.*

SONG.

*Haymakers, rakers, reapers, and mowers,  
Wait on your Summer-queen;  
Dress up with musk-rose her eglantine bowers,  
Daffodils strew the green;  
Sing, dance, and play,  
'Tis holiday;*

*The Sun does bravely shine  
On our ears of corn.  
Rich as a pearl  
Comes every girl,  
This is mine, this is mine, this is mine ;  
Let us die, ere away they be borne.*

*Bow to the Sun, to our queen, and that fair one  
Come to behold our sports :  
Each bonny lass here is counted a rare one,  
As those in princes' courts.  
These and we  
With country glee,  
Will teach the woods to resound,  
And the hills with echoes hollow :  
Skipping lambs  
Their bleating dams,  
'Mongst kids shall trip it round ;  
For joy thus our wenches we follow.*

*Wind, jolly huntsmen, your neat bugles shrilly,  
Hounds make a lusty cry ;  
Spring up, you falconers, the partridges freely,  
Then let your brave hawks fly.  
Horses amain,  
Over ridge, over plain,  
The dogs have the stag in chase :  
'Tis a sport to content a king.  
So ho ho ! through the skies  
How the proud bird flies,  
And sousing kills with a grace !  
Now the deer falls ; hark ! how they ring—  
[The SUN by degrees is clouded.*

*Sum.* Leave off; the Sun is angry, and has drawn  
A cloud before his face.

*Del.* He is vex'd to see  
That proud star shine [so] near you,\* at whose rising  
The Springfell sick and died; think what I told you,  
His coyness will kill you else

*Sum.* It cannot.—Fair prince,  
Though your illustrious name has touch'd mine ear,  
Till now I never saw you; nor never saw  
A man, whom I more love, more hate.

*Ray.* Ha, lady!

*Sum.* For him I love you, from whose glittering  
rays  
You boast your great name; for that name I hate  
you,  
Because you kill'd my mother and my nurse.

*Plen.* Kill'd he my grandmother? Plenty will  
never  
Hold you by the hand again.

*Sum.* You have free leave  
To thrust your arm into our treasury,  
As deep as I myself: Plenty shall wait  
Still at your elbow; all my sports are yours,  
Attendants yours, my state and glory's yours:  
But these shall be as sunbeams from a glass  
Reflected on you, not to give you heat;  
To doat on a smooth face, my spirit's too great.

[*Flourish.*—*Exit, followed by* PLEN. *and* DEL.

\* *Del.* *He is vex'd to see*

*That proud star shine so near you.]* The quarto gives this speech to *Humour*; but she is evidently the *proud star* to whom it refers. It must stand as it is now regulated.

*Ray.* Divinest!

*Hum.* Let her go.

*Fol.* And I'll go after; for I must and will have a fling at one of her plum-trees.

*Ray.* I ne'er was scorn'd till now.

*Hum.* This that *Altezza*,<sup>3</sup>

That Rhodian wonder gazed at by the Sun!—

I fear'd thine eyes should have beheld a face,

The moon has not a clearer; this! a dowdy.

*Fol.* An ouzle; this a queen-apple or a crab she gave you?

*Hum.* She bids you share her treasure; but who keeps it?

*Fol.* She points to trees great with child with fruit; but when delivered? grapes hang in ropes; but no drawing, not a drop of wine! whole ears of corn lay their ears together for bread, but the devil a bit I can touch.

*Hum.* Be ruled by me once more; leave her.

*Ray.* In scorn,

As [s]he does me.

*Fol.* Scorn! If I be not deceived, I have seen Summer go up and down with hot codlings;<sup>4</sup> and that little baggage, her daughter Plenty, crying six bunches of raddish for a penny.

*Hum.* Thou shalt have nobler welcome; for I'll bring thee

<sup>3</sup> *This that Altezza, &c.]* The lady Humour appears to have adopted a prodigious scale of magnitude for her admiration. She had before termed Raybright "a bedfellow for a fairy;" and she now quarrels with Summer because she does not resemble a *Colossus*.

<sup>4</sup> *With hot codlings.]* i. e. *green peas*. See the "Witch of Edmonton."



To a brave and bounteous housekeeper, free  
Autumn.

*Fol.* Oh, there's a lad!—let's go then.

*Re-enter PLENTY.*

*Plen.* Where is this prince? my mother, for the  
Indies,  
Must not have you [de]part.

*Ray.* Must not?

*Re-enter SUMMER.*

*Sum.* No, must not.

I did but chide thee, like a whistling wind,  
Playing with leafy dancers: when I told thee  
I hated thee, I lied; I dote upon thee.  
Unlock my garden of the Hesperides,  
By dragons kept, (the apples being pure gold)  
Take all that fruit; 'tis thine.

*Plen.* Love but my mother,  
I'll give thee corn enough to feed the world.

*Ray.* I need not golden apples, nor your corn;  
What land soe'er the world's surveyor, the Sun,  
Can measure in a day, I dare call mine:  
All kingdoms I have right to; I am free  
Of every country; in the four elements  
I have as deep a share as an emperor;  
All beasts whom the earth bears are to serve me,  
All birds to sing to me; and can you catch me  
With a tempting golden apple?

*Plen.* She's too good for thee.  
When she was born, the Sun for joy did rise  
Before his time, only to kiss those eyes,

Which having touch'd, he stole from them such store  
Of lights, he' shone more bright than e'er before;  
At which he vow'd, whenever she did die,  
He'd snatch them up, and in his sister's sphere  
Place them, since she had no two stars so clear.

*Ray.* Let him now snatch them up; away!

*Hum.* Away,

And leave this gipsy.

*Sum.* Oh, I am lost.<sup>b</sup>

*Ray.* Lost?

*Sum.* Scorn'd!—

*Ray.* Of no triumph more then love can boast.

[*Exit with HUMOUR and FOLLY.*

*Plen.* This strumpet will confound him, she  
has me.

*Sum.* Deluded!—

[*Recorders.*

*The SUN re-appears, with CUPID and FORTUNE.*

*Sun.* Is Raybright gone?

*Sum.* Yes, and his spiteful eyes

Have shot darts through me.

<sup>a</sup> ————— stole from them such store

Of lights, he shone more bright, &c.] The 4to. reads: "Of light she shone, &c. : A slight mistake, occasioned by transferring the s from the preceding word to that which immediately follows it.

<sup>b</sup> This drama is wretchedly printed; and the wonted carelessness of Decker, in the arrangement of his metre, renders every attempt at emendation difficult, as well as hazardous. The speeches above stand thus in the 4to.

*Sum.* Oh, I am lost.—

*Ray.* Love scorn'd

Of no triumph more then love can boast.

[*Exit.*

*Plen.* This strumpet will confound him.

*Sum.* She has me deluded.



From whom thou draw'st thy name : the feast of  
fruits

Our gardens yield are much too coarse for thee ;  
Could we contract the choice of nature's plenty  
Into one form, and that form to contain  
All delicacies, which the wanton sense  
Would relish, or desire to invent, to please it,  
The present were unworthy far to purchase  
A sacred league of friendship.

*Ray.* I have rioted

In surfeits of the ear, with various music  
Of warbling birds ; I have smelt perfumes of roses,  
And every flower, with which the fresh-trimm'd  
earth

Is mantled in : the Spring could mock my senses  
With these fine barren lullabies ; the Summer  
Invited my then ranging eyes to look on  
Large fields of ripen'd corn, presenting trifles  
Of waterish petty dainties ; but my taste  
Is only here pleas'd : the other objects claim  
The style of formal, these are real bounties.

*Pom.* We can transcend thy wishes ; whom the  
creatures

Of every age and quality post, madding,  
From land to land and sea to sea, to meet,  
Shall wait upon thy nod, Fortune and Cupid.  
Love ! yield thy quiver and thine arrows up  
To this great prince of time ; before him, Fortune !  
Pour out thy mint of treasures ; crown him sove-  
reign

Of what his thoughts can glory to command :

He shall give payment of a royal prize,  
To Fortune judgment, and to Cupid eyes.

For. *Be a merchant, I will freight thee  
With all store that time is bought for.*

Cup. *Be a lover, I will wait thee  
With success in life most sought for.*

For. *Be enamour'd on bright honour,  
And thy greatness shall shine glorious.*

Cup. *Chastity, if thou smile on her,  
Shall grow servile, thou victorious.*

For. *Be a warrior, conquest ever  
Shall triumphantly renown thee.*

Cup. *Be a courtier, beauty never  
Shall but with her duty crown thee.*

For. *Fortune's wheel is thine, depose me ;  
I'm thy slave, thy power has bound me.*

Cup. *Cupid's shafts are thine, dispose me ;  
Love loves love ; thy graces wound me.*

Both. *Live, reign ! pity is fame's jewel ;  
We obey ; oh ! be not cruel.*

Ray. You ravish me with infinites, and lay  
A bounty of more sovereignty and amazement,  
Than the Atlas of mortality can support.—

*Enter, behind, HUMOUR and FOLLY.*

Hum. What's here ?

Fol. Nay, pray observe.

Ray. Be my heart's empress, build your kingdom there.

*Hum.* With what an earnestness he compli-  
[ments.]

*Fol.* Upon my life he means to turn coster-monger, and is projecting how to forestal the market; I shall cry pippins rarely.

*Ray.* Till now my longings were ne'er satisfied,  
And the desires my sensual appetite  
Were only fed with, barren expectations  
To what I now am fill'd with.

*Fol.* Yes, we are filled and must be emptied;  
these wind-fruits have distended my guts into a  
lenten pudding, there's no fat in them; my belly  
swells, but my sides fall away: a month of such  
diet would make me a living anatomy.

*Pom.* These are too little; more are due to  
him,  
That is the pattern of his father's glory:  
Dwell but amongst us, industry shall strive  
To make another artificial nature,  
And change all other seasons into ours.

*Hum.* Shall my heart break? I can contain no  
longer. [Comes forward, with FOLLY.]

*Ray.* How fares my loved Humour?

*Hum.* A little stirr'd;—no matter, I'll be  
merry;  
Call for some music—do not;—I'll be melancholy.

*Fol.* A sullen humour; and common in a dicer  
that has lost all his money.

*Pom.* Lady, I hope 'tis no neglect of courtesy  
In us, that so disturbs you; if it rise

From any discontent, reveal the cause ;  
It shall be soon removed.

*Hum.* Oh, my heart!—  
Help to unlace my gown.

*Fol.* And unlace your petticoat.

*Hum.* Saucy, how now!—'tis well you have  
some sweetheart,  
Some new fresh sweetheart ; [ *To RAY.* ]—I'm a  
goodly fool

To be thus play'd on, staled and foil'd.

*Pom.* Why, madam ?

We can be courteous without stain of honour :  
'Tis not the raging of a lustful blood  
That we desire to tame with satisfaction,  
Nor have his masculine graces in our breast  
Kindled a wanton fire ; our bounty gives him  
A welcome free, but chaste and honourable.

*Hum.* Nay, 'tis all one ; I have a tender  
heart :

Come, come, let's drink.

*Fol.* A humour in fashion with gallants, and  
brought out of the Low Countries.

*Hum.* Fie! there's no music in thee ;—let us  
sing.

*Fol.* Here's humour in the right trim! a few  
more such toys would make the little world of  
man run mad as the puritan that sold his con-  
science for a maypole—

[ *A flourish.—Shouts within.* ]

*Ray.* The meaning of this mirth ?

*Pom.* My lord is coming.

*Ray.* Let us attend to humble our best thanks,  
For these high favours.

*Enter AUTUMN and BACCHANALIAN.*

*Pom.* My dearest lord, according to th' injunction

Of your command, I have, with all observance,  
Given entertainment to this noble stranger.

*Aut.* The Sun-born Raybright, minion of my  
love!

Let us be twins in heart ; thy grandsire's beams  
Shine graciously upon our fruits and vines.

I am his vassal, servant, tributary ;  
And, for his sake, the kingdoms I possess,  
I will divide with thee ; thou shalt command  
The Lydian Tmolus, and Campanian mounts,  
To nod their grape-crown'd heads into thy bowls,  
Expressing their rich juice ; a hundred grains,  
Both from the Beltick and Sicilian fields,  
Shall be congested for thy sacrifice,  
In Ceres' fane ; Tiber shall pay thee apples,  
And Sicyon olives ; all the choicest fruits  
Thy father's heat doth ripen.

*Ray.* Make me but treasurer  
Of your respected favours, and that honour  
Shall equal my ambition.

*Aut.* My Pomona,  
Speed to prepare a banquet of [all] novelties.  
This is a day of rest, and we, the whiles,  
Will sport before our friends, and shorten time  
With length of wonted revels.





*Fol.* Hey-hoes! a god of winds: there's at least four-and-twenty of them imprisoned in my belly; if I sigh not forth some of them, the rest will break out at the back-door; and how sweet the music of their roaring will be, let an Irishman judge.

*Ray.* He is a songster too.

*Fol.* A very foolish one; my music is natural, and came by inheritance: my father was a French nightingale, and my mother an English wagtail; I was born a cuckoo in the spring, and lost my voice in summer, with laying my eggs in a sparrow's nest; but I'll venture for one:—fill my dish—every one take his own, and, when I hold up my finger, off with it,

*Aut.* Begin.

*FOLLY sings.*

*Cast away care; he that loves sorrow  
Lengthens not a day, nor can buy to-morrow:  
Money is trash; and he that will spend it,  
Let him drink merrily, Fortune will send it.*

*Merrily, merrily, merrily, Oh, ho!*

*Play it off stily, we may not part so.*

*Chor.* *Merrily, &c.*

[Here, and at the conclusion of every stanza, they drink.

*Wine is a charm, it heats the blood too,  
Cowards it will arm, if the wine be good too;  
Quickens the wit, and makes the back able,  
Scorns to submit to the watch or constable.*

*Merrily, &c.*

*Pots fly about, give us more liquor,  
 Brothers of a rout, our brains will flow quicker;  
 Empty the cask; score up, we care not;  
 Fill all the pots again, drink on, and spare not.  
 Merrily, &c.*

Now, have I more air than ten musicians; besides there is a whirlwind in my brains, I could both caper and turn round.

*Aut.* Oh, a dance by all means!

Now cease your healths, and in an active motion Bestir ye nimbly, to beguile the hours.

*Fol.* I am for you in that too; 'twill jog down the lees of these rouses into a freer passage; but take heed of sure footing, 'tis a slippery season: many men fall by rising, and many women are raised by falling.

#### A DANCE.

*Aut.* How likes our friend this pastime?

*Ray.* Above utterance.

Oh, how have I, in ignorance and dulness,  
 Run through the progress of so many minutes,  
 Accusing him, who was my life's first author,  
 Of slackness and neglect, whilst I have dreamt  
 The folly of my days in vain expense  
 Of useless taste and pleasure! Pray, my lord,  
 Let one health pass about, whilst I bethink me  
 What course I am to take, for being denizen  
 In your unlimited courtesies.

*Aut.* Devise a round;<sup>a</sup>

You have your liberty.

<sup>a</sup> *Devise a round.*] i. e. a health to pass round; name a toast, in short; which Raybright immediately does.

*Ray.* A health to Autumn's self!  
And here let time hold still his restless glass,  
That not another golden sand may fall  
To measure how it passeth. *[They drink.]*

*Aut.* Continue here with me, and by thy presence  
Create me favourite to thy fair progenitor,  
And be mine heir.

*Ray.* I want words to express  
My thankfulness.

*Aut.* Whate'er the wanton Spring,  
When she doth diaper the ground with beauties,  
Toils for, comes home to Autumn; Summer  
sweats,  
Either in pasturing her furlongs, reaping  
The crop of bread, ripening the fruits for food,  
[While] Autumn's garners house them, Autumn's  
jollities  
Feed on them; I alone in every land,  
Traffic my useful merchandize; gold and jewels,  
Lordly possessions, are for my commodities  
Mortgaged and lost: I sit chief moderator  
Between the cheek-parch'd Summer, and th' extremes  
Of Winter's tedious frost; nay, in myself  
I do contain another teeming Spring.  
Surety of health, prosperity of life  
Belongs to Autumn; if thou then canst hope  
To inherit immortality in frailty,  
Live here till time be spent, yet be not old.

*Ray.* Under the Sun, you are the year's great emperor.

*Aut.* On now, to new variety of feasts;  
Princely contents are fit for princely guests.

*Ray.* My lord, I'll follow. [*Flourish.* *Exit AUT.*  
Sure, I am not well.

*Fol.* Surely I am half drunk, or monstrously mistaken : you mean to stay here, belike?

*Ray.* Whither should I go else?

*Fol.* Nay, if you will kill yourself in your own defence, I'll not be of your jury.

*Re-enter HUMOUR.*

*Hum.* You have had precious pleasures, choice  
of drunkenness;  
Will you be gone?

*Ray.* I feel a war within me,  
And every doubt that resolution kills  
Springs up a greater : In the year's revolution,  
There cannot be a season more delicious,  
When Plenty, Summer's daughter, empties daily  
Her cornucopia, fill'd with choicest viands.

*Fol.* Plenty's horn is always full in the city.

*Ray.* When temperate heat offends not with  
extremes,  
When day and night have their distinguishment  
With a more equal measure;—

*Hum.* Ha! in contemplation?

*Fol.* Troubling himself with this windy-guts,  
this belly-aching Autumn, this Apple John Kent,  
and warden of Fruiterers' hall.

*Ray.* When the bright Sun, with kindly distant  
beams

Gilds ripen'd fruit ;——

*Hum.* And what fine meditation  
Transports you thus ? You study some encomium  
Upon the beauty of the garden's queen ;  
You'd make the paleness to supply the vacancy  
Of Cynthia's dark defect.

*Fol.* Madam, let but a green-sickness chamber-  
maid be thoroughly steeled, if she get not a better  
colour in one month, I'll be forfeited to Autumn  
for ever, and fruit-eat my flesh into a consumption.

*Hum.* Come, Raybright ; whatsoe'er sugges-  
tions

Have won on thy apt weakness, leave these  
empty

And hollow-sounding pleasures, that include  
Only a windy substance of delight,  
Which every motion alters into air ;  
I'll stay no longer here.

*Ray.* I must.

*Hum.* You shall not ;  
These are adulterate mixtures of vain follies :  
I'll bring thee  
Into the court of Winter ; there thy food  
Shall not be sickly fruits, but healthful broths,  
Strong meat and dainty.

*Fol.* Pork, beef, mutton, very sweet mutton,  
veal, venison, capon, fine fat capon, partridge,  
snite, plover, larks, teal, admirable teal, my lord.

*Hum.* Mistery there, like to another nature,

Confects the substance of the choicest fruits  
In a rich candy, with such imitation  
Of form and colour, 'twill deceive the eye,  
Until the taste be ravish'd.

*Fol.* Comfits and caraways, marchpanes and  
marmalades, sugar-plums and pippin-pies, ginger-  
bread and walnuts.

*Hum.* Nor is his bounty limited; he'll not spare  
To exhaust the treasure of a thousand Indies.

*Fol.* Two hundred pound suppers, and neither  
fiddlers nor broken glasses reckoned; besides, a  
hundred pound a throw, ten times together, if you  
can hold out so long.

*Ray.* You tell me wonders!  
Be my conductress; I'll fly this place in secret:  
Three quarters of my time are almost spent,  
The last remains to crown my full content.  
Now, if I fail, let man's experience read me;  
'Twas Humour, join'd with Folly, did mislead me.

*Hum.* Leave this naked season,  
Wherein the very trees shake off their locks,  
It is so poor and barren.

*Fol.* And when the hair falls off, I have heard a  
poet say, 'tis no good sign of a sound body.

*Ray.* Come, let's go taste old Winter's fresh  
delights,  
And swell with pleasures our big appetites.  
The Summer, Autumn, [Winter] and the Spring,  
As 'twere conjoin'd in one conjugal ring,  
(An emblem of four provinces we sway,)  
Shall all attend our pastimes night and day;

Shall both be subject to our glorious state,  
While we enjoy the blessings of our fate :<sup>3</sup>  
And since we have notice that some barbarous  
spirits  
Mean to oppose our entrance, if by words  
They'll not desist, we'll force our way with  
swords. [Exeunt.]

## ACT V. SCENE I.

*The Court of WINTER.*

*Enter several Clowns.*

1 *Clown*. Hear you the news, neighbour ?

2 *Clown*. Yes, to my grief, neighbour ; they say  
our prince Raybright is coming hither, with whole  
troops and trains of courtiers : we are like to have  
a fine time on't, neighbours.

3 *Clown*. Our wives and daughters are, for they  
are sure to get by the bargain ; though our barn be

<sup>3</sup> Here the fourth Act probably ended in the first sketch of this drama, as what follows seems merely preparatory to the introduction of Raybright in a character which could not have originally been in the writer's contemplation. James I. died not many months after the first appearance of the *Sun's Darling*, and I can think of no more probable cause for the insertion of this *purpureus puerus*, than a desire in the managers to gratify the common feeling, by paying some extraordinary compliment to the youthful monarch, his successor. On the score of poetry, the speeches of Winter are entitled to praise ; but they grievously offend on the side of propriety, and bear no relation whatever to the previous language and conduct of Raybright. But the readers of our antient drama must be prepared for inconsistencies of this kind, and be as indulgent to them as possible, in consideration of the many excellencies by which they are almost invariably redeemed.



emptied, they will be sure to be with bairn for't. Oh, these courtiers, neighbours, are pestilent knaves; but ere I'll suffer it, I'll pluck a crow<sup>4</sup> with some of 'em.

1 *Clown*. 'Faith, neighbour, let's lay our heads together, and resolve to die like men, rather than live like beasts.

2 *Clown*. Aye, like horn-beasts, neighbour: they may talk, and call us rebels, but a fig for that, 'tis not a fart matter: let's be true amongst ourselves, and with our swords in hand resist his entrance.—

*Enter WINTER.*

*Win.* What sullen murmurings' does your gall bring forth?

Will you prov't true, "No good comes from the north?"

Bold, saucy mortals, dare you then aspire  
With snow and ice to quench the sphere of fire?  
Are your hearts frozen like your clime, from thence  
All temperate heat's fled of obedience?  
How durst you else with force think to withstand  
Your prince's entry into this his land?  
A prince, who is so excellently good,  
His virtue is his honour, more than blood;

<sup>4</sup> *Pluck a crow.*] A vulgar expression for *picking a quarrel* with a person.

<sup>5</sup> *What sullen murmurings, &c.*] The old copy has *suck*. What the genuine word was, it is not easy to say; the former edition reads *sullen*, to which I have no other objection than that the dissatisfaction of the clowns is *loud* and *violent*. With a different pointing, the old text might stand; but it is scarcely worth a new arrangement.

In whose clear nature, as two suns, do rise  
The attributes of merciful and wise;  
Whose laws are so impartial, they must  
Be counted heavenly, 'cause they're truly just :  
Who does, with princely moderation, give  
His subjects an example how to live ;  
Teaching their erring natures to direct  
Their wills, to what it ought most to affect :  
That, as the sun does unto all dispense  
Heat, light, nay life, from his full influence :  
Yet you, wild fools, possess'd with giant rage,  
Dare, in your lawless fury, think to wage  
War against Heaven ; and from his shining throne  
Pull Jove himself, for you to tread upon ;  
Were your heads circled with his own green oak,  
Yet are they subject to his thunder stroke,  
And he can sink such wretches as rebel,  
From Heaven's sublime height to the depth of Hell.

1 *Clown*. The devil he can as soon ! we fear no colours ; let him do his worst ; there's many a tall fellow, besides us, will rather die than see his living taken from them, nay, even eat up : all things are grown so dear, there's no enduring more mouths than our own, neighbour.

2 *Clown*. Thou'rt a wise fellow, neighbour ; prate is but prate. They say this prince too would bring new laws upon us, new rites into the temples of our gods ; and that's abominable ; we'll all be hang'd first.

*Win*. A most fair pretence .  
To found rebellion upon conscience !

Dull, stubborn fools! whose perverse judgments still  
Are govern'd by the malice of your will,  
Not by indifferent reason, which to you  
Comes, as in droughts the elemental dew  
Does on the parch'd earth; wets, but does not give  
Moisture enough to make the plants to live.  
Things void of soul! can you conceive, that he,  
Whose every thought's an act of piety,  
Who's all religious, furnish'd with all good  
That ever was comprised in flesh and blood,  
Cannot direct you in the fittest way  
To serve those Powers, to which himself does pay  
True zealous worship, nay's so near allied  
To them, himself must needs be deified?

*Enter FOLLY.*

*Fol.* Save you, gentlemen! 'Tis very cold; you  
live in frost; you've Winter still about you.

*2 Clown.* What are you, sir?

*Fol.* A courtier, sir; but, you may guess, a very  
foolish one, to leave the bright beams of my lord,  
the prince, to travel hither. I have an ague on  
me; do you not see me shake? Well, if our cour-  
tiers, when they come hither, have not warm young  
wenches, good wines and fires, to heat their  
blood, 'twill freeze into an apoplexy. Farewell,  
frost! I'll go seek a fire to thaw me; I'm all ice,  
I fear, already. *[Exit.*

*1 Clown.* Farewell, and be hanged! ere such  
as these shall eat what we have sweat for, we'll  
spend our bloods. Come, neighbours, let's go

call our company together, and go meet this prince he talks so of.

3 *Clown*. Some shall have but a sour welcome of it, if my crabtree-cudgel hold here.

*Win*. 'Tis, I see,  
Not in my power to alter destiny;  
You're mad in your rebellious minds: but hear  
What I presage, with understanding clear,  
As your black thoughts are misty; take from me  
This, as a true and certain augury:  
This prince shall come, and, by his glorious side,  
Laurel-crown'd conquest shall in triumph ride,  
Arm'd with the justice that attends his cause,  
You shall with penitence embrace his laws:  
He to the frozen northern clime shall bring  
A warmth so temperate, as shall force the Spring  
Usurp my privilege, and by his ray  
Night shall be changed into perpetual day:  
Plenty and happiness shall still increase,  
As does his light; and turtle-footed peace<sup>o</sup>  
Dance like a fairy through his realms, while all  
That envy him, shall like swift comets fall,  
By their own fire consumed; and glorious he  
Ruling, as 'twere, the force of destiny,  
Shall have a long and prosperous reign on earth,  
Then fly to Heaven, and give a new star birth.

<sup>o</sup> ————— *And turtle-footed peace*

*Dance like a fairy, &c.*] This, as well as several other expressions in this elegant "augury," is taken from the beautiful address to Elizabeth, in Jonson's Epilogue to *Every Man out of his Humour*.

The throat of war be stopp'd within her realm,  
And turtle-footed peace dance fairy-rings  
About her court, &c.

*A Flourish.*—*Enter* RAYBRIGHT, HUMOUR, BOUNTY,  
and DELIGHT.

But see, our star appears; and from his eye  
Fly thousand beams of sparkling majesty.  
Bright son of Phœbus, welcome! I begin  
To feel the ice fall from my crisled skin;<sup>7</sup>  
For at your beams the waggoner might thaw  
His chariot, axled with Riphæan snow;  
Nay, the slow moving North-star, having felt  
Your temperate heat, his icicles would melt.

*Ray.* What bold rebellious caitiffs dare disturb  
The happy progress of our glorious peace,  
Contemn the justice of our equal laws,  
Profane those sacred rights, which still must be  
Attendant on monarchal dignity?  
I came to frolic with you, and to cheer  
Your drooping souls by vigour of my beams,  
And have I this strange welcome? Reverend  
Winter!

I'm come to be your guest; your bounteous, free  
Condition does assure [me], I shall have  
A welcome entertainment.

*Win.* Illustrious sir! I am [not] ignorant  
How much expression my true zeal will want  
To entertain you fitly; yet my love  
And hearty duty shall be far above

<sup>7</sup> *To feel the ice fall from my crisled skin;*] This word is familiar to me, though I can give no example of it. In Devonshire, where Ford must have often heard it, it means that roughening, shrivelling effect of severe cold upon the skin, known in other counties by the name of *goose-flesh*.

My outward welcome. To that glorious light  
Of Heaven, the Sun, which chases hence the night,  
I am so much a vassal, that I'll strive,  
By honouring you, to keep my faith alive  
To him, brave prince, through you, who do inherit  
Your father's cheerful heat and quick'ning spirit.  
Therefore, as I am Winter, worn and spent  
So far with age, I am Time's monument,  
Antiquity's example ; in my zeal  
I; from my youth, a span of time will steal  
To open the free treasures of my court,  
And swell your soul with my delights and sport.

*Ray.* Never till now  
Did admiration beget in me truly  
The rare-match'd twins at once, pity and pleasure.  
[Pity, that one<sup>1</sup>]

So royal, so abundant in earth's blessings,  
Should not partake the comfort of those beams,  
With which the Sun, beyond extent, doth cheer  
The other seasons ; yet my pleasures with you,  
From their false charms, do get the start, as far  
As Heaven's great lamp from every minor star.

*Boun.* Sir, you can speak well ; if your tongue  
deliver  
The message of your heart, without some cunning  
Of restraint, we may hope to enjoy  
The lasting riches of your presence hence [forth]  
Without distrust or change.

*Ray.* Winter's sweet bride,

<sup>1</sup> Something is evidently lost in this place. I have merely inserted a word or two, to give meaning to what follows.

All conquering Bounty, queen of hearts, life's  
glory,

Nature's perfection ; whom all love, all serve ;  
To whom Fortune, even in extreme's a slave ;  
When I fall from my duty to thy goodness,  
Let me be rank'd as nothing !

*Boun.* Come, you flatter me.

*Ray.* I flatter you ! why, madam, you are  
Bounty ;

Sole daughter to the royal throne of peace.

*Hum.* He minds not me now. *[Aside.*

*Ray.* Bounty's self !

For you, he is no soldier dares not fight ;  
No scholar he, that dares not plead your merits,  
Or study your best sweetness ; should the Sun,  
Eclips'd for many years, forbear to shine  
Upon the bosom of our naked pastures,  
Yet, where you are, the glories of your smiles  
Would warm the barren grounds, arm heartless  
misery,

And cherish desolation : 'deed I honour you,  
And, as all others ought to do, I serve you.

*Hum.* Are these the rare sights, these the promis'd compliments ?

*Win.* Attendance on our revels ! let delight  
Conjoin the day with sable-footed night ;  
Both shall forsake their orbs, and in one sphere  
Meet in soft mirth, and harmless pleasures here :  
While plump Lyæus shall, with garland crown'd  
Of triumph-ivy, in full cups abound

Of Cretan wine, and shall dame Ceres call  
To wait on you, at Winter's festival;  
While gaudy Summer, Autumn, and the Spring,  
Shall to my lord their choicest viands bring.  
We'll rob the sea, and from the subtle air  
Fetch her inhabitants, to supply our fare;  
That, were Apicius here, he in one night  
Should sate with dainties his strong appetite.  
Begin our revels then, and let all pleasure  
Flow like the ocean in a boundless measure.

[*A Flourish.*]

*Enter CONCEIT and DETRACTION.*

Con. *Wit and pleasure, soft attention  
Grace the sports of our invention.*

Detr. *Conceit, peace! for Detraction  
Hath already drawn a faction  
Shall deride thee.*

Con. *Antick, leave me!  
For in labouring to bereave me  
Of a scholar's praise, thy dotage  
Shall be hiss'd at.*

Detr. *Here's a hot age,  
When such petty penmen covet  
Fame by folly! On; I'll prove it  
Scurvy by thy part, and try thee  
By thine own wit.*

Con. *I defy thee;  
Here are nobler judges; wit  
Cannot suffer where they sit.*



*Detr.* Prithee, foolish Conceit, leave off thy set speeches, and come to the conceit itself in plain language. What goodly thing is't, in the name of laughter?

*Con.* Detraction, do thy worst. Conceit appears,

In honour of the Sun, their fellow-friend,  
Before thy censure: know, then, that the spheres  
Have for a while resign'd their orbs, and lend  
Their seats to the four Elements, who join'd  
With the four known Complexions, have atoned  
A noble league, and severally put on  
Material bodies; here amongst them none  
Observes a difference: Earth and Air alike  
Are sprightly active; Fire and Water seek  
No glory of pre-eminence; Phlegm and Blood,  
Choler and Melancholy, who have stood  
In contrarieties, now meet for pleasure,  
To entertain time in a courtly Measure.

*Detr.* Impossible and improper; first, to personate insensible creatures, and next, to compound quite opposite humours! fie, fie, fie! it's abominable.

*Con.* Fond ignorance! how darest thou vainly scan

Impossibility, what reigns in man  
Without disorder, wisely mix'd by nature,  
To fashion and preserve so high a creature?

*Detr.* Sweet sir, when shall our mortal eyes behold this new piece of wonder? We must gaze on the stars for it, doubtless.

*The Scene opens, and discovers the Masquers, (the four Elements, Air, Fire, Water, and Earth; and the four Complexions, Phlegm, Blood, Choler, and Melancholy,) on a raised Platform.*

*Con.* See, thus the clouds fly off, and run in chase,

When the Sun's bounty lends peculiar grace.

*Detr.* Fine, i'faith; pretty, and in good earnest: but, sirrah scholar, will they come down too?

*Con.* Behold them well; the foremost represents Air, the most sportive of the elements.

*Detr.* A nimble rascal, I warrant him some alderman's son; wondrous giddy and light-headed; one that blew his patrimony away in feather and tobacco.

*Con.* The next near him is Fire.

*Detr.* A choleric gentleman, I should know him; a younger brother and a great spender, but seldom or never carries any money about him: he was begot when the sign was in Taurus, for he roars like a bull, but is indeed a bell-wether.

*Con.* The third in rank is Water.

*Detr.* A phlegmatic cold piece of stuff: his father, methinks, should be one of the dunce-table,\* and one that never drank strong beer in's

\* *Dunce-table.*] An inferior table provided in some Inns of court, it is said, for the poorer or duller students. See *Mass.* vol. iii. p. 216.

life, but at festival times; and then he caught the heart-burning a whole vacation and half a term after.

*Con.* The fourth is Earth.

*Detr.* A shrewd plotting-pated fellow, and a great lover of news. I guess at the rest; Blood is placed near Air, Choler near Fire; Phlegm and Water are sworn brothers, and so are Earth and Melancholy.

*Con.* Fair nymph of Harmony, be it thy task  
To sing them down, and rank them in a masque.

A SONG :

During which, the Masquers descend upon the Stage, and take their places for the Dance.

*See the Elements conspire :*

*Nimble Air does court the Earth,  
Water does commix with fire,  
To give our prince's pleasure birth ;  
Each delight, each joy, each sweet  
In one composition meet,  
All the seasons of the year ;*

*Winter does invoke the Spring,  
Summer does in pride appear,  
Autumn forth its fruits doth bring,  
And with emulation pay  
Their tribute to this holy-day ;  
In which the Darling of the Sun is come,  
To make this place a new Elysium.*

[A DANCE.—*Exeunt Masquers.*

*Win.* How do these pleasures please ?

*Hum.* Pleasures !

*Boun.* Live here,

And be my lord's friend ; and thy sports shall  
vary

A thousand ways ; Invention shall beget  
Conceits, as curious as the thoughts of Change  
Can aim at.

*Hum.* Trifles ! Progress o'er the year  
Again, my Raybright ; therein like the Sun ;  
As he in Heaven runs his circular course,  
So thou on earth run thine ; for to be fed  
With stale delights, breeds dulness and contempt :  
Think on the Spring.

*Ray.* She was a lovely virgin.

*Win.* My royal lord !

Without offence, be pleased but to afford  
Me give you my true figure ; do not scorn  
My age, nor think, 'cause I appear forlorn,  
I serve for no use : 'tis my sharper breath  
Does purge gross exhalations from the earth ;  
My frosts and snows do purify the air  
From choking fogs, make the sky clear and fair :  
And though by nature cold and chill I be,  
Yet I am warm in bounteous charity ;  
And can, my lord, by grave and sage advice,  
Bring you to the happy shades of paradise.

*Ray.* That wonder ! Oh, can you bring me thi-  
ther ?

*Win.* I can direct and point you out a path.

*Hum.* But where's the guide ?

Quicken thy spirits, Raybright; I'll not leave thee:

We'll run the self-same race again, that happiness;  
These lazy, sleeping, tedious Winter's nights  
Become not noble action.

*Ray.* To the Spring  
I am resolv'd—

[*Recorders.*

*The SUN appears above.*

Oh, what strange light appears!  
The Sun is up, sure.

*Sun.* Wanton Darling, look,  
And worship with amazement.

*Omnes.* Gracious lord!

*Sun.* Thy sands are number'd, and thy glass of frailty

Here runs out to the last.—Here, in this mirror,  
Let man behold the circuit of his fortunes;  
The season of the Spring dawns like the Morning,  
Bedewing Childhood with unrelish'd beauties  
Of gaudy sights; the Summer, as the Noon,  
Shines in delight of Youth, and ripens strength  
To Autumn's Manhood; here the Evening grows,  
And knits up all felicity in folly:  
Winter at last draws on the Night of Age;  
Yet still a humour of some novel fancy  
Untasted or untried, puts off the minute  
Of resolution, which should bid farewell  
To a vain world of weariness and sorrows.

The powers, from whom man does derive the pedigree

Of his creation, with a royal bounty

Give him Health, Youth, Delight, for free attendants

To rectify his carriage: to be thankful

Again to them, man should cashier his riots,

His bosom's whorish sweetheart, idle Humour,

His Reason's dangerous seducer, Folly.

Then shall,

Like four straight pillars, the four Elements

Support the goodly structure of mortality;

Then shall the four Complexions, like four heads

Of a clear river, streaming in his body,

Nourish and comfort every vein and sinew;

No sickness of contagion, no grim death

Or deprivation of Health's real blessings,

Shall then affright the creature built by Heaven,

Reserv'd to immortality. Henceforth

In peace go to our altars, and no more

Question the power of supernal greatness,

But give us leave to govern as we please

Nature and her dominion, who from us

And from our gracious influence, hath both being

And preservation; no replies, but reverence.

Man hath a double guard, if time can win him;

Heaven's power above him, his own peace within him.

[*Exeunt.*]

I know not on what authority Longbaine speaks, but he expressly attributes the greater part of this Moral Masque to Ford. As far as concerns the last two Acts, I agree with him ; and a long and clear examination of this poet's manner enables me to speak with some degree of confidence. But I trace Decker perpetually in the other three Acts, and through the whole of the comic part. I think well of this poet, and should pause before I admitted the inferiority of his genius (as far, at least, as imagination is concerned) to that of Ford ; but his rough vigour, and his irregular metre generally enable us to mark the line between him and his more harmonious coadjutor.

# **THE WITCH OF EDMONTON.**

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**BY ROWLEY, DEKKER, FORD, &c.**



## THE WITCH OF EDMONTON.

**THIS Tragi-Comedy, which appears to have been brought on the stage in 1623, was not published till 1658, when it appeared in quarto, with the following title: "The Witch of Edmonton. A known True Story. Composed into a Tragi-Comedy by divers well esteemed poets, William Rowley, Thomas Dekker, John Ford, &c. Acted by the Prince's Servants often, at the Cock-pit in Drury-Lane, once at Court, with singular applause. Never printed till now. London, printed by J. Cottrel, for Edward Blackmore, at the Angel in Paul's Church-yard." There is a rude wooden cut on the title-page, with a portrait of the witch (Mother Sawyer), her familiar, a black dog, and Cuddy Banks, the clown of the piece, in the water. That no doubts might arise of the likenesses, the portraits are respectively authenticated by their proper names.**

## PROLOGUE.<sup>1</sup>

THE town of Edmonton hath lent the stage  
A Devil<sup>1</sup> and a Witch, both in an age.  
To make comparisons it were uncivil,  
Between so even a pair, a Witch and Devil:  
But as the year doth with his plenty bring,  
As well a latter as a former spring,  
So hath this Witch enjoy'd the first; and reason  
Presumes she may partake the other season:  
In acts deserving name, the proverb says,  
"Once good and ever;" why not so in plays?  
Why not in this? since, gentlemen, we flatter  
No expectation; here is mirth and matter.

MASTER BIRD.

<sup>1</sup> An allusion to the old play of *The Merry Devil of Edmonton*, written about twenty years before the date of the present drama. Jonson calls it "the dear delight" of the theatre, and it was unquestionably a very popular piece. It was reprinted in Dodsley's *Collection of Old Plays*, vol. v.

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## DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

**Sir ARTHUR CLARINGTON.**

**Old THORNEY, a gentleman.**

**CARTER, a rich yeoman.**

**Old BANKS, a countryman.**

**RATCLIFFE.**

**W. MAGO,**

**W. HAMLUC,\***

**ROWLAND, and several other countrymen.**

**WARBECK,**  
**SOMERTON,** } *suitors to CARTER's daughters.*

**FRANK, THORNEY's son.**

**CUDDY BANKS, the clown.**

*Morrice-dancers.*

**SAWGUT, an old fiddler.**

*Justice, Constable, Officers, Serving-men and  
maids.*

**DOG, a familiar.**

*A Spirit.*

\* W. Mago and W. Hamluc, or Hamlec, were probably the names of two inferior actors.

## WOMEN.

*Mother SAWYER, the WITCH.**ANN, RATCLIFFE's wife.**SUSAN,*  
*KATHERINE,* } *CARTER's daughters.**WINNIFREDE, Sir ARTHUR's maid.*

*Scene.—The town and neighbourhood of Edmonton.*  
*In the end of the last Act, London.*

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*The whole Argument is this distich :*

Forced marriage, murder ; murder blood requires ;  
Reproach, revenge ; revenge, hell's help desires.

# THE WITCH OF EDMONTON.

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## ACT I. SCENE I.

*The Neighbourhood of Edmonton.—A Room in the House of Sir ARTHUR CLARINGTON.*

*Enter FRANK THORNEY and WINNIFREDE.*

*Frank.* COME, wench ; why, here's a business soon dispatch'd.

Thy heart I know is now at ease : thou need'st not

Fear what the tattling gossips in their cups  
Can speak against thy fame ; thy child shall know  
Whom to call dad now.

*Win.* You have [here] discharg'd  
The true part of an honest man ; I cannot  
Request a fuller satisfaction  
Than you have freely granted : yet methinks  
'Tis an hard case, being lawful man and wife,  
We should not live together.

*Frank.* Had I fail'd  
In promise of my truth to thee, we must  
Have then been ever sunder'd ; now the longest

Of our forbearing either's company,  
Is only but to gain a little time  
For our continuing thrift; that so, hereafter,  
The heir that shall be born may not have cause  
To curse his hour of birth, which made him feel  
The misery of beggary and want;  
Two devils that are occasions to enforce  
A shameful end. My plots aim but to keep  
My father's love.

*Win.* And that will be as difficult  
To be preserv'd, when he shall understand  
How you are married, as it will be now,  
Should you confess it to him.

*Frank.* Fathers are  
Won by degrees, not bluntly, as our masters  
Or wronged friends are; and besides I'll use  
Such dutiful and ready means, that ere  
He can have notice of what's past, th' inheritance  
To which I am born heir, shall be assured;  
That done, why let him know it: if he like it not,  
Yet he shall have no power in him left  
To cross the thriving of it.

*Win.* You who had  
The conquest of my maiden-love, may easily  
Conquer the fears of my distrust. And whither  
Must I be hurried?

*Frank.* Prithee do not use  
A word so much unsuitable to the constant  
Affections of thy husband: thou shalt live  
Near Waltham-Abbey, with thy uncle Selman;  
I have acquainted him with all at large:

He'll use thee kindly; thou shalt want no pleasures,

Nor any other fit supplies whatever  
Thou canst in heart desire.

*Win.* All these are nothing  
Without your company.

*Frank.* Which thou shalt have  
Once every month at least.

*Win.* Once every month!  
Is this to have an husband?

*Frank.* Perhaps oftener;  
That's as occasion serves.

*Win.* Ay, ay; in case  
No other beauty tempt your eye, whom you  
Like better, I may chance to be remember'd,  
And see you now and then. Faith! I did hope  
You'd not have us'd me so: 'tis but my fortune.  
And yet, if not for my sake, have some pity  
Upon the child I go with; that's your own:  
And 'less you'll be a cruel-hearted father,  
You cannot but remember that.  
Heaven knows, how—

*Frank.* To quit which fear at once,  
As by the ceremony late perform'd,  
I plighted thee a faith, as free from challenge,  
As any double thought; once more, in hearing  
Of Heaven and thee, I vow that never henceforth  
Disgrace, reproof, lawless affections, threats,  
Or what can be suggested 'gainst our marriage,  
Shall cause me falsify that bridal oath  
That binds me thine. And, Winnifrede, whenever



The wanton heats of youth, by subtle baits  
Of beauty, or what woman's art can practise,  
Draw me from only loving thee, let Heaven  
Inflict upon my life some fearful ruin!  
I hope thou dost believe me.

*Win.* Swear no more;  
I am confirm'd, and will resolve to do  
What you think most behoveful for us.

*Frank.* Thus then;  
Make thyself ready; at the furthest house  
Upon the green, without the town, your uncle  
Expects you. For a little time, farewell!

*Win.* Sweet,  
We shall meet again as soon as thou canst possibly?

*Frank.* We shall. One kiss—away!

[*Exit WIN.*]

*Enter Sir ARTHUR CLARINGTON.*

*Sir Ar.* Frank Thorney!

*Frank.* Here, sir.

*Sir Ar.* Alone? then must I tell thee in plain  
terms,  
Thou hast wrong'd thy master's house basely and  
lewdly.

*Frank.* Your house, sir?

*Sir Ar.* Yes, sir: if the nimble devil  
That wanton'd in your blood, rebell'd against  
All rules of honest duty, you might, sir,  
Have found out some more fitting place than here.

To have built a stew in. All the country whispers  
How shamefully thou hast undone a maid,  
Approv'd for modest life, for civil carriage,  
Till thy prevailing perjuries enticed her  
To forfeit shame. Will you be honest yet,  
Make her amends and marry her?

*Frank.* So, sir,  
I might bring both myself and her to beggary;  
And that would be a shame worse than the other.

*Sir Ar.* You should have thought on this before,  
and then  
Your reason would have oversway'd the passion  
Of your unruly lust. But that you may  
Be left without excuse, to salve the infamy  
Of my disgraced house, and 'cause you are  
A gentleman, and both of you my servants,  
I'll make the maid a portion.

*Frank.* So you promised me  
Before, in case I married her. I know  
Sir Arthur Clarington deserves the credit  
Report hath lent him; and presume you are  
A debtor to your promise: but upon -  
What certainty shall I resolve? Excuse me,  
For being somewhat rude.

*Sir Ar.* It is but reason.  
Well, Frank, what think'st thou of two hundred  
pounds,  
And a continual friend?

*Frank.* Though my poor fortunes  
Might happily prefer me to a choice  
Of a far greater portion; yet to right

A wronged maid, and to preserve your favour,  
I am content to accept your proffer.

*Sir Ar.* Art thou?

*Frank.* Sir, we shall every day have need to  
employ

The use of what you please to give.

*Sir Ar.* Thou shalt have it.

*Frank.* Then I claim

Your promise.—We are man and wife.

*Sir Ar.* Already?

*Frank.* And more than so, [sir,] I have promis'd  
her

Free entertainment in her uncle's house

Near Waltham-Abbey, where she may securely

Sojourn, till time and my endeavours work

My father's love and liking.

*Sir Ar.* Honest Frank!

*Frank.* I hope, sir, you will think I cannot keep  
her,

Without a daily charge.

*Sir Ar.* As for the money,

'Tis all thine own; and though I cannot make  
thee

A present payment, yet thou shalt be sure

I will not fail thee.

*Frank.* But our occasions——

*Sir Ar.* Nay, nay,

Talk not of your occasions; trust my bounty,

It shall not sleep.—Hast married her i'faith,  
Frank?

'Tis well, 'tis passing well!—then, Winnifrede,

Once more thou art an honest woman. Frank,  
Thou hast a jewel, love her; she'll deserve it.  
And when to Waltham?

*Frank.* She is making ready;  
Her uncle stays for her.

*Sir Ar.* Most provident speed.  
Frank, I will be [thy] friend, and such a friend!—  
Thou wilt bring her thither?

*Frank.* Sir, I cannot; newly  
My father sent me word I should come to him.

*Sir Ar.* Marry, and do; I know thou hast a wit  
To handle him.

*Frank.* I have a suit to you.

*Sir Ar.* What is it?  
Any thing, Frank; command it.

*Frank.* That you'll please  
By letters to assure my father, that  
I am not married.

*Sir Ar.* How?

*Frank.* Some one or other  
Hath certainly inform'd him, that I purposed  
To marry Winnifrede; on which he threaten'd  
To disinherit me:—to prevent it,  
Lowly I crave your letters, which he seeing  
Will credit; and I hope, ere I return,  
On such conditions as I'll frame, his lands  
Shall be assured.

*Sir Ar.* But what is there to quit'  
My knowledge of the marriage?

<sup>2</sup> *But what is there to quit, &c.]* The old copy reads *that*, which the context shows to be a misprint.

*Frank.* Why, you were not  
A witness to it.

*Sir Ar.* I conceive; and then—  
His land confirm'd, thou wilt acquaint him tho-  
roughly  
With all that's past.

*Frank.* I mean no less.

*Sir Ar.* Provided  
I never was made privy to't.

*Frank.* Alas, sir,  
Am I a talker?

*Sir Ar.* Draw thyself the letter,  
I'll put my hand to't. I commend thy policy,  
Thou'rt witty, witty, Frank; nay, nay, 'tis fit:  
Dispatch it.

*Frank.* I shall write effectually. *[Exit.*

*Sir Ar.* Go thy way, cuckoo!—have I caught  
the young man?  
One trouble then is freed. He that will feast  
At other's cost, must be a bold-faced guest.—

*Enter WINNIFREDE in a riding-suit.*

Win, I have heard the news, all now is safe;  
The worst is past: thy lip, wench! *(kisses her.)*  
I must bid  
Farewell, for fashion's sake; but I will visit  
thee  
Suddenly, girl. This was cleanly carried;  
Ha! was't not, Win?

*Win.* Then were my happiness,<sup>4</sup>  
That I in heart repent I did not bring him  
The dower of a virginity. Sir, forgive me;  
I have been much to blame: had not my laundress

Given way to your immoderate waste of virtue,  
You had not with such eagerness pursued  
The error of your goodness.

*Sir Ar.* Dear, dear Win,  
I hug this art of thine; it shows how cleanly  
Thou canst beguile, in case occasion serve  
To practise; it becomes thee: now we share  
Free scope enough, without controul or fear,  
To interchange our pleasures; we will surfeit  
In our embraces, wench. Come, tell me, when  
Wilt thou appoint a meeting?

*Win.* What to do?

*Sir Ar.* Good, good! to con the lesson of our  
loves,  
Our secret game.

*Win.* Oh, blush to speak it further.  
As you are a noble gentleman, forget  
A sin so monstrous; 'tis not gently done,  
To open a cured wound: I know you speak  
For trial; 'troth, you need not.

*Sir Ar.* I for trial?  
Not I, by this good sun-shine!

*Win.* Can you name

<sup>4</sup> *Win.* *Then were my happiness, &c.*] I can do nothing with this speech, which, in several parts of it, appears little better than mere jargon. The "laundress," and the "immoderate waste of virtue" of Sir Arthur are either fragments of lost lines, or ridiculous corruptions of the original; perhaps both.

That syllable of good, and yet not tremble  
To think to what a foul and black intent  
You use it for an oath? Let me resolve you:<sup>5</sup>  
If you appear in any visitation,  
That brings not with it pity for the wrongs  
Done to abused Thorney, my kind husband;  
If you infect mine ear with any breath  
That is not thoroughly perfumed with sighs  
For former deeds of lust; may I be curs'd  
Even in my prayers, when I vouchsafe  
To see or hear you! I will change my life,  
From a loose whore to a repentant wife.

*Sir Ar.* Wilt thou turn monster now? art not  
asham'd

After so many months to be honest at last?  
Away, away! fie on't!

*Win.* My resolution  
Is built upon a rock. This very day  
Young Thorney vow'd, with oaths not to be  
doubted,  
That never any change of love should cancel  
The bonds in which we are to either bound,  
Of lasting truth: and shall I then for my part  
Unfile the sacred oath set on record  
In Heaven's book?<sup>6</sup> Sir Arthur, do not study

<sup>5</sup> *Let me resolve you:]* i. e. *assure you*: the word occurs in a similar sense, p. 459.

<sup>6</sup> *Unfile the sacred oath set on record*

*In Heaven's book.]* This expression smacks a little too much of the writer's profession; yet this must be termed a beautiful scene, and a very happy opening of the plot, and some of the chief characters.

To add to your lascivious lust, the sin  
Of sacrilege; for if you but endeavour  
By any unchaste word to tempt my constancy,  
You strive as much as in you lies to ruin  
A temple hallow'd to the purity  
Of holy marriage. I have said enough;  
You may believe me.

*Sir Ar.* Get you to your nunnery,  
There freeze in your old cloister: this is fine!

*Win.* Good angels guide me! Sir, you'll give  
me leave

To weep and pray for your conversion?

*Sir Ar.* Yes;  
Away to Waltham. Pox upon your honesty!  
Had you no other trick to fool me? well,  
You may want money yet.

*Win.* None that I'll send for  
To you, for hire of a damnation.  
When I am gone, think on my just complaint;  
I was your devil; oh, be you my saint! [*Exit.*

*Sir Ar.* Go thy ways; as changeable a bag-  
gage

As ever cozen'd knight; I'm glad I am rid of her.  
Honest! marry hang her! Thorney is my debtor;  
I thought to have paid him too; but fools have  
fortune. [*Exit.*





*Thor.* I cry you mercy, sir, I understood you not.

*Car.* I like young Frank well, so does my Susan too; the girl has a fancy to him, which makes me ready in my purse. There be other suitors within, that make much noise to little purpose. If Frank love Sue, Sue shall have none but Frank: 'tis a mannerly girl, master Thorney, though but an homely man's daughter; there have worse faces looked out of black bags, man.

*Thor.* You speak your mind freely and honestly. I marvel my son comes not; I am sure he will be here some time to-day.

*Car.* To-day or to-morrow, when he comes he shall be welcome to bread, beer, and beef, yeoman's fare; we have no kickshaws; full dishes, whole belly-fulls. Should I diet three days at one of the slender city-suppers, you might send me to Barber-Surgeon's hall the fourth day, to hang up for an anatomy.—Here come they that—

*Enter WARBECK with SUSAN, SOMERTON with KATHERINE.*

How now, girls! every day play-day with you? Valentine's day, too, all by couples? Thus will young folks do when we are laid in our graves, master Thorney; here's all the care they take. And how do you find the wenches, gentlemen? have they any mind to a loose gown and a strait

shoe? Win 'em and wear 'em; they shall choose for themselves by my consent.

*War.* You speak like a kind father. Sue, thou hear'st

The liberty that's granted thee; what sayest thou? Wilt thou be mine?

*Sus.* Your what, sir? I dare swear Never your wife.

*War.* Canst thou be so unkind, Considering how dearly I affect thee, Nay, dote on thy perfections?

*Sus.* You are studied, Too scholar-like, in words I understand not. I am too coarse for such a gallant's love As you are.

*War.* By the honour of gentility—

*Sus.* Good sir, no swearing; yea and nay with us

Prevail above all oaths you can invent.

*War.* By this white hand of thine—

*Sus.* Take a false oath!

Fie, fie! flatter the wise; fools not regard it, And one of these am I.

*War.* Dost thou despise me?

*Car.* Let them talk on, master Thorney; I know Sue's mind. The fly may buzz about the candle, he shall but singe his wings when all's done: Frank, Frank is he has her heart.

*Som.* But shall I live in hope, Kate?

*Kath.* Better so,  
Than be a desperate man.

*Som.* Perhaps thou think'st it is thy portion  
I level at : wert thou as poor in fortunes  
As thou art rich in goodness, I would rather  
Be suitor for the dower of thy virtues,  
Than twice thy father's whole estate ; and, pri-  
thee,  
Be thou resolv'd so.

*Kath.* Master Somerton,  
It is an easy labour to deceive  
A maid that will believe men's subtle promises ;  
Yet I conceive of you as worthily  
As I presume you to deserve.

*Som.* Which is,  
As worthily in loving thee sincerely,  
As thou art worthy to be so beloved.

*Kath.* I shall find time to try you.

*Som.* Do, Kate, do ;  
And when I fail, may all my joys forsake me !

*Car.* Warbeck and Sue are at it still. I laugh  
to myself, master Thorney, to see how earnestly  
he beats the bush, while the bird is flown into  
another's bosom. A very unthrift, master Thor-  
ney ; one of the country roaring-lads : we have  
such as well as the city, and as arrant rake-hells as  
they are, though not so nimble at their prizes of  
wit. Sue knows the rascal to an hair's-breadth,  
and will fit him accordingly.

*Thor.* What is the other gentleman ?

*Car.* One Somerton ; the honestest man of the  
two, by five pound in every stone-weight. A  
civil fellow ; he has a fine convenient estate of

land in West-ham, by Essex : master Ranges, that dwells by Enfield, sent him hither. He likes Kate well; I may tell you, I think she likes him as well: if they agree, I'll not hinder the match for my part. But that Warbeck is such another—I use him kindly for master Somerton's sake; for he came hither first as a companion of his: honest men, master Thorney, may fall into knaves' company now and then.

*War.* Three hundred a year jointure, Sue.

*Sus.* Where lies it!

By sea or land? I think by sea.

*War.* Do I look like a captain?

*Sus.* Not a whit, sir.

Should all that use the seas be reckon'd captains,

There's not a ship should have a scullion in her  
To keep her clean.

*War.* Do you scorn me, mistress Susan?

Am I a subject to be jeer'd at?

*Sus.* Neither

Am I a property for you to use

As stale to your fond wanton loose discourse:<sup>7</sup>

Pray, sir, be civil.

*War.* Wilt be angry, wasp?

*Car.* God-a-mercy, Sue! she'll firk him on my  
life, if he fumble with her.

<sup>7</sup> *As stale to your fond wanton loose discourse :*] i. e. as a *pretence*, a *stalking-horse*, under cover or which you may vent your licentious language, &c. Be *civil*, in the next line, means,—assume the manners of decent, cultivated society.

*Enter FRANK.*

Master Francis Thorney, you are welcome indeed; your father expected your coming. How does the right worshipful knight, Sir Arthur Clarington, your master?

*Frank.* In health this morning. Sir, my duty.

*Thor.* Now

You come as I could wish.

*War.* Frank Thorney? ha! *[Aside.*

*Sus.* You must excuse me.

*Frank.* Virtuous mistress Susan.

Kind mistress Katherine. *[Kisses them.*

Gentlemen, to both

Good time o' th' day.

*Som.* The like to you.

*War.* 'Tis he:

A word, friend. (*Aside to Som.*) On my life, this  
is the man

Stands fair in crossing Susan's love to me.

*Som.* I think no less; be wise and take no notice  
on't;

He that can win her, best deserves her.

*War.* Marry

A serving man? mew!

*Som.* Prithee, friend, no more.

*Car.* Gentlemen all, there's within a slight dinner ready, if you please to taste of it. Master Thorney, master Francis, master Somerton!—  
Why, girls! what, huswives! will you spend all

your forenoon in tittle-tattles? away; it's well, i'faith. Will you go in, gentlemen?

*Thor.* We'll follow presently; my son and I  
Have a few words of business.

*Car.* At your pleasure.

[*Exeunt all but THORNEY and FRANK.*]

*Thor.* I think you guess the reason, Frank, for  
which

I sent for you.

*Frank.* Yes, sir.

*Thor.* I need not tell you  
With what a labyrinth of dangers daily  
The best part of my whole estate's encumber'd;  
Nor have I any clue to wind it out,  
But what occasion proffers me; wherein,  
If you should falter, I shall have the shame,  
And you the loss. On these two points rely  
Our happiness or ruin. If you marry  
With wealthy Carter's daughter, there's a portion  
Will free my land; all which I will instate,  
Upon the marriage, to you: otherwise  
I must be of necessity enforced  
To make a present sale of all; and yet,  
For ought I know, live in as poor distress,  
Or worse, than now I do; you hear the sum:  
I told you thus before; have you consider'd on't?

*Frank.* I have, sir; and however I could wish  
To enjoy the benefit of single freedom,  
For that I find no disposition in me  
To undergo the burden of that care  
That marriage brings with it; yet to secure

And settle the continuance of your credit,  
I humbly yield to be directed by you  
In all commands.

*Thor.* You have already used  
Such thriving protestations to the maid,  
That she is wholly your's; and——speak the  
truth,—

You love her, do you not?

*Frank.* 'Twere pity, sir,  
I should deceive her.

*Thor.* Better you had been unborn.  
But is your love so steady that you mean,  
Nay more, desire, to make her your wife?

*Frank.* Else, sir,  
It were a wrong not to be righted.

*Thor.* True,  
It were: and you will marry her?

*Frank.* Heaven prosper it,  
I do intend it.

*Thor.* Oh, thou art a villain!  
A devil like a man! Wherein have I  
Offended all the powers so much, to be  
Father to such a graceless, godless son?

*Frank.* To me, sir, this! oh, my cleft heart!

*Thor.* To thee,  
Son of my curse. Speak truth and blush, thou  
monster!

Hast thou not married Winnifrede, a maid  
Was fellow-servant with thee?

*Frank.* Some swift spirit



Has blown this news abroad; I must outface  
it. [*Aside.*]

*Thor.* Do you study for excuse? why all the  
country

Is full on't.

*Frank.* With your license, 'tis not charitable,  
I'm sure it is not fatherly, so much  
To be o'ersway'd with credulous conceit  
Of mere impossibilities; but fathers  
Are privileged to think and talk at pleasure.

*Thor.* Why, canst thou yet deny thou hast no  
wife?

*Frank.* What do you take me for? an atheist?  
One that nor hopes the blessedness of life  
Hereafter, neither fears the vengeance due  
To such as make the marriage-bed an inn,  
Which \* \* \* \* travellers, day and night,  
After a toilsome lodging, leave at pleasure?  
Am I become so insensible of losing  
The glory of creation's work, my soul?  
Oh, I have lived too long!

*Thor.* Thou hast, dissembler.

Dar'st thou perséver yet, and pull down wrath  
As hot as flames of hell, to strike thee quick  
Into the grave of horror? I believe thee not;  
Get from my sight!

*Frank.* Sir, though mine innocence  
Needs not a stronger witness than the clearness  
Of an unperish'd conscience; yet for that  
I was inform'd, how mainly you had been

Possess'd of this untruth,—to quit all scruple  
Please you peruse this letter; 'tis to you.

*Thor.* From whom?

*Frank.* Sir Arthur Clarington, my master.

*Thor.* Well, sir. [*Reads.*

*Frank.* On every side I am distracted;  
Am waded deeper into mischief  
Than virtue can avoid; but on I must:  
Fate leads me; I will follow.\*—(*Aside.*) There  
you read

What may confirm you.

*Thor.* Yes, and wonder at it.

Forgive me, Frank; credulity abus'd me.

My tears express my joy; and I am sorry  
I injured innocence.

*Frank.* Alas! I knew

Your rage and grief proceeded from your love  
To me; so I conceiv'd it.

\* ————— on I must:

*Fate leads me; I will follow.*] Ford has furnished Frank with the same apology which he had previously put in the mouth of Giovanni. See vol. i., p. 140. Nothing need be added to what is said on that passage, to which the reader will have the goodness to turn. Giovanni, indeed, is a villain of a gigantic stamp, but he has an accomplice in his crime, and is at once seducing and seduced; whereas, the person before us is a cold, calculating wretch, an agent of evil, upon principle; for (to say nothing of his fearful perjuries in the first scene) he must have planned the seduction of Winnifrede, with the full knowledge of his engagement to marry Susan. With the usual inconsistency of those who seek to smother their conscience by plunging deeper into guilt, he observes, just below, that the fate which *here* "leads him on," pursues him!

*Thor.* My good son,  
I'll bear with many faults in thee hereafter ;  
Bear thou with mine.

*Frank.* The peace is soon concluded.

*Re-enter Old CARTER and SUSAN.*

*Car.* Why, master Thorney, do you mean to talk out your dinner ? the company attends your coming. What must it be, master Frank ? or son Frank ? I am plain Dunstable.\*

*Thor.* Son, brother, if your daughter like to have it so.

*Frank.* I dare be confident, she is not alter'd from what I left her at our parting last :—  
Are you, fair maid ?

*Sus.* You took too sure possession  
Of an engaged heart.

*Frank.* Which now I challenge.

*Car.* Marry, and much good may it do thee, son. Take her to thee ; get me a brace of boys at a burthen, Frank ; the nursing shall not stand thee in a pennyworth of milk ; reach her home and spare not : when's the day ?

*Thor.* To-morrow, if you please. To use ceremony  
Of charge and custom were to little purpose ;  
Their loves are married fast enough already.

\* *I am plain Dunstable.*] i. e. Blunt and honest. The proverb is of very ancient date, and is not even yet quite worn out ; only, as Sir Hugh says, *the phrase is a little variations* : for, with the usual propensity of our countrymen to assist the memory by alliteration, a man like Carter, is now *Downright Dunstable*.

*Car.* A good motion. We'll e'en have an household dinner, and let the fiddlers go scrape : let the bride and bridegroom dance at night together ; no matter for the guests :—to-morrow, Sue, to-morrow. Shall's to dinner now ?

*Thor.* We are on all sides pleased, I hope.

*Sus.* Pray Heaven I may deserve the blessing sent me !

Now my heart's settled.

*Frank.* So is mine.

*Car.* Your marriage-money shall be received before your wedding-shoes can be pulled on. Blessing on you both !

*Frank. (Aside.)* No man can hide his shame from Heaven that views him ;  
In vain he flees whose destiny pursues him.<sup>1</sup>

[*Exeunt.*]

## ACT II.—SCENE I.

*The Fields near Edmonton.*

*Enter ELIZABETH SAWYER, gathering sticks.*

*Saw.* And why on me ? why should the envious world

Throw all their scandalous malice upon me ?  
'Cause I am poor, deform'd, and ignorant,  
And like a bow buckled and bent together,

<sup>1</sup> Thus far the hand of Ford is visible in every line. Of the Act which follows, much may be set down, without hesitation, to the credit of Decker.

By some more strong in mischiefs than myself,  
Must I for that be made a common sink,  
For all the filth and rubbish of men's tongues  
To fall and run into? Some call me Witch,  
And being ignorant of myself, they go  
About to teach me how to be one; urging,  
That my bad tongue (by their bad usage made so)  
Forespeaks their cattle,<sup>2</sup> doth bewitch their corn,  
Themselves, their servants, and their babes at  
nurse.

This they enforce upon me; and in part  
Make me to credit it; and here comes one  
Of my chief adversaries.

*Enter Old BANKS.*

*Banks.* Out, out upon thee, witch!

*Saw.* Dost call me witch?

*Banks.* I do, witch, I do; and worse I would,  
knew I a name more hateful. What makest thou  
upon my ground?

*Saw.* Gather a few rotten sticks to warm me.

*Banks.* Down with them when I bid thee,  
quickly; I'll make thy bones rattle in thy skin else.

*Saw.* You won't, churl, cut-throat, miser!—  
there they be; (*Throws them down*) would they

<sup>2</sup> Forespeaks *their cattle*.] A very common term for *bewitch*. Thus Burton: "They are surely *forespoken*, or bewitched."—*Anat. of Mel.* And Jonson. "Pray Heaven, some of us be not a *witch*, gossip, to *forespake* the matter thus."—*Staple of News*. And see *Cynthia's Revels*, vol. ii. p. 275. It is but justice to the speaker to observe, that she details the process of witch-making with dreadful accuracy; there is but too much reason to believe, that many a Mother Sawyer has been formed in this manner.

stuck cross thy throat, thy bowels, thy maw, thy midriff.

*Banks.* Say'st thou me so, hag? Out of my ground! [*Beats her.*]

*Saw.* Dost strike me, slave, curmudgeon! Now thy bones aches, thy joints cramps, and convulsions stretch and crack thy sinews!

*Banks.* Cursing, thou hag! take that, and that. [*Beats her, and exit.*]

*Saw.* Strike, do!—and wither'd may that hand and arm

Whose blows have lamed me, drop from the rotten trunk!

Abuse me! beat me! call me hag and witch!

What is the name? where, and by what art learn'd,

What spells, what charms or invocations?

May the thing call'd Familiar be purchased?

*Enter CUDDY BANKS, and several other clowns.*

*Cud.* A new head for the tabor, and silver tipping for the pipe; remember that: and forget not five leash of new bells.

1 *Cl.* Double bells;—Crooked-Lane<sup>4</sup>—you shall

<sup>3</sup> This is more than usually harsh and rugged. An imprecation is evidently intended, and to render it at all intelligible, the lines must be filled up somewhat in this way. Now [*may*] aches [*strike*] thy bones! cramps [*rack*] thy joints! and convulsions, &c.

<sup>4</sup> "Crooked-Lane," my old friend, Mr. Waldron, observes, "leads from Eastcheap to Fish-street-hill, opposite the Monument; and has now (1812) several shops where such kinds of knacks are still sold." In the present rage for demolition, and re-construction on new plans, such local notices may be worth preserving.

have 'em straight in Crooked-Lane:—double bells all, if it be possible.

*Cud.* Double bells? double coxcombs! trebles, buy me trebles, all trebles; for our purpose is to be in the altitudes.

2 *Cl.* All trebles? not a mean?

*Cud.* Not one. The morrice is so cast, we'll have neither mean nor base in our company, fellow Rowland.

3 *Cl.* What! nor a counter?

*Cud.* By no means, no hunting counter; leave that to the Enfield Chase men: all trebles, all in the altitudes. Now for the disposing of parts in the Morrice, little or no labour will serve.

2 *Cl.* If you that be minded to follow your leader, know me, (an ancient honour belonging to our house,) for a fore-horse [i'th'] team, and fore-gallant in a morrice, my father's stable is not unfurnish'd.

3 *Cl.* So much for the fore-horse; but how for a good Hobby-horse?

*Cud.* For a Hobby-horse? let me see an almanack. Midsummer-moon, let me see you. "When the moon's in the full, then wit's in the wane." No more. Use your best skill; your morrice will suffer an eclipse.

1 *Cl.* An eclipse?

*Cud.* A strange one.

2 *Cl.* Strange?

*Cud.* Yes, and most sudden. Remember the fore-gallant, and forget the hobby-horse! the

whole body of your morrice will be darkened.—  
There be of us—but 'tis no matter:—forget the  
hobby-horse!

1 *Cl.* Cuddy Banks!—have you forgot since he  
paced it from Enfield Chase to Edmonton?—  
Cuddy, honest Cuddy, cast thy stuff.<sup>1</sup>

*Cud.* Suffer may ye all! it shall be known, I  
can take my ease as well as another man. Seek  
your hobby-horse where you can get him.

1 *Cl.* Cuddy, honest Cuddy, we confess, and  
are sorry for our neglect.

2 *Cl.* The old horse shall have a new bridle.

3 *Cl.* The caparisons new painted.

4 *Cl.* The tail repair'd.

1 *Cl.* The snaffle and the bosses new saffroned  
over.

1 *Cl.* Kind,—

2 *Cl.* Honest,—

3 *Cl.* Loving, ingenious—

4 *Cl.* Affable, Cuddy.

*Cud.* To show I am not flint, but affable, as you  
say, very well stuf, a kind of warm dough or puff-  
paste, I relent, I connive, most affable Jack. Let  
the hobby-horse provide a strong back, he shall

<sup>1</sup> *Cast thy stuff.*] So the quarto. The context might lead us to  
suppose, that the author's word was *snuff*, did not Cuddy subse-  
quently advert to it. Cuddy's *anger* arises from the unlucky  
question asked by the 3d Clown. "How shall we do for a good  
*hobby-horse*?"—as he apparently expected, from his former cele-  
brity in that respectable character, to have been appointed by  
acclamation.



not want a belly when I am in him—but (*seeing the witch*)—uds me, mother Sawyer!

1 *Cl.* The old witch of Edmonton!—if our mirth be not cross'd—

2 *Cl.* Bless us, Cuddy, and let her curse her t'other eye out. What dost now?

*Cud.* “Ungirt, unblest,” says the proverb; but my girdle shall serve [for] a riding knot; and a fig for all the witches in Christendom! What wouldst thou?

1 *Cl.* The devil cannot abide to be crossed.

2 *Cl.* And scorns to come at any man's whistle.

3 *Cl.* Away—

4 *Cl.* With the witch!

*All.* Away with the Witch of Edmonton!

[*Exeunt in strange postures.*]

*Saw.* Still vex'd! still tortured! that curmudgeon Banks

Is ground of all my scandal; I am shunn'd

And hated like a sickness; made a scorn

To all degrees and sexes. I have heard old bel-dams

Talk of familiars in the shape of mice,

Rats, ferrets, weasels, and I wot not what,

That have appear'd, and suck'd, some say, their blood;

But by what means they came acquainted with them,

I am now ignorant. Would some power, good or bad,

Instruct me which way I might be revenged  
Upon this churl, I'd go out of myself,  
And give this fury leave to dwell within  
This ruin'd cottage, ready to fall with age!  
Abjure all goodness, be at hate with prayer,  
And study curses, imprecations,  
Blasphemous speeches, oaths, detested oaths,  
Or any thing that's ill; so I might work  
Revenge upon this miser, this black cur,  
That barks and bites, and sucks the very blood  
Of me, and of my credit. 'Tis all one,  
To be a witch, as to be counted one:  
Vengeance, shame, ruin light upon that canker!

*Enter a BLACK DOG.*<sup>6</sup>

*Dog.* Ho! have I found thee cursing? now thou  
art

Mine own.

<sup>6</sup> *Enter a Black Dog.*] "A great matter," Dr. Hutchinson says, "had been made at the time of the said commission, (1697,) of a *black dog*, that frequently appeared to Somers, and persuaded him to say he had dissembled; and when they asked him, why he said he counterfeited? he said: *A dog, a dog!* And as odd things will fall in with such stories, it happened that there was a *black dog* in the chamber, that belonged to one Clark, a spurrier. Some of the commissioners spying him, thought they saw the devil! one thought his eyes glared like fire! and much speech was afterwards made of it." p. 260. This was under Elizabeth, whose reign, if we may trust the competent authorities, was far more infested with witches, than that of James I. when the *Black Dog* again made his appearance among the Lancashire witches. The audiences of those days, therefore, were well prepared for his reception, and probably viewed him with a sufficient degree of fearful credulity to create an interest in his feats. But there is "nothing new under the sun." The whole machinery of witchcraft was as well known to Lucan

*Saw.* Thine! what art thou?

*Dog.* He thou hast so often  
Importuned to appear to thee, the devil.

*Saw.* Bless me! the devil?

*Dog.* Come, do not fear; I love thee much too  
well

To hurt or fright thee; if I seem terrible,  
It is to such as hate me. I have found  
Thy love unfeign'd; have seen and pitied  
Thy open wrongs, and come, out of my love,  
To give thee just revenge against thy foes.

*Saw.* May I believe thee?

*Dog.* To confirm't, command me  
Do any mischief unto man or beast,  
And I'll effect it, on condition  
That, uncompell'd, thou make a deed of gift  
Of soul and body to me.

*Saw.* Out, alas!

My soul and body?

*Dog.* And that instantly,  
And seal it with thy blood; if thou deniest,  
I'll tear thy body in a thousand pieces.

*Saw.* I know not where to seek relief: but  
shall I,

After such covenants seal'd, see full revenge  
On all that wrong me?

as to us; and the *black dogs* of Mother Sawyer and Mother Demdike had their origin in the *infernae canes* of the Greek and Latin poets, and descended, in regular succession, through all the demonology of the dark ages, to the times of the Revolution, when they quietly disappeared with the sorcerers, their employers.

*Dog.* Ha, ha ! silly woman !  
The devil is no liar to such as he loves—  
Didst ever know or hear the devil a liar  
To such as he affects ?

*Saw.* Then I am thine ; at least so much of me  
As I can call mine own—

*Dog.* Equivocations ?  
Art mine or no ? speak, or I'll tear—

*Saw.* All thine.

*Dog.* Seal't with thy blood.      [*She pricks her  
arm, which he sucks.*—*Thunder and lightning.*

See ! now I dare call thee mine !  
For proof, command me ; instantly I'll run  
To any mischief ; goodness can I none.

*Saw.* And I desire as little. There's an old  
churl,

One Banks—

*Dog.* That wrong'd thee : he lamed thee, call'd  
thee witch.

*Saw.* The same ; first upon him I'd be re-  
venged.

*Dog.* Thou shalt ; do but name how ?

*Saw.* Go, touch his life.

*Dog.* I cannot.

*Saw.* Hast thou not vow'd ? Go, kill the slave !

*Dog.* I will not.

*Saw.* I'll cancel then my gift.

*Dog.* Ha, ha !

*Saw.* Dost laugh !  
Why wilt not kill him ?

*Dog.* Fool, because I cannot.

Though we have power, know, it is circumscribed,

And tied in limits : though he be curst to thee,<sup>7</sup>  
Yet of himself, he is loving to the world,  
And charitable to the poor ; now men, that,  
As he, love goodness, though in smallest measure,  
Live without compass of our reach : his cattle  
And corn I'll kill and mildew ; but his life  
(Until I take him, as I late found thee,  
Cursing and swearing) I have no power to touch.

*Saw.* Work on his corn and cattle then.

*Dog.* I shall.

The WITCH OF EDMONTON shall see his fall ;  
If she at least put credit in my power,  
And in mine only ; make orisons to me,  
And none but me.

*Saw.* Say how, and in what manner.

*Dog.* I'll tell thee : when thou wishest ill,  
Corn, man, or beast wouldst spoil or kill ;  
Turn thy back against the sun,  
And mumble this short orison :  
*If thou to death or shame pursue 'em,  
Sanctibicetur nomen tuum.*

*Saw.* *If thou to death or shame pursue 'em,  
Sanctibicetur nomen tuum.*

*Dog.* Perfect : farewell ! Our first-made promises

We'll put in execution against Banks. [Exit.

<sup>7</sup> ———— *though he be curst to thee.*] So the word should be written ; i. e. cross, splenetic, abusive.

Saw. *Contaminetur nomen tuum.* I'm an expert scholar;<sup>a</sup>

Speak Latin, or I know not well what language,  
As well as the best of 'em—but who comes here?

*Re-enter CUDDY BANKS.*

The son of my worst foe.

*To death pursue 'em,*

*Et sanctabacetur nomen tuum.*

Cud. What's that she mumbles? the devil's paternoster? would it were else!—Mother Sawyer, good-morrow.

Saw. Ill-morrow to thee, and all the world that flout

A poor old woman.

*To death pursue 'em,*

*And sanctabacetur nomen tuum.*

Cud. Nay, good gammer Sawyer, whate'er it pleases my father to call you, I know you are—

Saw. A witch.

Cud. A witch? would you were else, i'faith!

Saw. Your father knows I am, by this.

Cud. I would he did!

Saw. And so in time may you.

Cud. I would I might else! But witch or no witch, you are a motherly woman; and though my father be a kind of God-bless-us, as they say, I

<sup>a</sup> *Contaminetur, &c. I'm an expert scholar.]* Pretty well for a beginner. This jargon is put into the mouths of the speakers for the laudable purpose of avoiding all profanation of the sacred text.

have an earnest suit to you; and if you'll be so kind to ka me one good turn, I'll be so courteous to kob you another.\*

*Saw.* What's that? to spurn, beat me, and call me witch,

As your kind father doth?

*Cud.* My father! I am ashamed to own him. If he has hurt the head of thy credit, there's money to buy thee a plaster; (*gives her money*) and a small courtesy I would require at thy hands.

*Saw.* You seem a good young man, and—I must dissemble,

The better to accomplish my revenge.—(*Aside.*)

But—for this silver, what wouldst have me do? Bewitch thee?

*Cud.* No, by no means; I am bewitch'd already: I would have thee so good as to unwitch me, or witch another with me for company.

*Saw.* I understand thee not; be plain, my son.

*Cud.* As a pike-staff, mother. You know Kate Carter?

*Saw.* The wealthy yeoman's daughter? what of her?

*Cud.* That same party has bewitch'd me.

*Saw.* Bewitch'd thee?

*Cud.* Bewitch'd me, *hisce auribus*. I saw a

\* *If you'll be so kind to ka me one good turn, I'll be so courteous to kob you another.*] "Ka me, ka thee," was the old proverb, before it fell into the hands of Cuddy, who is so desperately witty, that he can let no plain expression alone. See Massinger, where several examples of this expression will be found; vol. iv. p. 34.

little devil fly out of her eye like a but-bolt,<sup>1</sup> which sticks at this hour up to the feathers in my heart. Now, my request is, to send one of thy what-d'ye-call-'ems, either to pluck that out, or stick another as fast in her's : do, and here's my hand, I am thine for three lives.

*Saw.* We shall have sport. (*Aside.*)—Thou art in love with her?

*Cud.* Up to the very hilts, mother.

*Saw.* And thou wouldst have me make her love thee too?

*Cud.* I think she'll prove a witch in earnest. (*Aside.*)—Yes, I could find in my heart to strike her three quarters deep in love with me too.

*Saw.* But dost thou think that I can do't, and I alone?

*Cud.* Truly, mother witch, I do verily believe so; and, when I see it done, I shall be half-persuaded so too.

*Saw.* It is enough; what art can do, be sure of. Turn to the west, and whatsoe'er thou hear'st Or seest, stand silent, and be not afraid.

[*She stamps on the ground; the Dog appears, and fawns, and leaps upon her.*]

*Cud.* Afraid, mother witch!—"turn my face to the west!" I said I should always have a back-friend of her; and now it's out. An her little

<sup>1</sup> ————— like a but-bolt.] This should not be confounded with *bar* or *bird-bolt*. It was the strong, unbarbed arrow used by the citizens in "shooting at the but;" the other was light, pointless, and, as our old writers describe it, "gross-knobbed, for stunning."



devil should be hungry, come sneaking behind me, like a cowardly catchpole, and clap his talons on my haunches—'Tis woundy cold sure—I dudder and shake like an aspen leaf every joint of me.

*Saw.* *To scandal and disgrace pursue 'em,*

*Et sanctificetur nomen tuum.* [*Exit Dog.*

How now, my son, how is't?

*Cud.* Scarce in a clean life, mother witch.—But did your goblin and you spout Latin together?

*Saw.* A kind of charm I work by; didst thou hear me?

*Cud.* I heard I know not the devil what mumble in a scurvy base tone, like a drum that had taken cold in the head the last muster. Very comfortable words; what were they? and who taught them you?

*Saw.* A great learned man.

*Cud.* Learned man! learned devil it was as soon! But what? what comfortable news about the party?

*Saw.* Who? Kate Carter? I'll tell thee. Thou know'st the stile at the west end of thy father's pease-field; be there to-morrow night after sunset; and the first live thing thou seest, be sure to follow, and that shall bring thee to thy love.

*Cud.* In the pease-field? has she a mind to codlings already? The first living thing I meet, you say, shall bring me to her?

<sup>2</sup> Cuddy. *In the pease-field? has she a mind to codlings already?*]  
I observed (page 407) that, by *codlings*, in the *passage there*

*Saw.* To a sight of her, I mean. She will seem wantonly coy, and flee thee; but follow her close and boldly: do but embrace her in thy arms once, and she is thine own.

*Cud.* "At the stile, at the west-end of my father's pease-land, the first live thing I see, follow and embrace her, and she shall be thine." Nay, an I come to embracing once, she shall be mine; I'll go near to make a taglet else. [*Erit.*

*Saw.* A ball well bandied! now the set's half won;

The father's wrong I'll wreak upon the son.

[*Erit.*

*quoted*, Ford meant young *pease*; and the quotation from the text sufficiently proves it. Lydgate, in his poem called *Lick-penny*, mentions them as cried about the streets of London in his time, ready dressed, with strawberries and cherries on the stalk.

"*Hot pescods* on began to crye,  
Strawberries ripe, and cherries in the ryse."

Burton mentions green pease under the name of codlings, in his *Anatomic*. Brome, in his "*Mad Couple well matched*," speaks of sending *early cherries* and *codlings* to the citizens' wives, as bribes to procure credit for their commodities. Apples in June, when, in the language of our old writers, they had scarcely *codded*, whether hot or cold, would have proved no great temptation to ladies of such exquisite taste as the fair *What-d'ye-lacks* of Cheapside: early pease might, indeed, hope to tempt them; and such were their *codlings*. It may be added, that so common was the word in this sense, that the women who gathered pease for the London markets were called *codders*; a name which they still retain. That there was an apple of this name was never meant to be questioned.

SCENE II.—CARTER'S *House*.

*Enter CARTER, WARBECK, and SOMERTON.*

*Car.* How now, gentlemen! cloudy? I know, master Warbeck, you are in a fog about my daughter's marriage.

*War.* And can you blame me, sir?

*Car.* Nor you me justly. Wedding and hanging are tied up both in a proverb; and destiny is the juggler that unties the knot: my hope is, you are reserved to a richer fortune than my poor daughter.

*War.* However, your promise—

*Car.* Is a kind of debt, I confess it.

*War.* Which honest men should pay.

*Car.* Yet some gentlemen break in that point, now and then, by your leave, sir.

*Som.* I confess thou hast had a little wrong in the wench; but patience is the only salve to cure it. Since Thorney has won the wench, he has most reason to wear her.

*War.* Love in this kind admits no reason to wear her.

*Car.* Then Love's a fool, and what wise man will take exception?

*Som.* Come, frolick, Ned; were every man master of his own fortune, Fate might pick straws, and Destiny go a wool-gathering.

*War.* You hold your's in a string though: 'tis well; but if there be any equity, look thou to meet the like usage ere long.

*Som.* In my love to her sister Katherine? Indeed, they are a pair of arrows drawn out of one quiver, and should fly at an even length; if she do run after her sister,——

*War.* Look for the same mercy at my hands, as I have received at thine.

*Som.* She'll keep a surer compass;<sup>1</sup> I have too strong a confidence to mistrust her.

*War.* And that confidence is a wind that has blown many a married man ashore at Cuckold's Haven, I can tell you; I wish your's more prosperous though.

*Car.* Whate'er you wish, I'll master my promise to him.

*War.* Yes, as you did to me.

*Car.* No more of that, if you love me: but for the more assurance, the next offer'd occasion shall consummate the marriage; and that once seal'd—

*Som.* Leave the manage of the rest to my care.

<sup>1</sup> *She'll keep a surer compass.*] The metaphor is still from archery. Arrows shot compass-wise, that is, with a certain elevation, were generally considered as going more steadily to the mark.

*Enter FRANK THORNEY and SUSAN.*

But see, the bridegroom and bride come; the new pair of Sheffield knives, fitted both to one sheath.

*War.* The sheath might have been better fitted, if somebody had their due; but—

*Som.* No harsh language,<sup>4</sup> if thou lovest me, Frank Thorney has done—

*War.* No more than I, or thou, or any man, things so standing, would have attempted.

*Som.* Good-morrow, master bridegroom.

*War.* Come, give thee joy: may'st thou live long and happy

In thy fair choice!

*Frank.* I thank ye, gentlemen; kind master Warbeck,

I find you loving.

*War.* Thorney, that creature,—(much good do thee with her!)

Virtue and beauty hold fair mixture in her;

She's rich, no doubt, in both; yet were she fairer,

Thou art right worthy of her: love her, Thorney,

'Tis nobleness in thee, in her but duty.

The match is fair and equal, the success

<sup>4</sup> *Som.* *No harsh language, &c.*] I have given this short speech to *Somerton*. Warbeck's reply sufficiently shows that it could not be spoken by *Carter*.

I leave to censure ; farewell, mistress bride !  
Till now elected thy old scorn deride.\* [Exit.

*Som.* Good master Thorney—

*Car.* Nay, you shall not part till you see the  
barrels run a-tilt, gentlemen.

[Exit with SOMERTON.

*Sus.* Why change you your face, sweetheart?

*Frank.* Who, I? for nothing.

*Sus.* Dear, say not so; a spirit of your con-  
stancy

Cannot endure this change for nothing.—

I have observ'd strange variations in you.

*Frank.* In me?

*Sus.* In you, sir.

Awake, you seem to dream, and in your sleep  
You utter sudden and distracted accents,  
Like one at enmity with peace. Dear loving hus-  
band,

If I

May dare to challenge any interest in you,

Give me the reason fully; you may trust

My breast as safely as your own.

\* *Till now elected thy old scorn deride.*] I believe that this line (which has probably suffered at the press) is addressed to Frank, and conveys some obscure hint of a knowledge of his former connection with Winnifrede. It is evident, from what follows, that it awakens the conscience of Frank; and Susan apparently alludes to the significant gesture with which it was accompanied, in a subsequent passage, (page 490,) where she tells her husband that she has discovered his secret:

——“Your pre-appointed meeting

Of single combat with young Warbeck.

Even so: dissemble not; 'tis too apparent.

THEN, in his look, I read it.”

*Frank.* With what?

You half amaze me; prithee—

*Sus.* Come, you shall not,

Indeed you shall not shut me from partaking

The least dislike that grieves you; I am all  
your's.

*Frank.* And I all thine.

*Sus.* You are not, if you keep

The least grief from me; but I find the cause,  
It grew from me.

*Frank.* From you?

*Sus.* From some distaste

In me or my behaviour: you are not kind

In the concealment. 'Las, sir, I am young,

Silly and plain; more, strange to those contents

A wife should offer: say but in what I fail,

I'll study satisfaction.

*Frank.* Come; in nothing.

*Sus.* I know I do; knew I as well in what,

You should not long be sullen. Prithee, love,

If I have been immodest or too bold,

Speak't in a frown; if peevishly too nice,

Shew't in a smile: thy liking is the glass

By which I'll habit my behaviour.

*Frank.* Wherefore

Dost weep now?

*Sus.* You, sweet, have the power

To make me passionate as an April-day;<sup>6</sup>

<sup>6</sup> *Passionate as an April-day.*] i. e. changeful, capricious, of many moods

Now smile, then weep ; now pale, then crimson  
red :

You are the powerful moon of my blood's sea,  
To make it ebb or flow into my face,  
As your looks change.

*Frank.* Change thy conceit, I prithee ;  
Thou art all perfection : Diana herself  
Swells in thy thoughts, and moderates thy  
beauty.

Within thy left eye amorous Cupid sits  
Feathering love-shafts, whose golden heads he  
dipp'd

\* \* \* in thy chaste breast ;<sup>7</sup> in the other lies  
Blushing Adonis scarf'd in modesties ;  
And still as wanton Cupid blows love-fires,  
Adonis quenches out unchaste desires :  
And from these two I briefly do imply  
A perfect emblem of thy modesty.  
Then, prithee dear, maintain no more dispute,  
For where thou speak'st, it's fit all tongues be  
mute.

*Sus.* Come, come, these golden strings of 'flat-  
tery

\* \* \* \* in thy chaste breast.] The 4to has a break in the line here ; probably, the compositor could not make out the word in the manuscript. The florid and overstrained nature of Frank's language, which is evidently assumed, to disguise his real feelings, is well contrasted with the pure and affectionate simplicity of Susan. If this part of the act be given to Decker, (as I believe it must be,) it reflects great credit on his taste and judgment ; for rarely shall we find a scene more tenderly and skilfully wrought.



Shall not tie up my speech, sir ; I must know  
The ground of your disturbance.

*Frank.* Then look here ;  
For here, here is the fen in which this hydra  
Of discontent grows rank.

*Sus.* Heaven shield it ! where ?

*Frank.* In mine own bosom, here the cause  
has root ;  
The poison'd leeches twist about my heart,  
And will, I hope, confound me.

*Sus.* You speak riddles.

*Frank.* Take't plainly then ; 'twas told me by a  
woman  
Known and approved in palmistry,  
I should have two wives.

*Sus.* Two wives ? sir, I take it  
Exceeding likely ; but let not conceit hurt you :  
You are afraid to bury me ?

*Frank.* No, no, my Winnifrede.

*Sus.* How say you ? Winnifrede ! you forget  
me.

*Frank.* No, I forget myself, Susan.

*Sus.* In what ?

*Frank.* Talking of wives, I pretend Winni-  
frede,  
A maid that at my mother's waited on me  
Before thyself.

*Sus.* I hope, sir, she may live  
To take my place ; but why should all this move  
you ?

*Frank.* The poor girl,—she has 't before thee,  
And that's the fiend torments me. [*Aside.*

*Sus.* Yet why should this  
Raise mutiny within you? such presages  
Prove often false: or say it should be true?

*Frank.* That I should have another wife?

*Sus.* Yes, many;  
If they be good, the better.

*Frank.* Never any  
Equal to thee in goodness.

*Sus.* Sir, I could wish I were much better for  
you;  
Yet if I knew your fate  
Ordain'd you for another, I could wish  
(So well I love you and your hopeful pleasure)  
Me in my grave, and my poor virtues added  
To my successor.

*Frank.* Prithee, prithee, talk not  
Of death or graves; thou art so rare a goodness,  
As Death would rather put itself to death,  
Than murder thee: but we, as all things else,  
Are mutable and changing.

*Sus.* Yet you still move  
In your first sphere of discontent. Sweet, chase  
Those clouds of sorrow, and shine clearly on me.

*Frank.* At my return I will.

*Sus.* Return? ah me!  
Will you then leave me?

*Frank.* For a time I must:  
But how? as birds their young, or loving bees  
Their hives, to fetch home richer dainties.

*Sus.* Leave me!

Now has my fear met its effect. You shall not,  
Cost it my life, you shall not.

*Frank.* Why? your reason?

*Sus.* Like to the lapwing<sup>s</sup> have you all this  
while,

With your false love, deluded me; pretending  
Counterfeit senses for your discontent!  
And now at last it is by chance stole from you.

*Frank.* What? what by chance?

*Sus.* Your pre-appointed meeting  
Of single combat with young Warbeck.

*Frank.* Ha!

*Sus.* Even so: dissemble not; 'tis too apparent.  
Then, in his look, I read it:—deny it not,  
I see't apparent; cost it my undoing,  
And unto that my life, I will not leave you.

*Frank.* Not until when?

*Sus.* Till he and you be friends.  
Was this your cunning?—and then flam me off  
With an old witch, two wives, and Winnifrede!  
You are not so kind indeed as I imagined.

*Frank.* And you more fond by far than I expected.—(*Aside.*)

<sup>s</sup> *Like to the lapwing, &c.*] i. e. as the old proverb has it, "tongue far from heart." See Jonson, vol. iii. p. 141, where several examples of this expression occur. One, however, may yet be added, since it has received the *imprimatur* of Shakspeare.

The lapwing hath a piteous, mournful cry,  
And sings a sorrowful and heavy song.  
But yet she's full of craft and subtilty,  
And weepeth most being farthest from her young.  
— *Phoenix and Turtle.*

It is a virtue that attends thy kind—  
But of our business within:—and by this kiss,  
I'll anger thee no more; 'troth, chuck, I will not.

*Sus.* You shall have no just cause.

*Frank.* Dear Sue, I shall not. [Exeunt.

### ACT III.—SCENE I.

*A Field.*

*Enter CUDDY BANKS, with the Morrice Dancers.*

*1 Clown.* Nay, Cuddy, prithee do not leave us now; if we part all this night, we shall not meet before day.

*2 Cl.* I prithee, Banks, let's keep together now.

*Cud.* If you were wise, a word would serve; but as you are, I must be forced to tell you again, I have a little private business, an hour's work; it may prove but an half hour's, as luck may serve; and then I take horse, and along with you. Have we e'er a witch in the morrice?

*1 Cl.* No, no; no woman's part but Maid-Marian, and the hobby-horse.

*Cud.* I'll have a witch; I love a witch.

*1 Cl.* 'Faith, witches themselves are so com-

mon now-a-days, that the counterfeit will not be regarded. They say we have three or four in Edmonton, besides mother Sawyer.

2 *Cl.* I would she would dance her part with us.

3 *Cl.* So would not I; for if she comes, the devil and all comes along with her.

*Cud.* Well, I'll have a witch; I have loved a witch ever since I played at cherry-pit. Leave me, and get my horse dress'd; give him oats; but water him not till I come. Whither do we foot it first?

2 *Cl.* To Sir Arthur Clarington's first; then whither thou wilt.

*Cud.* Well, I am content; but we must up to Carter's, the rich yeoman; I must be seen on hobby-horse there.

1 *Cl.* Oh, I smell him now!—I'll lay my ears Banks is in love, and that's the reason he would walk melancholy by himself.

*Cud.* Hah! who was that said I was in love?

1 *Cl.* Not I.

2 *Cl.* Nor I.

*Cud.* Go to, no more of that: when I understand what you speak, I know what you say; believe that.

1 *Cl.* Well, 'twas I, I'll not deny it; I meant no hurt in't; I have seen you walk up to Carter's of Chessum: Banks, were not you there last Shrove-tide?

*Cud.* Yes, I was ten days together there the last Shrove-tide.

2 *Cl.* How could that be, when there are but seven days in the week?

*Cud.* Prithee peace! I reckon *stila nova* as a traveller; thou understandest as a fresh-water farmer, that never saw'st a week beyond sea. Ask any soldier that ever received his pay but in the Low Countries, and he'll tell thee there are eight<sup>9</sup> days in the week there, hard by. How dost thou think they rise in High Germany, Italy, and those remoter places?

3 *Cl.* Aye, but simply there are but seven days in the week yet.

*Cud.* No, simply as thou understandest. Prithee look but in the lover's almanack; when he has been but three days absent, "Oh, says he, I have not seen my love these seven years:" there's a long cut! When he comes to her again and embraces her, "Oh, says he, now methinks I am in Heaven;" and that's a pretty step! he that can get up to Heaven in ten days, need not repent his journey; you may ride a hundred days in a caroch, and be farther off than when you set forth. But I pray you, good morrice-mates, now leave me. I will be with you by midnight.

1 *Cl.* Well, since he will be alone, we'll back again and trouble him no more.

*All.* But remember, Banks.

<sup>9</sup> *Ask any soldier, &c.] Thus Butler:*

"The soldier does it every day,  
Eight to the week, for sixpence pay."

*Cud.* The hobby-horse shall be remembered. But hark you ; get Poldavis, the barber's boy, for the witch ;<sup>1</sup> because he can show his art better than another. *[Exeunt all but CUDDY.*

Well, now to my walk. I am near the place where I should meet—I know not what : say I meet a thief ? I must follow him, if to the gallows ; say I meet a horse, or hare, or hound ? still I must follow ; some slow-paced beast, I hope ; yet love is full of lightness in the heaviest lovers. Ha ! my guide is come.

*Enter Dog.*

A water-dog ! I am thy first man, sculler ; I go with thee ; ply no other but myself. Away with the boat ! land me but at Katherine's Dock, my sweet Katherine's Dock, and I'll be a fare to thee. That way ? nay, which way thou wilt ; thou know'st the way better than I :—fine gentle cur it is, and well brought up, I warrant him. We go a-ducking, spaniel ; thou shalt fetch me the ducks, pretty kind rascal.

*Enter a Spirit, vizarded. He throws off his mask, &c. and appears in the shape of KATHERINE.*

*Spir.* Thus throw I off mine own essential horror,

<sup>1</sup> *Get Poldavis, the barber's boy, for the witch.]* It does not appear what *arts* the boy was to show, unless he were called on for those tricks of legerdemain, which were usually allotted to the hobby-horse himself. The matter is of little moment, for no boy appears, and Cuddy makes no inquiries after him.

And take the shape of a sweet lovely maid  
Whom this fool dotes on; we can meet his folly,  
But from his virtues must be run-aways.  
We'll sport with him; but when we reckoning  
call,  
We know where to receive; the witch pays for  
all. [Dog barks.

*Cud.* Ay? is that the watchword? She's  
come. (*Sees the Spirit.*) Well, if ever we be  
married, it shall be at Barking-church,\* in memory  
of thee; now come behind, kind cur.

*And have I met thee, sweet Kate?  
I will teach thee to walk so late.*

Oh see, we meet in metre. (*The Spirit retires as he  
advances.*) What! dost thou trip from me? Oh,  
that I were upon my hobby-horse, I would mount  
after thee so nimble! "Stay nymph, stay nymph,"  
sing'd Apollo.

*Tarry and kiss me; sweet nymph, stay!  
Tarry and kiss me, sweet.  
We will to Chessum Street,  
And then to the house stands in the highway.*

Nay, by your leave, I must embrace you.  
[*Exit, following the Spirit.*

(*Within.*) Oh, help, help! I am drown'd, I am  
drown'd!

\* Barking Church stood at the bottom of Seething Lane. It was  
destroyed in the great fire.



*Re-enter CUDDY wet.*

*Dog.* Ha, ha, ha, ha!

*Cud.* This was an ill night to go a-wooing in; I find it now in Pond's almanack: thinking to land at Katherine's Dock, I was almost at Gravesend. I'll never go to a wench in the dog-days again; yet 'tis cool enough. Had you never a paw in this dog-trick? a mange take that black hide of your's! I'll throw you in at Limehouse, in some tanner's pit or other.

*Dog.* Ha, ha, ha, ha!

*Cud.* How now? who's that laughs at me? Hist, to him! (*Dog barks.*)—Peace, peace! thou didst but thy kind neither; 'twas my own fault.

*Dog.* Take heed how thou trustest the devil another time.

*Cud.* How now! who's that speaks? I hope you have not your reading tongue about you?

*Dog.* Yes, I can speak.

*Cud.* The devil you can! you have read Æsop's fables then: I have play'd one of your parts there; the dog that catch'd at the shadow in the water. Pray you, let me catechize you a little; what might one call your name, dog?

*Dog.* My dame calls me Tom.

*Cud.* 'Tis well, and she may call me Ass; so there's an whole one betwixt us, Tom-Ass: she

said, I should follow you indeed. Well, Tom, give me thy fist, we are friends; you shall be mine ningle: I love you; but I pray you let's have no more of these ducking devices.

*Dog.* Not, if you love me. Dogs love where they are beloved; cherish me, and I'll do any thing for thee.

*Cud.* Well, you shall have jowls and livers; I have butchers to my friends that shall bestow 'em: and I will keep crusts and bones for you, if you'll be a kind dog, Tom.

*Dog.* Any thing; I'll help thee to thy love.

*Cud.* Wilt thou? that promise shall cost me a brown loaf, though I steal it out of my father's cupboard: you'll eat stolen goods, Tom, will you not?

*Dog.* Oh, best of all; the sweetest bits those.

*Cud.* You shall not starve, ningle Tom, believe that: if you love fish, I'll help you to maids and soles;<sup>1</sup> I'm acquainted with a fishmonger.

*Dog.* Maids and soles? Oh, sweet bits! banqueting stuff, those.

*Cud.* One thing I would request you, ningle, as you have play'd the knavish cur with me a little,

<sup>1</sup> *I'll help you to maids and soles, &c.*] This is Decker *up and down*, as Margaret says; and every now and then reminds me of Hircius and Spungius, in the *Virgin Martyr*. It would seem as if he had taken the whole of the witchery upon himself. *Ningle*, which occurs in the same line, and which Cuddy perpetually applies to Tom in the subsequent scenes, is frequently used by our old writers, as in this place, for a favourite, a familiar friend, &c. See Jonson, vol. iii., p. 444.

that you would mingle amongst our morrice-dancers in the morning. You can dance?

*Dog.* Yes, yes, any thing; I'll be there, but unseen to any but thyself. Get thee gone before; fear not my presence. I have work to-night; I serve more masters, more dames than one.

*Cud.* He can serve Mammon and the devil too.

*Dog.* It shall concern thee, and thy love's purchase.

There's a gallant rival loves the maid,  
And likely is to have her. Mark what a mischief,  
Before the morrice ends, shall light on him!

*Cud.* Oh, sweet ningle, thy neuf once again;  
friends must part for a time: farewell, with this remembrance; shalt have bread too when we meet again. If ever there were an honest devil, 'twill be the devil of Edmonton,<sup>4</sup> I see. Farewell, Tom, I prithee dog me as soon as thou canst. [*Erit.*]

*Dog.* I'll not miss thee, and be merry with thee.  
Those that are joys denied, must take delight  
In sins and mischiefs; 'tis the devil's right. [*Erit.*]

<sup>4</sup> *If ever there were an honest devil, 'twill be the devil of Edmonton.*] The allusion is to "Master Peter Fabel," who, as the prologue to the old comedy says, "was called, for his sleights and his magic, the merry Devil of Edmonton." By a playful succession of harmless tricks,

"Such as but sit upon the skirts of art,"  
he contrives to effect a marriage between a couple of the truest, tenderest turtles, whom the absurd enmity of their parents had separated, and destined to other partners. It is therefore with justice that Peter concludes his part, with hoping that

————— his toil, to future times will prove  
"The devil of Edmonton did good in love."

SCENE II.—*The Neighbourhood of Edmonton.*

*Enter FRANK THORNEY, and WINNIFREDE in  
boy's clothes.*

*Frank.* Prithee no more! those tears give nourishment

To weeds and briars in me, which shortly will  
O'ergrow and top my head; my shame will sit  
And cover all that can be seen of me.

*Win.* I have not shown this cheek in company;  
Pardon me now: thus singled with yourself,  
It calls a thousand sorrows round about,  
Some going before, and some on either side,  
But infinite behind; all chain'd together:  
Your second adulterous marriage leads;  
That is the sad eclipse, the effects must follow,  
As plagues of shame, spite, scorn, and obloquy.

*Frank.* Why? hast thou not left one hour's patience

To add to all the rest? one hour bears us  
Beyond the reach of all these enemies:  
Are we not now set forward in the flight,  
Provided with the dowry of my sin,  
To keep us in some other nation?  
While we together are, we are at home  
In any place.

*Win.* 'Tis foul ill-gotten coin,  
Far worse than usury or extortion.

*Frank.* Let

My father then make the restitution,  
Who forced me take the bribe : it is his gift  
And patrimony to me ; so I receive it.  
He would not bless, nor look a father on me,  
Until I satisfied his angry will :  
When I was sold, I sold myself again  
(Some knaves have done't in lands, and I in body)  
For money, and I have the hire. But, sweet, no  
more,  
'Tis hazard of discovery, our discourse ;  
And then prevention takes off all our hopes :  
For only but to take her leave of me,  
My wife is coming.

*Win.* Who coming ? your wife !

*Frank.* No, no ; thou art here : the woman—I  
knew

Not how to call her now ; but after this day  
She shall be quite forgot, and have no name  
In my remembrance. See, see ! she's come.

*Enter SUSAN.*

Go lead

The horses to th' hill's top ; there I'll meet thee.

*Sus.* Nay, with your favour let him stay a  
little ;

I would part with him too, because he is  
Your sole companion ; and I'll begin with him,  
Reserving you the last.

*Frank.* Ay, with all my heart.

*Sus.* You may hear, if it please you, sir.

*Frank.* No, 'tis not fit :

Some rudiments, I conceive, they must be,  
To overlook my slippery footings : and so—

*Sus.* No, indeed, sir.

*Frank.* Tush, I know it must be so,  
And it is necessary : on ! but be brief.

[*Walks forward.*]

*Win.* What charge soe'er you lay upon me,  
mistress,  
I shall support it faithfully (being honest)  
To my best strength.

*Sus.* Believe't shall be no other.  
I know you were commended to my husband  
By a noble knight.

*Win.* Oh gods !—oh, mine eyes !

*Sus.* How now ? what ail'st thou, lad ?

*Win.* Something hit mine eye, (it makes it  
water still,)  
Even as you said “commended to my hus-  
band.”—

Some dor, I think it was.\*—I was, forsooth,  
Commended to him by Sir Arthur Clarington.

*Sus.* Whose servant once my Thorney was him-  
self.

\* *Some dor I think it was.]* The cockchafer, or beetle.

“What should I care what every *dor* doth buz  
In credulous ears?”—*Cynthia's Revels.*

And see vol. ii. p. 280.



Than I shall voluntary. I'll be all your charge,  
Servant, friend, wife to him.

*Sus.* Wilt thou?

Now blessings go with thee for't! courtesies  
Shall meet thee coming home.

*Win.* Pray you say plainly,  
Mistress, are you jealous of him? if you be,  
I'll look to him that way too.

*Sus.* Say'st thou so?

I would thou hadst a woman's bosom now;  
We have weak thoughts within us. Alas!  
There's nothing so strong in us as suspicion;  
But I dare not, nay, I will not think  
So hardly of my Thorney.

*Win.* Believe it, mistress,  
I'll be no pandar to him; and if I find  
Any loose lubrick scapes in him, I'll watch him,  
And at my return, protest I'll show you all:  
He shall hardly offend without my knowledge.

*Sus.* Thine own diligence is that I press,  
And not the curious eye over his faults.  
Farewell! if I should never see thee more,  
Take it for ever.

*Frank.* Prithee take that along with thee.

[*Gives his sword to WINNIFREDE.*

And haste thee

To the hill's top; I'll be there instantly.

*Sus.* No haste, I prithee; slowly as thou  
canst—

[*Exit Win.*

Pray let him



Obeÿ me now; 'tis happily his last  
Service to me.—

My power is e'en a-going out of sight.

*Frank.* Why would you delay?

We have no other business now but to part.

*Sus.* And will not that, sweet-heart, ask a long  
time?

Methinks it is the hardest piece of work  
That e'er I took in hand.

*Frank.* Fie, fie! why look,  
I'll make it plain and easy to you—farewell!

[*Kisses her.*]

*Sus.* Ah, 'las! I am not half perfect in it yet;  
I must have it read o'er an hundred times:  
Pray you take some pains, I confess my dulness.

*Frank.* What a thorn this rose grows on! Part-  
ing were sweet;  
But what a trouble 'twill be to obtain it!—[*Aside.*  
Come, again and again, farewell!—[*Kisses her.*]  
Yet wilt return?

All questions of my journey, my stay, employment,  
And revisitation, fully I have answered all;  
There's nothing now behind but—nothing.

*Sus.* And that nothing is more hard than any  
thing,  
Than all the every things. This request—

*Frank.* What is't?

*Sus.* That I may bring you through one pasture  
more  
Up to yon knot of trees; amongst those shadows  
I'll vanish from you, they shall teach me how.

*Frank.* Why 'tis granted ; come, walk then.

*Sus.* Nay, not too fast ;

They say, slow things have best perfection ;

The gentle shower wets to fertility,

The churlish storm may mischief with his bounty.

The baser beasts' take strength even from the  
womb ;

But the lord lion's whelp is feeble long. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*A Field, with a clump of Trees.*

*Enter Dog.*

*Dog.* Now for an early mischief and a sudden!

The mind's about it now ; one touch from me

Soon sets the body forward.

*Enter FRANK and SUSAN.*

*Frank.* Your request

Is out ; yet will you leave me ?

*Sus.* What ? so churlishly ?

You'll make me stay for ever,

Rather than part, with such a sound from you.

*Frank.* Why, you almost anger me.—'Pray you  
be gone.

You have no company, and 'tis very early ;

Some hurt may betide you homewards.

*Jus.* Tush ! I fear none :

To leave you is the greatest hurt I can suffer :

Besides, I expect your father and mine own,

To meet me back, or overtake me with you ;

They began to stir when I came after you :  
I know they'll not be long.

*Frank.* So ! I shall have more trouble,—

[*The Dog rubs against him.*  
thank you for that :<sup>\*</sup>

Then, I'll ease all at once. (*Aside.*) 'Tis done now ;  
What I ne'er thought on.—You shall not go back.

*Sus.* Why, shall I go along with thee ? sweet  
music !

*Frank.* No, to a better place.

*Sus.* Any place I ;

I'm there at home, where thou pleasest to have me.

*Frank.* At home ? I'll leave you in your last  
lodging ;

I must kill you.

*Sus.* Oh fine ! you'd fright me from you.

*Frank.* You see I had no purpose ; I'm un-  
arm'd :

'Tis this minute's decree, and it must be ;

Look, this will serve your turn. [*Draws a knife.*

*Sus.* I'll not turn from it,

If you be earnest, sir ; yet you may tell me,  
Wherefore you'll kill me.

*Frank.* Because you are a whore.

*Sus.* There's one deep wound already ; a  
whore !

'Twas ever farther from me than the thought  
Of this black hour ; a whore ?

<sup>\*</sup> *thank you for that :*] i. e. for the incidental mention of their  
parents being *stirring* ; and thus showing him, that he has no time  
to lose in the execution of his murderous purpose.

*Frank.* Yes, I will prove it,  
And you shall confess it. You are my whore,  
No wife of mine; the word admits no second.  
I was before wedded to another; have her still.  
I do not lay the sin unto your charge,  
'Tis all mine own: your marriage was my theft;  
For I espoused your dowry, and I have it:  
I did not purpose to have added murder.  
The devil did not prompt me: till this minute,<sup>\*</sup>  
You might have safe return'd; now you cannot.  
You have dogg'd your own death. [Stabs her.

*Sus.* And I deserve it;  
I'm glad my fate was so intelligent:  
'Twas some good spirit's motion. Die? oh, 'twas  
time!

How many years might I have slept in sin,  
[The] sin of my most hatred, too, adultery!

*Frank.* Nay sure 'twas likely that the most was  
past;  
For I meant never to return to you  
After this parting.

*Sus.* Why then I thank you more;  
You have done lovingly, leaving yourself,  
That you would thus bestow me on another.  
Thou art my husband, Death, and I embrace  
thee  
With all the love I have. Forget the stain

<sup>\*</sup> *The Devil did not prompt me.]* This is the pointing of the old copy; but it can scarcely be correct; for, in fact, the Devil *did* prompt him. We might read:

The Devil did not prompt me till this minute:  
You might, &c.

Of my unwitting sin ; and then I come  
A crystal virgin to thee : my soul's purity  
Shall, with bold wings, ascend the doors of  
Mercy ;

For innocence is ever her companion.

*Frank.* Not yet mortal ? I would not linger  
you,

Or leave you a tongue to blab. [*Stabs her again.*

*Sus.* Now heaven reward you ne'er the worse  
for me !

I did not think that death had been so sweet,  
Nor I so apt to love him. I could ne'er die  
better,

Had I stay'd forty years for preparation ;

For I'm in charity with all the world.

Let me for once be thine example, heaven ;

Do to this man, as I him free forgive,

And may he better die, and better live ! [*Dies.*

*Frank.* 'Tis done ; and I am in ! once past our  
height,

We scorn the deep'st abyss. This follows now,

To heal her wounds by dressing of the weapon.\*

Arms, thighs, hands, any place ; we must not  
fail [*Wounds himself.*

Light scratches, giving such deep ones : the best  
I can

\* *This follows now,*

*To heal her wounds by dressing of the weapon.]* The allusion to this silly superstition is vilely out of place, and shows Frank to be (what indeed the whole of his previous conduct confirms) a brutal, unfeeling villain.

To bind myself to this tree. Now's the storm,  
Which, if blown o'er, many fair days may follow.

*[Binds himself to a tree; the Dog ties him  
behind, and exit.]*

So, so! I'm fast; I did not think I could  
Have done so well behind me. How prosperous  
and  
Effectual mischief sometimes is!—*[Aloud.]*—Help!  
help!  
Murder, murder, murder!

*Enter CARTER and Old THORNEY.*

*Car.* Ha! whom tolls the bell for?

*Frank.* Oh, oh!

*Thor.* Ah me!

The cause appears too soon; my child, my son.

*Car.* Susan, girl, child! not speak to thy  
father? ha!

*Frank.* Oh lend me some assistance to o'ertake  
This hapless woman.

*Thor.* Let's o'ertake the murderers.

Speak whilst thou canst, anon may be too late;  
I fear thou hast death's mark upon thee too.

*Frank.* I know them both; yet such an oath is  
pass'd,

As pulls damnation up if it be broke;

I dare not name 'em: think what forced men do.

*Thor.* Keep oath with murderers! that were a  
conscience

To hold the devil in.

*Frank.* Nay, sir, I can describe 'em,  
Shall show them as familiar as their names :  
The taller of the two at this time wears  
His satin doublet white, but crimson lined ;  
Hose of black satin, cloak of scarlet—

*Thor.* Warbeck,  
Warbeck!—do you list to this, sir?

*Car.* Yes, yes, I listen you ; here's nothing to  
be heard.

*Frank.* The other's cloak branch'd velvet, black,\*  
velvet lined his suit.

*Thor.* I have them already; Somerton, Somerton!

Binal revenge, all this. Come, sir, the first work  
Is to pursue the murderers, when we have  
Remov'd these mangled bodies hence.

*Car.* Sir, take that carcase there, and give me  
this.

I will not own her now; she's none of mine.  
Bob me off with a dumb show! no, I'll have life.  
This is my son, too, and while there's life in him,  
'Tis half mine; take you half that silence for't.—  
When I speak I look to be spoken to:  
Forgetful slut!

*Thor.* Alas! what grief may do now!  
Look, sir, I'll take this load of sorrow with me.

[*Exit, with SUSAN in his arms.*]

\* *The other's cloak branch'd velvet,*] i. e. with tufts, or tassels, dependent from the shoulders; somewhat like the gowns worn at present by vergers, beadles, &c.

*Car.* Ay, do, and I'll have this. How 'do you, sir?

*Frank.* O, very ill, sir.

*Car.* Yes,

I think so; but 'tis well you can speak yet:  
There's no music but in sound; sound it must be.  
I have not wept these twenty years before,  
And that I guess was ere that girl was born;  
Yet now methinks, if I but knew the way,  
My heart's so full, I could weep night and day.

[*Exit with FRANK.*]

SCENE III.—*Before Sir ARTHUR's House.*

*Enter Sir ARTHUR CLARINGTON, WARBECK, and SOMERTON.*

*Sir Ar.* Come, gentlemen, we must all help to  
grace

The nimble-footed youth of Edmonton,  
That are so kind to call us up to-day  
With an high Morrice.

*War.* I could wish it for the best, it were the  
worst now. Absurdity is, in my opinion, ever  
the best dancer in a morrice.

*Som.* I could rather sleep than see them.

*Sir Ar.* Not well, sir?

*Som.* Faith not ever thus leaden; yet I know  
no cause for't.

*War.* Now am I, beyond mine own condition,  
highly disposed to mirth.



*Sir Ar.* Well, you may have a morrice to help both;  
To strike you in a dump, and make him merry.

*Enter SAWGUT, the Fiddler, with the Morrice-dancers, &c.*

*Saw.* Come, will you set yourselves in morrice-ray? the fore-bell, second-bell, tenor, and great-bell; Maid Marian for the same bell. But where's the weather-cock now? the Hobby-horse?

*1 Cl.* Is not Banks come yet? What a spite 'tis!

*Sir Ar.* When set you forward, gentlemen?

*1 Cl.* We stay but for the hobby-horse, sir; all our footmen are ready.

*Som.* 'Tis marvel your horse should be behind your foot.

*2 Cl.* Yes, sir, he goes further about; we can come in at the wicket, but the broad gate must be opened for him.

*Enter CUDDY BANKS, with the Hobby-horse,\* followed by Dog.*

*Sir Ar.* Oh, we staid for you, sir.

*Cud.* Only my horse wanted a shoe, sir; but we shall make you amends ere we part.

\* The end of this tale frequently forgets the beginning. Cuddy had more than once declared that he would have all *trebles*, no *means*, or *bases*; yet we have father Sawgut arranging his counters, tenors, and bases as usual. The reader will find a full description of the hobby-horse, and his train of attendants, in Jonson, vol. ii. p. 50.

*Sir Ar.* Ay? well said; make 'em drink ere they begin.

*Enter Servants with beer.*

*Cud.* A bowl, I prithee, and a little for my horse; he'll mount the better. Nay, give me, I must drink to him, he'll not pledge else [*drinks*]. Here, Hobby,—[*holds the bowl to the hobby-horse*—I pray you: no? not drink! You see, gentlemen, we can but bring our horse to the water; he may choose whether he'll drink or no.—[*Drinks again.*]

*Som.* A good moral made plain by history.

*1 Clown.* Strike up, father Sawgut, strike up.

*Saw.* E'en when you will, children. [*Cuddy mounts the hobby.*—Now in the name of—the best foot forward!—[*Endeavours to play; but the fiddle gives no sound.*—How now! not a word in thy guts? I think, children, my instrument has caught cold on the sudden.

*Cud.* My ningle's knavery; black Tom's doing. [*Aside.*]

*All.* Why, what mean you, father Sawgut?

*Cud.* Why, what would you have him do? you hear his fiddle is speechless.

*Saw.* I'll lay mine ear to my instrument, that my poor fiddle is bewitched. I play'd *The Flowers in May* e'en now, as sweet as a violet; now 'twill not go against the hair: you see I can make no more music than a beetle of a cow-turd.

*Cud.* Let me see, father Sawgut; [*takes the fiddle*] say once you had a brave hobby-horse, that

you were beholden to. I'll play and dance too.—  
Ningle, away with it.\* [*Gives it to the Dog, who  
plays the Morrice.*]

*All.* Ay, marry, sir!

### THE DANCE.

*Enter a Constable and Officers.*

*Con.* Away with jollity! 'tis too sad an hour.  
Sir Arthur Clarington, your own assistance,  
In the king's name, I charge, for apprehension  
Of these two murderers, Warbeck and Somerton.

*Sir Ar.* Ha! flat murderers?

*Som.* Ha, ha, ha! this has awaken'd my melan-  
choly.

*War.* And struck my mirth down flat.—Mur-  
derers?

*Con.* The accusation's flat against you, gentle-  
men.

Sir, you may be satisfied with this. [*Shows his war-  
rant.*]

I hope you'll quietly obey my power;  
'Twill make your cause the fairer.

*Both.* Oh, with all our hearts, sir.

*Cud.* There's my rival taken up for hangman's  
meat; Tom told me he was about a piece of vil-  
lany.—Mates and morrice-men, you see here's no

\* Among the properties of our old stage was "a roobe for to goe invisabel" Whatever it was, it operated as a conventional hint to our easy ancestors not to see the person who wore it.—Whether the urchin who played Tom had any signal of this kind, can hardly be told; but he frequently runs in and out, and bustles among the dramatis personæ without being discovered by them. In the present case, however, he was probably concealed from all but Cuddy by the long trappings of the hobby-horse.

longer piping, no longer dancing; this news of murder has slain the morrice. You that go the foot-way, fare ye well; I am for a gallop. Come, ningle. [*Cantera off with the hobby, and Dog.*

*Saw.* [*strikes his fiddle, which sounds as before.*] Ay? nay, an my fiddle be come to himself again, I care not. I think the devil has been abroad amongst us to-day; I'll keep thee out of thy fit now, if I can. [*Exit with the morrice-dancers.*

*Sir Ar.* These things are full of horror, full of pity.

But if this time be constant to the proof,  
The guilt of both these gentlemen I dare take  
On mine own danger; yet, howsoever, sir,  
Your power must be obey'd.

*War.* Oh, most willingly, sir.

'Tis a most sweet affliction; I could not meet  
A joy in the best shape with better will:  
Come, fear not, sir; nor judge, nor evidence  
Can bind him o'er, who's freed by conscience.

*Som.* Mine stands so upright to the middle zone,  
It takes no shadow to't, it goes alone. [*Exeunt.*

## ACT IV.

### SCENE I.—Edmonton.—The Street.

*Enter Old BANKS, and several Countrymen.*

*Banks.* My horse this morning runs most piteously of the glanders, whose nose yesternight was

as clean as any man's here now coming from the barber's; and this, I'll take my death upon't, is long of this jadish witch, mother Sawyer.

1 *Coun.* I took my wife and a serving-man in our town of Edmonton, thrashing in my barn together, such corn as country-wenches carry to market; and examining my pole-cat why she did so, she swore in her conscience she was bewitch'd: and what witch have we about us, but mother Sawyer?

2 *Coun.* Rid the town of her, else all our wives will do nothing but dance about other country may-poles.

3 *Coun.* Our cattle fall, our wives fall, our daughters fall, and maid-servants fall; and we ourselves shall not be able to stand, if this beast be suffered to graze amongst us.

*Enter W. HAMLUC, with thatch and a lighted link.*

*Ham.* Burn the witch, the witch, the witch, the witch!

*All.* What has't got there?

*Ham.* A handful of thatch, pluck'd off a hovel of her's; and they say, when 'tis burning, if she be a witch, she'll come running in.

*Banks.* Fire it, fire it; I'll stand between thee and home, for any danger.

[*HAM. sets fire to the thatch.*]

*Enter Mother SAWYER, running.*

*Saw.* Diseases, plagues, the curse of an old woman Follow and fall upon you!

*All.* Are you come, you old trot?

*Banks.* You hot whore, must we fetch you with fire in your tail?

*1 Coun.* This thatch is as good as a jury to prove she is a witch.

*All.* Out, witch! beat her, kick her, set fire on her.

*Saw.* Shall I be murdered by a bed of serpents? Help, help!

*Enter Sir ARTHUR CLARINGTON, and a JUSTICE.*

*All.* Hang her, beat her, kill her!

*Just.* How now? forbear this violence.

*Saw.* A crew of villains, a knot of bloody hangmen,

Set to torment me, I know not why.

*Just.* Alas, neighbour Banks, are you a ring-leader in mischief? fie! to abuse an aged woman.

*Banks.* Woman? a she-hell-cat, a witch! To prove her one, we no sooner set fire on the thatch of her house, but in she came running, as if the devil had sent her in a barrel of gunpowder; which trick as surely proves her a witch, as the pox in a snuffling nose is a sign a man is a whore-master.

*Just.* Come, come; firing her thatch? ridiculous! Take heed, sirs, what you do; unless your proofs Come better arm'd, instead of turning her Into a witch, you'll prove yourselves stark fools.

*All.* Fools?

*Just.* Arrant fools.

*Banks.* Pray, master Justice what-do-you-call-'em, hear me but in one thing. This grumbling devil owes me, I know, no good-will ever since I fell out with her.

*Saw.* And brak'st my back with beating me.

*Banks.* I'll break it worse.

*Saw.* Wilt thou?

*Just.* You must not threaten her, 'tis against law;

Go on.

*Banks.* So, sir, ever since, having a dun cow tied up in my back-side, let me go thither, or but cast mine eye at her, and if I should be hang'd, I cannot choose, though it be ten times in an hour, but run to the cow, and taking up her tail, kiss (saving your worship's reverence) my cow behind, that the whole town of Edmonton has been ready to bepiss themselves with laughing me to scorn.

*Just.* And this is long of her?

*Banks.* Who the devil else? for is any man such an ass to be such a baby, if he were not bewitch'd?

*Sir Ar.* Nay, if she be a witch, and the harms she does end in such sports, she may scape burning.

*Just.* Go, go; pray vex her not; she is a subject,

And you must not be judges of the law,  
To strike her as you please.

*All.* No, no, we'll find cudgel enough to strike her.

*Banks.* Ay; no lips to kiss but my cow's!—

[*Exeunt BANKS and Countrymen.*]

*Saw.* Rots and foul maladies eat up thee and  
thine!

*Just.* Here's none now, mother Sawyer, but  
this gentleman,  
Myself, and you; let us, to some mild questions,  
Have your mild answers: tell us honestly,  
And with a free confession, (we'll do our best  
To wean you from it,) are you a witch, or no?

*Saw.* I am none.

*Just.* Be not so furious.

*Saw.* I am none.

None but base curs so bark at me; I am none.  
Or would I were! if every poor old woman,  
Be trod on thus by slaves, reviled, kick'd, beaten,  
As I am daily, she to be revenged  
Had need turn witch.

*Sir Ar.* And you to be revenged  
Have sold your soul to th' devil.

*Saw.* Keep thine own from him.

*Just.* You are too saucy and too bitter.

*Saw.* Saucy?

By what commission can he send my soul  
On the devil's errand more than I can his?  
Is he a landlord of my soul, to thrust it  
When he list out of door?

*Just.* Know whom you speak to.

*Saw.* A man; perhaps no man. Men in gay  
clothes,

Whose backs are laden with titles and honours,



Are within far more crooked than I am,  
And if I be a witch, more witch-like.

*Sir Ar.* You are a base hell-hound.——  
And now, sir, let me tell you, far and near,  
She's bruited for a woman that maintains  
A spirit that sucks her.

*Saw.* I defy thee.

*Sir Ar.* Go, go;  
I can, if need be, bring an hundred voices,  
E'en here in Edmonton, that shall loud proclaim  
Thee for a secret and pernicious witch.

*Saw.* Ha, ha!

*Just.* Do you laugh? why laugh you?

*Saw.* At my name,  
The brave name this knight gives me, witch.  
*Just.* Is the name of witch so pleasing to thine  
ear?

*Sir Ar.* 'Pray, sir, give way; and let her tongue  
gallop on.

*Saw.* A witch! who is not?  
Hold not that universal name in scorn then.  
What are your painted things in princes' courts,  
Upon whose eye-lids lust sits, blowing fires  
To burn men's souls in sensual hot desires;  
Upon whose naked paps, a lecher's thought  
Acts sin in fouler shapes than can be wrought?

*Just.* But those work not as you do.

*Saw.* No, but far worse.  
These, by enchantments, can whole lordships  
change  
To trunks of rich attire; turn ploughs and teams

To Flanders mares and coaches; and huge trains  
Of servitors, to a French butterfly.

Have you not city-witches, who can turn  
Their husbands' wares, whole standing shops of  
wares,

To sumptuous tables, gardens of stolen sin;  
In one year wasting, what scarce twenty win?  
Are not these witches?

*Just.* Yes, yes; but the law  
Casts not an eye on these.

*Saw.* Why then on me,  
Or any lean old beldam? Reverence once  
Had wont to wait on age; now an old woman,  
Ill-favour'd grown with years, if she be poor,  
Must be call'd bawd or witch. Such so abused,  
Are the coarse witches; t'other are the fine,  
Spun for the devil's own wearing.

*Sir Ar.* And so is thine.

*Saw.* She, on whose tongue a whirlwind sits to  
blow

A man out of himself, from his soft pillow,  
To lean his head on rocks and fighting waves,  
Is not that scold a witch? The man of law  
Whose honey'd hopes the credulous client draws,  
(As bees by tinkling basons) to swarm to him,  
From his own hive, to work the wax in his;  
He is no witch, not he!

*Sir Ar.* But these men-witches  
Are not in trading with hell's merchandize,  
Like such as you, that for a word, a look,  
Denial of a coal of fire, kill men,  
Children and cattle.

*Saw.* Tell them, sir, that do so:  
Am I accus'd for such a one?

*Sir Ar.* Yes; 'twill be sworn.

*Saw.* Dare any swear I ever tempted maiden  
With golden hooks flung at her chastity,  
To come and lose her honour? and being lost,  
To pay not a denier for't? Some slaves have done  
it.<sup>3</sup>

Men-witches can, without the fangs of law  
Drawing once one drop of blood, put counterfeit  
pieces  
Away for true gold.

*Sir Ar.* By one thing she speaks,  
I know now she's a witch, and dare no longer  
Hold conference with the fury.

*Just.* Let's then away.  
Old woman, mend thy life, get home and pray.  
[*Exeunt Sir ARTHUR and JUSTICE.*]

*Saw.* For his confusion.

*Enter Dog.*

My dear Tom-boy, welcome !  
I'm torn in pieces by a pack of curs  
Clapt all upon me, and for want of thee :  
Comfort me; thou shalt have the teat anon.

*Dog.* Bow, wow! I'll have it now.

*Saw.* I am dried up  
With cursing and with madness; and have yet

<sup>3</sup> This is wormwood, and Sir Arthur feels it. Our authors have furnished their old woman with language far above the capacity of those poor creatures who were commonly accused of witchcraft, and strangely inconsistent with the mischievous frivolity of her conduct.

No blood to moisten these sweet lips of thine.  
Stand on thy hind-legs up—kiss me, my Tommy,  
And rub away some wrinkles on my brow,  
By making my old ribs to shrug for joy  
Of thy fine tricks. What hast thou done? let's  
tickle.

Hast thou struck the horse lame as I bid thee?

*Dog.* Yes;

And nipp'd the sucking child.

*Saw.* Ho, ho, my dainty,  
My little pearl! no lady loves her hound,  
Monkey, or paraquit, as I do thee.

*Dog.* The maid has been churning butter nine  
hours; but it shall not come.

*Saw.* Let 'em eat cheese and choke.

*Dog.* I had rare sport  
Among the clowns i' th' morrice.

*Saw.* I could dance  
Out of my skin to hear thee. But, my curl pate,  
That jade, that foul-tongued whore, Nan Ratcliffe,  
Who for a little soap lick'd by my sow,  
Struck, and almost had lamed it;—did not I charge  
thee

To pinch that quean to th' heart?

*Dog.* Bow, wow, wow! look here else.

*Enter ANN RATCLIFFE mad.*

*Ann.* See, see, see! the man i' th' moon has  
built a new windmill, and what running there is  
from all quarters of the city to learn the art of  
grinding!

*Saw.* Ho, ho, ho! I thank thee, my sweet mon-  
grel.

*Ann.* Hoyda! a pox of the devil's false hopper! all the golden meal runs into the rich knaves' purses, and the poor have nothing but bran. Hey derry down! are not you mother Sawyer?

*Saw.* No, I am a lawyer.

*Ann.* Art thou? I prithee let me scratch thy face; for thy pen has flay'd off a great many men's skins. You'll have brave doings in the vacation; for knaves and fools are at variance in every village. I'll sue mother Sawyer, and her own sow shall give in evidence against her.

*Saw.* Touch her. [*To the Dog, who rubs against her.*]

*Ann.* Oh! my ribs are made of a paned hose, and they break.\* There's a Lancashire hornpipe in my throat; hark, how it tickles it, with doodle doodle, doodle, doodle! welcome, serjeants! welcome, devil! hands, hands! hold hands, and dance a-round, a-round, a-round. [*Dancing.*]

*Re-enter Old BANKS, CUDDY, RATCLIFFE, and Countrymen.*

*Rat.* She's here; alas! my poor wife is here.

*Banks.* Catch her fast, and have her into some close chamber, do; for she's as many wives are, stark mad.

*Cud.* The witch! mother Sawyer, the witch, the devil!

\* *Oh! my ribs are made of a paned hose, and they break.*] *Paned hose* were composed of stripes (panels) of different coloured stuff stitched together, and therefore liable to *break*, or be *seam-rent*. See *Introduction*, p. clxxvii.

*Rat.* Oh, my dear wife! help, sirs!

*[She is carried off.]*

*Banks.* You see your work, mother Bumby.<sup>3</sup>

*Saw.* My work? should she and all you here  
run mad,

Is the work mine?

*Cud.* No, on my conscience, she would not  
hurt a devil of two years old.

*Re-enter RATCLIFFE.*

How now? what's become of her?

*Rat.* Nothing; she's become nothing, but the  
miserable trunk of a wretched woman. We were  
in her hands as reeds in a mighty tempest: spite  
of our strengths, away she brake; and nothing in  
her mouth being heard, but "the devil, the witch,  
the witch, the devil!" she beat out her own brains,  
and so died.

*Cud.* It's any man's case, be he never so wise,  
to die when his brains go a wool-gathering.

*Banks.* Masters, be ruled by me; let's all to a  
Justice. Hag, thou hast done this, and thou shalt  
answer it.

*Saw.* Banks, I defy thee.

*Banks.* Get a warrant first to examine her, then  
ship her to Newgate; here's enough, if all her  
other villanies were pardon'd, to burn her for a  
witch. You have a spirit, they say, comes to you

<sup>3</sup> *You see your work, mother Bumby.*] Farmer Banks is very familiar with the names of our old plays. *Mother Bombie* is the title of one of Lyly's comedies, of which she is the heroine; as is *Gammer Gurton* (as he calls the witch just below) of the farcical drama which takes its name from her, and her needle.



away like sheep: neither is this the black dog of Newgate.<sup>7</sup>

*Banks.* No good-man son-fool; but the dog of hell-gate.

*Cud.* I say, good-man father-fool, it's a lie.

*All.* He's bewitch'd.

*Cud.* A gross lie, as big as myself. The devil in St. Dunstan's will as soon drink with this poor cur, as with any Temple-bar-laundress, that washes and wrings lawyers.

*Dog.* Bow, wow, wow, wow!

*All.* Oh, the dog's here, the dog's here!

*Banks.* It was the voice of a dog.

*Cud.* The voice of a dog? if that voice were a dog's, what voice had my mother? so am I a dog: bow, wow, wow! It was I that bark'd so, father, to make coxcombs of these clowns.

*Banks.* However, we'll be coxcomb'd no longer: away, therefore, to the justice for a warrant; and then, Gammer Gurton, have at your needle of witchcraft.

*Saw.* And prick thine own eyes out. Go, peevish fools! [*Exeunt BANKS, RAT. and Countrymen.*]

<sup>7</sup> *The black dog of Newgate.*] This antient Cerberus is unknown to me. Perhaps he formed the sign of some noted tavern contiguous to that *inmanis aula*: what advanced him to this bad eminence must be left to the discussion of future critics. The *water spaniel*, mentioned here and elsewhere by Cuddy, was an animal in great request. Islington, at that time, abounded in ponds, some of them of considerable size; and to hunt *ducks* in these, appears, from our old dramatists, to have been the favourite recreation of the holyday citizens. Islington formed at once the boundary of their travels and their pleasures. To advance farther, and *hunt the stag*, like their desperate descendants, in the unknown wilds of Epping Forest, would have appeared to these placid sportsmen like following Shah Allum to a tiger-hunt.



*Cud.* Ningle, you had like to have spoiled all with your bow-ings. I was glad to put them off with one of my dog-tricks, on a sudden; I am bewitched, little Cost-me-nought, to love thee,—a pox,—that morrice makes me spit in thy mouth.—I dare not stay; farewell, ningle; you whore-son dog's nose! farewell, witch! [*Exit.*

*Dog.* Bow, wow, wow, wow!

*Saw.* Mind him not, he's not worth thy worrying; Run at a fairer game: that foul-mouth'd knight, Scurvy Sir Arthur, fly at him, my Tommy, And pluck out's throat.

*Dog.* No, there's a dog already biting,—his conscience.

*Saw.* That's a sure blood-hound. Come, let's home and play;  
Our black work ended, we'll make holyday.  
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*A Bed-room in CARTER'S House.*—  
*FRANK in a Slumber.*

*Enter KATHERINE.*

*Kath.* Brother, brother! so sound asleep? that's well.

*Frank.* (*Waking.*) No, not I, sister; he that's wounded here,  
As I am, (all my other hurts are bitings  
Of a poor flea,) but he that here once bleeds,  
Is maim'd incurably.

*Kath.* My good sweet brother;  
(For now my sister must grow up in you,)

Though her loss strikes you through, and that I  
feel

The blow as deep, I pray thee be not cruel  
To kill me too, by seeing you cast away  
In your own helpless sorrow. Good love, sit up;  
And if you can give physic to yourself,  
I shall be well.

*Frank.* I'll do my best.

*Kath.* I thank you;

What do you look about you for?

*Frank.* Nothing, nothing;

But I was thinking, sister——

*Kath.* Dear heart, what?

*Frank.* Who but a fool would thus be bound to  
a bed,

Having this room to walk in?

*Kath.* Why do you talk so?

Would you were fast asleep.

*Frank.* No, no; I am not idle.\*

But here's my meaning; being robb'd as I am,  
Why should my soul, which married was to her's,  
Live in divorce, and not fly after her?  
Why should not I walk hand in hand with Death,  
To find my love out?

*Kath.* That were well, indeed,

Your time being come; when Death is sent to call  
you,

No doubt you shall meet her.

\* *No, no, I am not idle.*] i. e. Wandering. He judges from Katherine's speech, that she suspects him, as indeed she does, of being light-headed.

*Frank.* Why should not I  
Go without calling?

*Kath.* Yes, brother, so you might;  
Were there no place to go to when you're gone,  
But only this.

*Frank.* 'Troth, sister, thou say'st true;  
For when a man has been an hundred years  
Hard travelling o'er the tottering bridge of age,  
He's not the thousandth part upon his way:  
All life is but a wandering to find home;  
When we are gone, we're there. Happy were man,  
Could here his voyage end; he should not then  
Answer, how well or ill he steer'd his soul,  
By heaven's or by hell's compass; how he put in  
(Losing bless'd goodness' shore) at such a sin;  
Nor how life's dear provision he has spent,  
Nor how far he in's navigation went  
Beyond commission: this were a fine reign,  
To do ill, and not hear of it again;  
Yet then were man more wretched than a beast;  
For, sister, our dead pay is sure the best.

*Kath.* 'Tis so, the best or worst; and I wish  
Heaven

To pay (and so I know it will) that traitor,  
That devil Somerton (who stood in mine eye  
Once as an angel) home to his deservings:  
What villain but himself, once loving me,  
With Warbeck's soul would pawn his own to hell,  
To be revenged on my poor sister!

*Frank.* Slaves!  
A pair of merciless slaves! speak no more of them.

*Kath.* I think this talking hurts you.

*Frank.* Does me no good, I'm sure ;  
I pay for't everywhere.

*Kath.* I have done then.

Eat if you cannot sleep; you have these two days  
Not tasted any food:—Jane, is it ready?

*Frank.* What's ready? what's ready?

*Kath.* I have made ready a roasted chicken for  
you ;        [*Enter Maid with the chicken.*  
Sweet, wilt thou eat?

*Frank.* A pretty stomach on a sudden, yes.—  
There's one i' th' house can play upon a lute;  
Good girl, let's hear him too.

*Kath.* You shall, dear brother.        [*Exit Maid.*  
Would I were a musician, you should hear  
How I would feast your ear!—[*Lute plays within.*]  
—stay, mend your pillow,  
And raise you higher.

*Frank.* I am up too high,  
Am I not sister, now?

*Kath.* No, no; 'tis well.  
Fall to, fall to.—A knife! here's ne'er a knife.  
Brother, I'll look out your's.        [*Takes up his vest.*

*Enter Dog, shrugging as it were for joy, and  
dances.*

*Frank.* Sister, O sister,  
I'm ill upon a sudden, and can eat nothing.

*Kath.* In very deed you shall; the want of food

Makes you so faint. Ha!—[*Sees the bloody knife.*]

—here's none in your pocket;

I will go fetch a knife. [Exit hastily.

Frank. Will you?—'tis well, all's well.

FRANK searches first one pocket then the other, finds the knife, and then lies down.—The spirit of SUSAN comes to the bed's side: he starts at it, and then turns to the other side, but the spirit is there—meanwhile enter WINNIFREDE as a page, and stands sorrowfully at the foot of the bed.—FRANK terrified, sits up, and the spirit vanishes.

Frank. What art thou?

Win. A lost creature.

Frank. So am I too.—Win?

Ah, my she-page!

Win. For your sake I put on  
A shape that's false; yet do I wear a heart  
True to you as your own.

Frank. 'Would mine and thine  
Were fellows in one house!—kneel by me here.  
On this side now! how dar'st thou come to mock  
me

On both sides of my bed?

Win. When?

Frank. But just now:

Outface me, stare upon me with strange postures;  
Turn my soul wild by a face in which were drawn  
A thousand ghosts leapt newly from their graves,  
To pluck me into a winding sheet!

*Win.* Believe it,  
I came no nearer to you than yon place,  
At your bed's feet; and of the house had leave,  
Calling myself your horse-boy, in to come  
And visit my sick master.

*Frank.* Then 'twas my fancy;  
Some windmill in my brains for want of sleep.

*Win.* Would I might never sleep, so you could  
rest!

But you have pluck'd a thunder on your head,  
Whose noise cannot cease suddenly; why should  
you

Dance at the wedding of a second wife,  
When scarce the music which you heard at mine  
Had ta'en a farewell of you? O, this was ill!  
And they who thus can give both hands away,  
In th' end shall want their best limbs.

*Frank.* Winnifrede,—  
The chamber door's fast?—

*Win.* Yes.

*Frank.* Sit thee then down;  
And when thou'st heard me speak, melt into tears:  
Yet I, to save those eyes of thine from weeping,  
Being to write a story of us two,  
Instead of ink, dipp'd my sad pen in blood.  
When of thee I took leave, I went abroad  
Only for pillage, as a freebooter,  
What gold so'er I got, to make it thine.  
To please a father, I have Heaven displeased;  
Striving to cast two wedding-rings in one,

Through my bad workmanship I now have none ;  
I have lost her and thee.

*Win.* I know she's dead ;  
But you have me still.

*Frank.* Nay, her this hand  
Murdered ; and so I lose thee too.

*Win.* Oh me !

*Frank.* Be quiet ; for thou art my evidence,  
Jury and judge : sit quiet, and I'll tell all.

*While they are conversing in a low tone, Old CARTER and KATHERINE meet at the door of the room.*

*Kath.* I have run madding up and down to find  
you,  
Being laden with the heaviest news that ever  
Poor daughter carried.

*Car.* Why ? is the boy dead ?

*Kath.* Dead, sir !

Oh, father, we are cozen'd ; you are told  
The murderer sings in prison, and he laughs here.  
This villain kill'd my sister ; see else, see,

*[Takes up his vest ; and shows the knife  
to her father, who secures it.]*

A bloody knife in's pocket !

*Car.* Bless me, patience !

*[Dog paws softly at FRANK, and exit.]*

*Frank.* *[Seeing them.]* The knife ! the knife ! the  
knife !

*Kath.* What knife ?

*Frank.* To cut my chicken up, my chicken ;—  
Be you my carver, father.

*Car.* That I will.

*Kath.* How the devil steels our brows after  
doing ill!

*Frank.* My stomach and my sight are taken  
from me;

All is not well within me.

*Car.* I believe thee, boy: I that have seen so many moons clap their horns on other men's foreheads to strike them sick; yet mine to scape, and be well! I that never cast away a fee upon urinals, but am as sound as an honest man's conscience when he's dying, I should cry out as thou dost, "All is not well within me," felt I but the bag of thy imposthumes. Ah poor villain! ah my wounded rascal! all my grief is, I have now small hope of thee.

*Frank.* Do the surgeons say my wounds are dangerous, then!

*Car.* Yes, yes, and there's no way with thee but one.\*

*Frank.* Would he were here to open them.

*Car.* I'll go to fetch him; I'll make an holiday to see thee as I wish. [*Exit.*

*Frank.* A wond'rous kind old man.

*Win.* Your sin's the blacker,  
So to abuse his goodness.—[*Aside to Frank.*]—  
Master, how do you?—[*Aloud.*]

\* *Yes, yes, and there's no way with thee but one.* A proverbial expression for an inevitable event,—death. Thus Mrs. Quickly of poor Sir John. "After I saw him fumble with the sheets, and smile upon his finger ends, I knew there was *but one way*," &c.



*Frank.* Pretty well now, boy; I have such odd qualms  
Come cross my stomach:—I'll fall to; boy, cut me—

*Win.* You have cut me, I'm sure;—a leg or wing, sir?

*Frank.* No, no, no; a wing—  
Would I had wings but to soar up yon tower!  
But here's a clog that hinders me.

[*Re-enter CARTER, followed by Servants, with the body of SUSAN in a coffin.*]

What's that?

*Car.* That? what? oh, now I see her; 'tis a young wench, my daughter, sirrah, sick to the death; and hearing thee to be an excellent rascal for letting blood, she looks out at a casement, and cries, "Help! help! stay that man! him I must have or none."

*Frank.* For pity's sake remove her; see, she stares

With one broad open eye still in my face!

*Car.* Thou puttest both her's out, like a villain as thou art; yet, see! she is willing to lend thee one again, to find out the murderer, and that's thyself.

*Frank.* Old man, thou liest.

*Car.* So shalt thou—in the gaol. Run for officers.

*Kath.* Oh thou merciless slave!  
She was (though yet above ground) in her grave  
To me; but thou hast torn [her] up again—

Mine eyes, too much drown'd, now must feel more rain.

*Car.* Fetch officers. [*Exit KATH. with servants.*]

*Frank.* For whom?

*Car.* For thee, sirrah! sirrah! Some knives have foolish posies upon them, but thine has a villainous one; look!—[*shewing the bloody knife*]—oh, it is enamelled with the heart-blood of thy hated wife, my beloved daughter! What say'st thou to this evidence? is't not sharp? does't not strike home? thou canst not answer honestly, and without a trembling heart, to this one point, this terrible bloody point.

*Win.* I beseech you, sir,  
Strike him no more; you see he's dead already.

*Car.* Oh, sir! you held his horses; you are as arrant a rogue as he: up go you too.

*Frank.* As you're a man, throw not upon that woman  
Your loads of tyranny, for she is innocent.

*Car.* How? how? a woman! Is't grown to a fashion for women in all countries to wear the breeches?

*Win.* I am not as my disguise speaks me, sir,  
his page;  
But his first, only wife, his lawful wife.

*Car.* How? how? more fire i' th' bed-straw!

\* *More fire i' th' bed-straw!*] A proverbial expression for more concealed mischief.

*Win.* The wrongs which singly fell upon your daughter,  
On me are multiplied; she lost a life;  
But I an husband and myself must lose,  
If you call him to a Bar for what he has done.

*Car.* He has done it then?

*Win.* Yes, 'tis confess'd to me.

*Frank.* Dost thou betray me?

*Win.* Oh pardon me, dear heart! I am mad to lose thee,  
And know not what I speak; but if thou didst,  
I must arraign this father for two sins,  
Adultery and murder.

*Re-enter KATHERINE.*

*Kath.* Sir, they are come.

*Car.* Arraign me for what thou wilt, all Middlesex knows me better for an honest man, than the middle of a market-place knows thee for an honest woman. Rise, sirrah, and don your tacklings; rig yourself for the gallows, or I'll carry thee thither on my back: your trull shall to the gaol with you; there be as fine Newgate birds as she, that can draw him in: pox on's wounds!

*Frank.* I have serv'd thee, and my wages now are paid;  
Yet my worst punishment shall, I hope, be staid.  
[*Exeunt.*

## ACT V. SCENE I.

*The Witch's Cottage.**Enter Mother SAWYER.*

*Saw.* Still wrong'd by every slave? and not a  
dog

Bark in his dame's defence? I am call'd witch,  
Yet am myself bewitch'd from doing harm.  
Have I giv'n up myself to thy black lust  
Thus to be scorn'd? Not see me in three days!  
I'm lost without my Tomalin; prithee come,  
Revenge to me is sweeter far than life :<sup>a</sup>  
Thou art my raven, on whose coal-black wings  
Revenge comes flying to me. Oh my best love!  
I am on fire, even in the midst of ice,  
Raking my blood up, till my shrunk knees feel  
Thy curl'd head leaning on them; come, then,  
my darling,  
If in the air thou hover'st, fall upon me

<sup>a</sup> *Revenge to me is sweeter far than life.*

*At vindicta bonum vita jucundius.*

I have already observed on the incongruous language put into the mouth of our village witch. Either of the poets could have written down to her vulgar estimation, but they appear to entertain some indistinct notion of raising her character. This soliloquy, which is a very fine one, might have been pronounced by a Sagana, or a Canidia.

In some dark cloud ; and as I oft have seen  
Dragons and serpents in the elements,  
Appear thou now so to me. Art thou i' th' sea?  
Muster up all the monsters from the deep,  
And be the ugliest of them ; so that my bulch'  
Show but his swarth cheek to me, let earth  
cleave,

And break from hell, I care not ! could I run  
Like a swift powder-mine beneath the world,  
Up would I blow it all, to find out thee,  
Though I lay ruin'd in it. Not yet come !  
I must then fall to my old prayer :

*Sanctibicetur nomen tuum.*

Not yet come ! [the] worrying of wolves, biting of  
mad dogs, the manges, and the—

*Enter Dog, white.*

*Dog.* How now ! whom art thou cursing ?

*Saw.* Thee !

Ha ! no, 'tis my black cur I am cursing,  
For not attending on me.

*Dog.* I am that cur.

*Saw.* Thou liest : hence ! come not nigh me.

*Dog.* Bow, wow !

*Saw.* Why dost thou thus appear to me in  
white,

As if thou wert the ghost of my dear love ?

<sup>1</sup> *So that my bulch.*] Literally, a calf ; sometimes used, as here, as an expression of kindness ; but generally indicative of familiarity and contempt

*Dog.* I am dogged, [and] list not to tell thee; yet,—to torment thee,—my whiteness puts thee in mind of thy winding-sheet.

*Saw.* Am I near death?

*Dog.* Yes, if the dog of hell be near thee; when the devil comes to thee as a lamb, have at thy throat!

*Saw.* Off, cur!

*Dog.* He has the back of a sheep, but the belly of an otter; devours by sea and land. "Why am I in white?" didst thou not pray to me?

*Saw.* Yes, thou dissembling hell-hound, Why now in white more than at other times?

*Dog.* Be blasted with the news! whiteness is day's foot-boy, a forerunner to light, which shows thy old rivell'd face: villainies are stripp'd naked; the witch must be beaten out of her cock-pit.

*Saw.* Must she? she shall not; thou'rt a lying spirit:

Why to mine eyes art thou a flag of truce?  
I am at peace with none; 'tis the black colour  
Or none, which I fight under: I do not like  
Thy puritan paleness; glowing furnaces  
Are far more hot than they which flame outright.  
If thou my old dog art, go and bite such  
As I shall set thee on.

*Dog.* I will not.

*Saw.* I'll sell myself to twenty thousand fiends,  
To have thee torn in pieces then.

*Dog.* Thou canst not; thou art so ripe to fall into hell, that no more of my kennel will so much as bark at him that hangs thee.

*Saw.* I shall run mad.

*Dog.* Do so, thy time is come to curse, and rave, and die; the glass of thy sins is full, and it must run out at gallows.

*Saw.* It cannot, ugly cur, I'll confess nothing; And not confessing, who dare come and swear I have bewitch'd them? I'll not confess one mouthful.

*Dog.* Choose, and be hang'd or burn'd.

*Saw.* Spite of the devil and thee,  
I'll muzzle up my tongue from telling tales.

*Dog.* Spite of thee and the devil, thou'lt be condemn'd.

*Saw.* Yes! when?

*Dog.* And ere the executioner catch thee full in's claws, thou'lt confess all.

*Saw.* Out dog!

*Dog.* Out witch! thy trial is at hand:  
Our prey being had, the devil does laughing stand.  
[*Goes aside.*]

*Enter Old BANKS, RATCLIFFE, and Countrymen.*

*Banks.* She's here; attach her. Witch, you must go with us. [*They seize her.*]

*Saw.* Whither? to hell?

*Banks.* No, no, no, old crone; your mittimus shall be made thither, but your own jailors shall receive you. Away with her!

*Saw.* My Tommy! my sweet Tom-boy! Oh, thou dog!

Dost thou now fly to thy kennel and forsake me!  
Plagues and consumptions— [*She is carried off.*]

*Dog.* Ha, ha, ha, ha!

Let not the world witches or devils condemn;  
They follow us, and then we follow them.

*Enter CUDDY BANKS.*

*Cud.* I would fain meet with mine ingle once more; he has had a claw amongst them: my rival that loved my wench is like to be hang'd like an innocent. A kind cur where he takes, but where he takes not, a dogged rascal; I know the villain loves me. [*Dog barks.*] No! art thou there? [*Seeing the Dog,*] that's Tom's voice, but 'tis not he; this is a dog of another hair, this. Bark, and not speak to me? not Tom then; there's as much difference betwixt Tom and this, as betwixt white and black.

*Dog.* Hast thou forgot me?

*Cud.* That's Tom again; prithee, ningle, speak, is thy name Tom?

*Dog.* Whilst I serv'd my old dame Sawyer, it was; I am gone from her now.

*Cud.* Gone? away with the witch then too! she'll never thrive if thou leav'st her; she knows no more how to kill a cow, or a horse, or a sow, without thee, than she does to kill a goose.

*Dog.* No, she has done killing now, but must be killed for what she has done; she's shortly to be hang'd.

*Cud.* Is she? in my conscience if she be, 'tis thou hast brought her to the gallows, Tom.



*Dog.* Right; I serv'd her to that purpose; 'twas part of my wages.

*Cud.* This was no honest servant's part, by your leave, Tom. This remember, I pray you, between you and I; I entertain'd you ever as a dog, not as a devil.

*Dog.* True;  
And so I used thee doggedly, not devilishly;  
I have deluded thee for sport to laugh at:  
The wench thou seek'st after thou never spak'st with,  
But a spirit in her form, habit, and likeness.  
Ha, ha!

*Cud.* I do not then wonder at the change of your garments, if you can enter into shapes of women too.

*Dog.* Any shape, to blind such silly eyes as thine; but chiefly those coarse creatures, dog, or cat, hare, ferret, frog, toad.

*Cud.* Louse or flea?

*Dog.* Any poor vermin.

*Cud.* It seems you devils have poor thin souls, that you can bestow yourselves in such small bodies. But pray you, Tom, one question at parting;<sup>4</sup> (I think I shall never see you more;) where do you borrow those bodies that are none of your own?—the garment-shape you may hire at brokers.

<sup>4</sup> *But pray you, Tom, one question, &c.*] There is no reader, I believe, who does not wish that this had been spared. The humour of Tom and his friend had been previously drained to the very dregs, and it must have required all the enduring credulity of the audience to tolerate this idle buffoonery after the supernatural agency of the drama had found a close.

*Dog.* Why would'st thou know that, fool? it  
    avails thee not.

*Cud.* Only for my mind's sake, Tom, and to tell  
some of my friends.

*Dog.* I'll thus much tell thee: thou never art  
    so distant

From an evil spirit, but that thy oaths,  
Curses, and blasphemies pull him to thine  
    elbow;

Thou never tell'st a lie, but that a devil  
Is within hearing it; thy evil purposes  
Are ever haunted; but when they come to act,  
As thy tongue slandering, bearing false witness,  
Thy hand stabbing, stealing, cozening, cheating,  
He's then within thee: thou play'st, he bets upon  
    thy part;

Although thou lose, yet he will gain by thee.

*Cud.* Ay? then he comes in the shape of a  
    rook?

*Dog.* The old cadaver of some self-strangled  
    wretch

We sometimes borrow, and appear humane;  
The carcass of some disease-slain strumpet  
We varnish fresh, and wear as her first beauty.  
Didst never hear? if not, it has been done;\*

\* *Didst never hear? if not, it has been done, &c.*] Enough of this is to be found in Delrio, Remigius, and other superstitious and credulous writers; but the immediate allusion in this place is, I conceive, to the Sophonisba of Marston, where a loathsome scene of this kind takes place between Syphax and Erectho.

An hot luxurious letcher in his twines,  
When he has thought to clip his dalliance,  
There has provided been for his embrace  
A fine hot flaming devil in her place.

*Cud.* Yes, I am partly a witness to this; but I never could embrace her; I thank thee for that, Tom. Well, again I thank thee, Tom, for all this counsel; without a fee, too! there's few lawyers of thy mind now. Certainly, Tom, I begin to pity thee.<sup>a</sup>

*Dog.* Pity me! for what?

*Cud.* Were it not possible for thee to become an honest dog yet?—'Tis a base life that you lead, Tom, to serve witches, to kill innocent children, to kill harmless cattle, to destroy corn and fruit, and so forth: 'twere better yet to be a butcher and kill for yourself.

*Dog.* Why, these are all my delights, my pleasures, fool.

*Cud.* Or, Tom, if you could give your mind to ducking, (I know you can swim, fetch, and carry,) some shopkeeper in London would take great de-

<sup>a</sup> *Certainly, Tom, I begin to pity thee.*] Burns had assuredly never read Ford; yet his peculiar vein of humour has thrown him upon a kindred thought.

“So fare you weel, auld *Nickie-ben*!  
O! wad ye tak a thought an' men'!  
Ye aiblins might—I dinna ken—  
Still hae a stake.  
I'm wae to think upo' your den  
E'en for your sake.”

Dignity and decorum, however, are all on the side of *Nickie-ben*.

light in you, and be a tender master over you : or if you have any mind to the game, either at bull or bear, I think I could prefer you to Moll Cutpurse.<sup>7</sup>

*Dog.* Ha, ha ! I should kill all the game, bulls, bears, dogs and all ; not a cub to be left.

*Cud.* You could do, Tom ; but you must play fair, you should be staved off else. Or if your stomach did better like to serve in some nobleman's, knight's, or gentleman's kitchen, if you could brook the wheel, and turn the spit (your labour could not be much) when they have roast meat, that's but once or twice in the week at most ; here you might lick your own toes very well : or if you could translate yourself into a lady's arming puppy, there you might lick sweet lips, and do many pretty offices ; but to creep under an old witch's coats, and suck like a great puppy !—fie upon't ! I have heard beastly things of you, Tom.

*Dog.* Ha, ha !

The worst thou heard'st of me the better 'tis ;  
Shall I serve thee, fool, at the self-same rate ?

<sup>7</sup> *Moll Cutpurse.*] A notorious character of those days, whose real name was Mary Frith. She appears to have excelled in various professions, of which far the most honest and praiseworthy was that of picking pockets. By singular good fortune, she escaped the gallows, and died "in a ripe and rotten old age," some time before the Restoration. Moll is the heroine of *The Roaring Girl*, a lively comedy, by Middleton, who has treated her with kindness.

*Cud.* No, I'll see thee hang'd, thou shalt be damn'd first! I know thy qualities too well, I'll give no suck to such whelps; therefore, henceforth I defy thee. Out! and avaunt!

*Dog.* Nor will I serve for such a silly soul. I am for greatness now, corrupted greatness, There I'll shug in, and get a noble countenance; Serve some Briarean footcloth-strider,<sup>\*</sup> That has an hundred hands to catch at bribes, But not a finger's nail of charity. Such, like the dragon's tail, shall pull down hundreds

To drop and sink with him: I'll stretch myself, And draw this bulk small as a silver wire, Enter at the least pore tobacco-fume Can make a breach for:—hence, silly fool! I scorn to prey on such an atom soul.

*Cud.* Come out, come out, you cur! I will beat thee out of the bounds of Edmonton, and to-morrow we go in procession, and after thou shalt never come in again: if thou goest to London, I'll make thee go about by Tyburn, stealing in by Thieving-lane. If thou canst rub thy shoulder against a lawyer's gown, as thou passest by West-

<sup>\*</sup> *There I'll get a noble countenance;*

*Serve some Briarean footcloth strider.*] Our authors use *countenance*, as indeed do all the writers of their time, for *patronage*, *protection*, *responsibility*, &c. *Footcloths* were the ornamental housings or trappings flung over the pads of state-horses. On these the great lawyers then rode to Westminster Hall; and, as our authors intimate, the great courtiers to St. James's. They became common enough in aftertimes. The allusion in the next line is to Revelation, ch. xii. v. 4.

minster-hall, do; if not, to the stairs amongst the ban-dogs, take water, and the devil go with thee!

*[Exit, followed by Dog barking.]*

SCENE II.—*London.—The neighbourhood of Tyburn.*

*Enter JUSTICE, Sir ARTHUR, SOMERTON, WARBECK, CARTER, and KATHERINE.*

*Just.* Sir Arthur, though the bench hath mildly censured your errors, yet you have indeed been the instrument that wrought all their misfortunes; I would wish you paid down your fine speedily and willingly.

*Sir Ar.* I shall need no urging to it.

*Car.* If you should, 'twere a shame to you; for, if I should speak my conscience, you are worthier to be hang'd of the two, all things considered; and now make what you can of it: but I am glad these gentlemen are freed.

*War.* We knew our innocence.

*Som.* And therefore fear'd it not.

*Kath.* But I am glad that I have you safe.

*[A noise within.]*

*Just.* How now? what noise is that?

*Car.* Young Frank is going the wrong way.—  
Alas, poor youth! now, I begin to pity him.

*Enter Old THORNEY, and WINNIFREDE weeping.*

*Thor.* Here let our sorrows wait him; to press  
nearer

The place of his sad death, some apprehensions  
May tempt our grief too much, at height already;—

Daughter, be comforted.

*Win.* Comfort and I  
Are too far separated to be join'd  
But in eternity; I share too much  
Of him that's going thither.

*War.* Poor woman, 'twas not thy fault; I  
grieve to see thee weep for him that hath my pity  
too.

*Win.* My fault was lust, my punishment was  
shame.

Yet I am happy that my soul is free  
Both from consent, fore-knowledge, and intent,  
Of any murder, but of mine own honour;  
Restored again by a fair satisfaction,  
And since not to be wounded.

*Thor.* Daughter, grieve not  
For what necessity forceth;  
Rather resolve to conquer it with patience.  
Alas, she faints!

*Win.* My griefs are strong upon me;  
My weakness scarce can bear them.—

[*A great cry within.*—Away with her! Hang her, witch!

*Enter to Execution Mother SAWYER; Officers with halberts, followed by a crowd of country people.*

**Car.** The witch, that instrument of mischief!  
Did not she witch the devil into my son-in-law,  
when he kill'd my poor daughter? Do you hear,  
mother Sawyer?

**Saw.** What would you have?  
Cannot a poor old woman have your leave  
To die without vexation?

**Car.** Did not you bewitch Frank, to kill his  
wife? He could never have done't without the  
devil.

**Saw.** Who doubts it? but is every devil mine?  
Would I had one now whom I might command  
To tear you all in pieces! Tom would have  
done't,  
Before he left me.

**Car.** Thou didst bewitch Ann Ratcliffe to kill  
herself.

**Saw.** Churl, thou liest; I never did her hurt:  
would you were all as near your ends as I am,  
that gave evidence against me for it!

**Coun.** I'll be sworn, master Carter, she be-  
witch'd Gammer Washbowl's sow to cast her pigs  
a day before she would have farrowed: yet they  
were sent up to London, and sold for as good



Westminster dog-pigs, at Bartholomew-fair, as  
ever great-belly'd ale-wife longed for.

*Saw.* These dogs will mad me; I was well re-  
solv'd

To die in my repentance. Though 'tis true  
I would live longer if I might, yet since  
I cannot, pray torment me not; my conscience,  
Is settled as it shall be: all take heed  
How they believe the devil; at last he'll cheat  
you.

*Car.* Thou'dst best confess all truly.

*Saw.* Yet again?

Have I scarce breath enough to say my prayers,  
And would you force me to spend that in bawling?  
Bear witness, I repent all former evil;  
There is no damned conjuror like the devil.

*All.* Away with her, away! [*She is led off.*]

*Enter FRANK to Execution, Officers, &c.*

*Thor.* Here's the sad object which I yet must  
meet

With hope of comfort, if a repentant end  
Make him more happy than misfortune would  
Suffer him here to be.

*Frank.* Good sirs, turn from me;  
You will revive affliction almost kill'd  
With my continual sorrow.

*Thor.* Oh, Frank, Frank!

Would I had sunk in mine own wants, or died  
But one bare minute ere thy fault was acted !

*Frank.* To look upon your sorrows executes  
me,

Before my execution.

*Win.* Let me pray you, sir—

*Frank.* Thou much-wrong'd woman, I must  
sigh for thee,

As he that's only loath to leave the world  
For that he leaves thee in it unprovided,  
Unfriended ; and for me to beg a pity  
From any man to thee when I am gone,  
Is more than I can hope ; nor, to say truth,  
Have I deserv'd it : but there is a payment  
Belongs to goodness from the great Exchequer  
Above ; it will not fail thee, Winnifrede ;  
Be that thy comfort.

*Thor.* Let it be thine too.  
Untimely lost young man.

*Frank* He is not lost,  
Who bears his peace within him : had I spun  
My web of life out at full length, and dream'd  
Away my many years in lusts, in surfeits,  
Murthers of reputations, gallant sins  
Commended or approved ; then, though I had  
Died easily, as great and rich men do,  
Upon my own bed, not compell'd by justice,  
You might have mourn'd for me indeed ; my  
          miseries  
Had been as everlasting, as remediless ;  
But now the law hath not arraign'd, condemn'd,

With greater rigour my unhappy fact,  
Than I myself have every little sin  
My memory can reckon from my childhood :  
A court hath been kept here, where I am found  
Guilty ; the difference is, my impartial judge  
Is much more gracious than my faults are monstrous

\* \* \* \* to be nam'd ; yet they are monstrous.

*Thor.* Here's comfort in this penitence.

*Win.* It speaks

How truly you are reconciled, and quickens  
My dying comfort, that was near expiring  
With my last breath : now this repentance makes  
thee

As white as innocence ; and my first sin with  
thee,

Since which I knew none like it, by my sorrow  
Is clearly cancell'd. Might our souls together  
Climb to the height of their eternity,  
And there enjoy what earth denied us, happiness!  
But since I must survive, and be the monument  
Of thy loved memory, I will preserve it  
With a religious care, and pay thy ashes  
A widow's duty, calling that end best,  
Which, though it stain the name, makes the soul  
blest.

*Frank.* Give me thy hand, poor woman ; do  
not weep :

Farewell ! thou dost forgive me ?

*Win.* 'Tis my part  
To use that language.

*Frank.* Oh! that my example  
Might teach the world hereafter what a curse  
Hangs on their heads, who rather choose to marry  
A goodly portion than a dower of virtues!—  
Are you there, gentlemen? there is not one  
Amongst you whom I have not wrong'd; you  
most, [To CARTER.  
I robb'd you of a daughter;—but she is  
In heaven; and I must suffer for it willingly.

*Car.* Ay, ay, she's in heaven, and I am glad to  
see thee so well prepared to follow her. I forgive  
thee with all my heart; if thou hadst not had ill  
counsel, thou would'st not have done as thou  
didst; the more shame for them!

*Som.* Spare your excuse to me, I do conceive  
What you would speak; I would you could as  
easily

Make satisfaction to the law, as to  
My wrongs: I am sorry for you.

*War.* And so am I,  
And heartily forgive you.

*Kath.* I will pray for you,  
For her sake, who, I'm sure; did love you dearly.

*Sir Ar.* Let us part friendly too; I am asham'd  
Of my part in thy wrongs.

*Frank.* You are all merciful,  
And send me to my grave in peace. Sir Arthur,  
Heaven send you a new heart!—lastly, to you,  
sir;

And though I have deserv'd not to be call'd



to be married, husbands are so cruelly unkind.  
Excuse me that I am troubled.

*Som.* Thou shalt have no cause.

*Just.* Take comfort, mistress Winnifrede. Sir  
Arthur,

For his abuse to you and to your husband,  
Is by the bench enjoind to pay you down  
A thousand marks.

*Sir Ar.* Which I will soon discharge.

*Win.* Sir, 'tis too great a sum to be employ'd  
Upon my funeral.

*Car.* Come, come; if luck had serv'd, Sir  
Arthur, and every man had his due, somebody  
might have tottered ere this, without paying fines;  
like it as you list. Come to me, Winnifrede, shalt  
be welcome. Make much of her, Kate, I charge  
you; I do not think but she's a good wench, and  
hath had wrong as well as we. So let's every  
man home to Edmonton with heavy hearts, yet as  
merry as we can, though not as we would.

*Just.* Join friends in sorrow; make of all the  
best:

Harms past may be lamented, not redrest.

[*Exeunt.*]

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In the title-page of this drama the name of Ford is placed after those of his coadjutors, Rowley and Decker. It seems to have been a trick of the trade, in their distress, to accumulate a number of names in the title-page, to catch as many readers as possible; and Rowley's was deservedly a very marketable name. Not

content with the trio, they add after Ford, an &c. With these we need not meddle, and I presume, we may venture to dismiss Rowley, with the allowance of an occasional passage, since the drama seems fairly to divide itself between the other two, whose style is well understood, and here strongly marked.

It is very easy to sneer at the supernatural portions of this play ; and it is done with exquisite justice by those who run night after night to witness the deviltries of Faust and the Freischutz, a thousand times more contemptible and absurd than anything to be found in the Witch of Edmonton ; a drama which, I am not ashamed to confess, (though aware of the ridicule that will follow it,) I consider creditable to the talents and feelings of both poets. I believe in witchcraft no more than the critics ; neither, perhaps, did Ford and Decker ; but they dealt with those who did ; and we are less concerned with the visionary creed of our forefathers, than with the skill and dexterity of those who wrote in conformity to it, and the moral or ethical maxims which they enable us to draw from it.

The serious part of this drama is sweetly written. The character of Susan is delineated in Ford's happiest manner ; pure, affectionate, confiding, faithful and forgiving ; anxious, as a wife, to prove her love, but fearful to offend, there is a mixture of warmth and pudency in her language, particularly in the concluding scene of the second Act, which cannot fail to please the most fastidious reader. Winnifrede is only second to her unfortunate rival ; for, though highly culpable before marriage, she redeems her character as a wife, and insensibly steals upon our pity and regard. Even Katharine, with any other sister, would not pass unnoticed.

Carter is no unfair representative of the respectable yeoman (freeholder) of those days ; and his frank and independent conduct is well contrasted with that of Banks, a small farmer, as credulous and ignorant as his labourers, positive, overbearing, and vindictive. Of Frank enough has been already said ; and the rest require no particular notice ; only it may be observed, that the character of Sir Arthur Clarington is sustained with care and ability. Terrified, but not reclaimed, from his profligacy, by the law, he is everywhere equally odious ; and ends the same mean, heartless, avaricious wretch he showed himself at first.

## EPILOGUE.

*Spoken by WINNIFREDE.*

I AM a widow still, and must not sort  
A second choice, without a good report;  
Which though some widows find, and few deserve,  
Yet I dare not presume; but will not swerve  
From modest hopes. All noble tongues are free;  
The gentle may speak one kind word for me.





**FAME'S MEMORIAL,**

**&c. &c.**

**VOL. II.**

**0 0**

## FAME'S MEMORIAL, &c.

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This poem, which, if not the earliest, is yet among the earliest of our author's productions, was published in 4to, 1606, by Christopher Purset, with the following title: "Fame's Memorial, or the Earl of Devonshire<sup>1</sup> deceased, with his honourable Life, peaceful End, and solemn Funeral."

..... quis talia fundo  
Mirmidonum, Dolopumue, aut duri miles Ulixi  
Temperet à lachrimis ? .....

<sup>1</sup> *The Earl of Devonshire.*] Charles Blount, eighth Lord Mountjoy. He was a man of great eminence; and while a commoner, (for he did not succeed to the title till 1594,) followed the profession of arms with honour, and held a command in the fleet which defeated the Spanish Armada. His extraordinary merits did not escape the quick eye of Elizabeth, who gave him various tokens of her favour, and thus exposed him to the "envy" of Essex, with whom, as the author of *Aulicus Coq.* says, he stood in competition for fame. In 1600, the Queen constituted him Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, when he repulsed the Spaniards with great bravery at Kinsale. In truth, the whole of his conduct with regard to that agitated country, was meritorious in the highest degree, and as such fully acknowledged by her, as well as by James, who, on his accession, conferred on him the same important office; and very shortly afterwards, (July, 1603,) made him a Knight of the Garter, and created him Earl of Devonshire. "Certainly," says his secretary Morrison, "he was beautiful in his person, as well as valiant; and learned as well as wise." And Camden styles him "a person famous for conduct, and so eminent in courage and learning, that, in these respects, he had no superior, and but few equals."

It is distressing to pursue his history. About two years after his prosperous career in Ireland, (Dec 25, 1605,) he married Lady Rich, with whom, probably, he had never ceased to converse; and, by this one step, which, according to our notions, and probably to his own, was calculated to repair, in some measure, the injury which the lady's character had sustained, ruined both her and himself. There is something in this which is not easily explained. While the Earl maintained an adulterous commerce with the lady, all went smoothly, but the instant he married her, he lost the protection of the Court, and the estimation of the public. "The King," says Sanderson, "was so much displeased thereof, as it broke the Earl's heart, for his Majesty told him that he had purchased a fair woman with a black soul." Hearts are not always broken in the way supposed, but there was more than enough to depress the lofty spirit of this great Earl in the sudden blow given to his reputation. He died a few months after his marriage, "soon and early," as Chamberlaine says, "for his years (forty-three), but late enough for himself. and happy had he been if he had gone two or three years since, before the world was weary of him, or that he had left his scandal behind him."

I have elsewhere noticed, (Jonson, vol. vii. p. 19.) the obloquy which Land brought on himself by marrying this ill-starred couple; an act which is recorded in his Diary as the greatest misfortune of his life. The *head and front of his offending*, as far as my conjecture reaches, is to be sought in that obscurity which yet hangs over this transaction. He apparently believed, with many others, that the lady had been divorced from her husband, and may have subsequently discovered that she had merely withdrawn from him by mutual consent.

TO  
THE RIGHTLY RIGHT HONOURABLE LADY,  
**THE LADY PENELOPE,**  
**COUNTESS OF DEVONSHIRE.**

---

**MOST NOBLE LADY.**

**HAD** the blessings whilom bestowed, and too soon deprived, been as permanent as they were glorious; the world had not then had such a general cause of just sorrow to bewail, nor I of particular grief to inscribe,\* the

\* *Nor I of particular grief, &c.*] It is not very easy to discover what is meant by *particular* grief, in this place. Ford admits that he is altogether unknown to the Countess; and it nowhere appears that he had any personal acquaintance with the deceased Earl. But leaving this, it may be proper to say, that the Lady Penelope here addressed was the daughter of Walter, first Earl of Essex, and the beloved sister of Robert, the unfortunate favourite of Elizabeth, and the victim of her fears and jealousies. There was a family intimacy between the Devereuxes and the Mountjoys, which seems to have facilitated the meetings of this beautiful young creature with Sir Charles Blount, and led, as in the usual mode, to a mutual attachment, and a promise of marriage. In those "blessed days," marriages among the great were not quite so easily managed as at present; the Queen regarded the state with a strange mixture of envy and spleen; and the accursed Court of Wards eternally troubled "the current of true love." Lady Penelope was forced, with a heart full of affection for Mountjoy, into the arms of Lord Rich, a man whom she appears to have regarded with peculiar aversion. Thus far she was more sinned against than sinning; but she seems to have thought her private engagement of a more binding character than her vow at the altar; and the usual consequences followed. After a few miserable years with Lord Rich, she deserted him partly or wholly, and renewed her connection with her first lover, to whom she bore several children.

There must have been something peculiar in this lady's case;

present loss of so worthy a Lord : but a most sad truth it is, *Fame may be lamented, never recalled* : upon which infallible axiom, desperate of all possibility, either of regaining the same, or hoping his peer, as much as in the reach of my weak talent lay (unusual to this stile), I have endeavoured to register his memory, whose memory will grace my labours. To you, excellent Lady, it was intended, to you it is addressed; not doubting, but whatsoever hath been of him said, and truly said, your honourable favour will allow the favourable protection of your expressest patronage, who, whilst he lived, endowed you, and justly endowed you, with all the principles of his sincerest heart, and best fortunes. Let not, therefore, worthy Countess, my rasher presump-

perhaps the violence put upon her early affections wrought some pardon or pity for her ; for she *lost no caste*, even under Elizabeth, and she was one of the first ladies selected by her Council to proceed to Holyrood House, and conduct the wife of the new monarch to Whitehall. Her accomplishments were of the highest kind, and in every splendid and graceful measure she appears among the foremost. To Ann she made herself very agreeable, from her first introduction ; and the Queen's partiality to her is noted with an evident tincture of displeasure by the high-born and high-spirited Lady Ann Clifford, at this period a young woman.

I am unable to say whether Lady Rich was actually and legally divorced from her husband, or whether the separation took place in consequence of articles drawn up between themselves ; but though Mountjoy returned from Ireland in 1603, he did not marry the Countess till two years afterwards, so that she appears as Lady Rich in the magnificent Masque of Blackness, and in the splendid procession from the Tower to Whitehall, where she walks, " by especial commandement," immediately after the Countess of Shrewsbury.

tion seem presumptuous folly in the eyes of your discreeter judgment, in that without your privity (being a mere stranger, altogether unknown unto you) I have thus adventured to shelter my lines under the well-guided conduct of your honourable name: grounding my boldness upon this assurance, that true gentility is ever accompanied (especially in your sex, more specially in yourself) with her inseparable adjunct, singular Humanity, principally towards those, whom neither mercenary hopes or servile flattery, have induced to speak but with the privilege of troth. And as for such who misdeem virtue without cause, innocency shall pity them, though not eagerly with mortal hate: yet simply with naked truth, to which envy is ever opposite. Thus, Madam, presuming on your acceptance, I will in the mean while think my willing pains, hitherto confined to the Inns of Court, studies much different, highly guerdoned, and mine unfeathered muse, as soon dead as born, richly graced under the plumes of so worthy a protectress.

The Honourer and Lover of your noble perfections,

JO: FORD



## FAME'S MEMORIAL.

---

**SWIFT** Time, the speedy pursuivant of heaven,  
Summons to glorious virtues canoniz'd,  
The lasting volume where worth roves uneven,  
In brazen characters immortaliz'd ;  
Where merit lives embraced, base scorn despis'd :  
    Link'd to untainted truth, sprung from the same,  
    Beget his eaglet-tow'ring daughter Fame.

Fame, she who long couch'd her imperial crown  
Within the blinded dark of swarthy night,  
Soars now aloft triumphant up and down,  
With radiant splendour gayer than the light,  
And by how much more known so much more bright:  
    Proclaims aloud defiance to disdain,  
    Which her with thoughts profane should entertain.

Nor doth she lacky in this vale of mud,  
This razed world, but still in state arise,  
Lifting her plumed crest from out the flood  
Of sea and land: while she with wonder flies  
About the circle of the topless skies;  
    And spirits most heroic doth enflame,  
    With adoration of her sacred name.



Base Fear, the only monument of slaves,  
Progenitor to shame, scorn to gentility,  
Herald to usher peasants to their graves,  
Becomes abjected thoughts of faint servility;  
While haughty Fame adorns nobility,  
Planting her gorgeous throne upon the crest  
Of honour, casqued in a royal breast.

This makes gross dregs of souls admire the verse  
Of shrill-strain'd Arts-men, whose ambrosiac quills,  
While they desert's Encomiums sweet rehearse,  
The world with wonder and amazement fills,  
Affrighted with the threats of horrid ills:  
Astonishing the chaff of pamper'd men,  
With high-rear'd accents of their golden pen.

O that some sacred poet now surviv'd,  
Some Homer to new mourn Achilles loss,  
Our dear Achilles loss, of life depriv'd,  
Who living, life in danger's death did toss,  
Nor daunted with this hazard, or that cross:  
O that he lived with scholys most divine,  
To cote and add one worthy to the Nine!

The Nine had pass'd for saints, had not our time  
Obscured the beams of their bright splendid praise,  
By a more noble Worthy whose sublime  
Invicted spirit, in most hard assays,  
Still added reverent statues to his days:  
Surmounting all the Nine in worth as far  
As Sol the tincture of the meanest star.

Now hovering Fame hath veil'd her false recluse,  
Makes reputation and belief her warrant,  
Wonder and truth her convoy to traduce,  
Her train of shouts accomplishing her errant,  
Venting concealed virtue now apparent:  
    Imprints in canons of eternal glory,  
    Worth's monumental rites, great MOUNTJOY's story.

Great MOUNTJOY! were that name sincerely scann'd,  
Mysterious hieroglyphics would explane;  
Each letter's allegory grace the hand,  
By whom the sense should learnedly be drawn,  
To stop the dull conceits of wits profane:  
    Diving into the depth of hidden art,  
    To give but due to each deserving part.

That is with homage to adore thy name,  
As a rich relic of Memorial,  
A trophy consecrated unto fame,  
Adding within our hearts historical,  
High epithets past hyperbolical;  
    Yet all too mean to balance equal forage,  
    And sympathize in jointure with thy courage.

Live, O live ye! whom poets deck with lies,  
Raising your deeds to fame's which never end,  
Our patriot stains your fictions, no disguise  
Of painted praise his glory shall extend,  
His own great valour his deserts commend:  
    Such is his sounding notice all do know it,  
    No poet can grace him, he every poet.

None him, he all can grace; his very story  
Gives laurel, to the writer crowns of bay;  
The title of his name attributes glory,  
The subject doth the author's skill bewray,  
Enlarging still his theme and scope to say:  
Nor is one found amongst a world of men,  
Who perfect can his actions with his pen.

Had he himself like Julius Cæsar wrote,  
While as he liv'd his own acts' commendation,  
In fluent commentaries us'd to cote,  
Each hazard's conquest by a true probation,  
Exemplified with terms of art's relation:  
Then had he wing'd in height of fame for ever,  
His fame, his name, as now, been razed never.

Go, yet rich-stiled peer and overtake,  
Thyself shalt privilege thyself by merit,  
Thy soul's united ESSEX for whose sake,  
Thou didst advance thy love, which did inherit  
The dear reversion of his elate spirit:  
Then go, great MOUNTJOY, lustre of this age,  
Pace still thy name in pompous equipage.

When first his birth produced this prime of hope,  
An imp of promise mild proclivity;  
Gracious aspects even in his horoscope,  
Predominated his nativity,  
Allotting in his arm nobility:  
That being nobly born he might persèver,  
Enthron'd by fame, nobilitated ever.

Now when his infant years wax'd mellow ripe,  
Balanced in pithy scales of youth's discretion;  
As past the childish fear, fear of a stripe,  
Or schools' correct with deeper grave impressaion,  
He scorn'd the mimic thoughts of base condition:  
By earnest documents fore-showing wholly,  
His just contempt of unregarded folly.

For having suck'd the rudiments of learning,  
Grammar's elixir juice and quintessence,  
He soon approv'd his judgment by discerning,  
Applying with industrious diligence,  
To follow studies of more consequence:  
Then, by a syllogistic kind of war,  
He ruminates on thoughts which nobler are.

He learns sharp-witted logic to confute,  
With quick distinctions, slights of sophistry,  
Enriching his rich knowledge doth it suit,  
And sounds the depth of quaint philosophy;  
Himself the mirror of morality:  
And proves by instance Aristotle lies,  
Who young men's aptness to the same denies.

He studies it, yet is himself the subject,  
Subject of civil virtues, chief of good,  
Art's pith and nature's darling, honour's object,  
As noble by his wit as by his blood,  
Honour and wisdom on his forehead stood:  
Thus now to court he goes there to remain,  
For nobles none but court should entertain.

Noble he was, witness his elate spirit,  
Whose unappalled stomach scorn'd compare;  
Noble he was, witness his peerless merit,  
Which stain'd competitors, witness his rare  
Renown'd examples do the same declare:

Noble he was, in that he could not brook  
To have his equal, or for sword or book.

O had his ancestors but heretofore  
Dreamt such a son should spring from out their line,  
They might have truly griev'd, and ever more  
Have blush'd to think on it, that one divine  
Should be their offspring, deeming it a sign  
Of a less glorious happiness for them:  
Better might they have drawn their race from him.

Then happy they that are, or shall be ever,  
Deducted from the issue of this blood,  
Immortal be this name, worn, wasted never,  
The index to true fame, happy the good  
Allied in him by kin, or brotherhood:  
Such his desert, nor time nor malice term'd it,  
His youth first promis'd, and his years confirm'd it.

For being now appendant to the court,  
His presence was the court to draw it to him:  
The saints of that smooth paradise resort  
With pleasure to behold, beholding woo him,  
And what their favours can they vow to do him:  
Yea, he rejoiced the earth's great deity,  
That such a subject graced her empire.

Here he began to taste the fragrant smack,  
The *catapotion* of heart-easing love ;  
Here he persever'd to assault the wrack  
Of supple passion, proving to disprove,  
That any soil firm-settled thoughts should move :  
    Here was he first who taught what should be done,  
    How ladies should be lov'd, serv'd, woo'd, and won.

In this secured solace of sweet peace,  
He nurs'd his younger joys, nor wholly bent  
To wanton, sick, lascivious, amorous ease,  
But to more primer passions of content,  
Of civil mirth and jocund merriment:  
    Mirth in his looks, and virtue in his tongue,  
    Fresh as the balm, smooth as the mermaid's song.

Activity abroad, dalliance in chamber,  
Becomes a perfect courtier, such was he,  
What maiden breast so nice, as locks of amber  
Could not enchant with love's captivity ?  
Free spirits soon are caught when slaves go free :  
    What uncontrouled soul is so precise,  
    As may, yet will not, taste earth's paradise ?

MOUNTJOY (the mounting joy of heaven's perfection)  
Was all a man should be in such an age,  
Nor void of love's sense, nor yok'd in subjection  
Of servile passion, theme for every stage,  
Honour for him did honour's pawn engage :  
    Be witness slander's self, who must avow  
    Virtue adorn'd his mind, triumph his brow.



For after toys of courtship he assays  
Which way to manage an untamed horse,  
When, how, to spur, and rein, to stop, and raise,  
Close sitting, voltage of a man-like force,  
When in career to meet with gallant course:  
    As Centaurs were both horse and men, so he  
    Seem'd on the horse, nor could discern'd be.

Such private exercise which limn'd the way  
To public reputation, was his scope,  
Each hour graced hour, and each day graced day,  
With further expectation of great hope,  
Nor did his youth his noble levels stop:  
    He aim'd at high designs, and so attain'd  
    The high assigns to which his spirit aim'd.

Lo here the pith of valour moulded fast,  
In curious workmanship of Nature's art:  
Lo here the monuments which ever last,  
To all succeeding ages of desert,  
Noble in all, and all in every part:  
    Records of fame, and characters of brass,  
    Containing acts, such acts conceit do pass.

Triumphant soul of such a prince-like lord,  
O I could dry the fountains of mine eyes  
Upon thy coffin's hearse, and every word  
Which sorrow should out-sigh or grief implies,  
I could resolve two drops of sacrifice,  
    And spend them on the ever-gaping womb  
    Of the unseason'd earth, thy sacred tomb.





As much grave patron of sage wisdom's lore,  
Mayst thou lament thy friend's untimely race,  
Who ever favour'd thee 'cause thou hast bore,  
While he was Ireland's viceroy, thy great place  
Of treasurer, in most respected grace :

His death deserves thy tears, to solemnize  
His ceremonious funeral obsequies.

Ye safe secured fathers of wise peace,  
Just senators and magistrates in awe,  
Wealthy home-breeders which engross your ease,  
Ye learned legists of contentious law,  
Ye rulers all who him victorious saw ;  
Fear ye like stroke as him of life deprives,  
He was a brazen wall to guard your lives.

Double tongue-oiled courtiers, whose neat phrases  
Do model forth your wits maturity  
In honied speeches and sick-thoughted graces,  
Cloaking your souls in sin's obscurity,  
Yet fan your lightness in security,  
Weep on his reverend corse ; for such as he  
Now is, not as he was, yourselves shall be.

But, O forsaken soldiers, ye have lost  
The Atlas of your hopes, your staff, your stay,  
The staff and stay of your ambitious boast,  
Who guerdon'd you with services' due, pray  
On him the burthen of your treasure lay :  
Reason commands your sorrow, for whose sake  
Himself all toil of pains would undertake.

Like Mars in arms, triumphant ye have seen  
This warlike champion, whose undaunted mind  
Was never yet appall'd; but still hath been  
Steeled against the worst, nor hath declin'd  
To dull distrust, but evermore enshrin'd  
    In goodly views of horror ready prest,  
    To purchase glory by his hands unrest.

Witness, ye wars of Belgia, who tell  
Of his eternal fame, heroic spirit,  
Incomparable height, which did excel  
The common height of common stomach's merit,  
He lineally did thirst of worth inherit:  
    A chronicle of lasting memory,  
    A president of matchless soldiery!

Let every private action of desert,  
Be themes for other pens to labour in,  
My quill shall only known reports insert,  
Who public credence and belief may win;  
Not to be tax'd with fictions, ideot's sin:  
    Time cannot wrong, nor envy shall not wound,  
    The lawful right of his due praises' sound.

O who will lend me some deep moving style,  
Or add unto my bluntness quick conceit?  
What gentle goddess will vouchsafe a smile  
To mine unpolish'd muse? What tempting bait  
Of formal grace upon my lines will wait?  
    What power divine of some more angel woman,  
    Will make me think my verses more than common?

Flint-hearted Lycia may with mild aspect  
Cast up the sigh of some fore-matched scorn,  
And in the mixture of disdain's neglect,  
My death-bewailing scope of grief adorn,  
Reviving dulness of a wit forlorn ;  
    Amongst the fancies of her rival lover,  
    Some groan with this dear noble's funeral cover.

No, beauty full of change, forbear thy care ;  
An angel more celestial pays her vows  
Upon her Lord deceas'd, who did not spare  
To gratify the frontiers of her brows  
With as much pleasure as content allows :  
    Thou, Lady, on my lines cast favour's glory,  
    While I inscribe great MOUNTJOY's Irish story.

When fickle chance, and death's blindfold decree,  
From the tribunal seat of awful state,  
Had hurried down in black calamity  
Renown'd DEVEREUX, whose awkward fate  
Was misconceited by foul envy's hate :  
    Back was he call'd from Ireland to come home,  
    And noble MOUNTJOY must supply his room.

Look how two heart-united brothers part,  
The one to slaughter, th' other to distrust,  
Yet sorrowing, each with other pawns his heart,  
As being loth to go, yet go they must,  
Either to horror and a death unjust :  
    So ESSEX parts with MOUNTJOY, either mourning  
    The loss of other's sight, as ne'er returning.

So MOUNTJOY parts with ESSEX, and now flies  
Upon the wings of grief to tents of terror;  
Or else to vaunt his name above the skies,  
Or leave his lifeless carcase as a mirror  
Of monumental fear to friends of error:  
    Vowing revenge should on that land extend,  
    Which wrought the downfall of his worthiest friend.

‘ Unblessed soil,’ quoth he, ‘ rebellious nation,  
Which hast with treachery sent troops to death,  
Butcher of valiant bloods, earth’s reprobation,  
Heaven’s curse, and nature’s monster, drawing breath  
By other’s wracks, as trial witnesseth,  
    Since by the means of thee my friend hath died,  
    Mine arm shall scourge the looseness of thy pride.’

Incens’d with rage, and treble-girt with force  
Of justice, force and valour, on he goes  
With sword and fire; void of a smooth remorse,  
He greets the strength of his half-conquer’d foes,  
And on them yokes of bondage doth impose:  
    Or all must yield to mercy, or else fly,  
    Yet flying, all must fight, and fighting die.

But O, far be it from the height of fame  
To triumph on submission; he would not,  
Not tyrant-like in bloodshed boast again,  
He hated it, as to his worth a blot;  
By lenity more honour hath he got:  
    He was, as by his favourites appear’d,  
    More fear’d than lov’d, yet much more lov’d than fear’d.

Destruction to the stiff-neck'd rebels stout,  
(Stout in their headlong miseries) was bent,  
Ruin unto the false inconstant rout;  
But favour to the willing still he meant,  
A perfect noble mind's true document:  
    A rule infallible experience bred,  
    To strive for conquest, spare the conquered.

What myriads of hosts could not constrain,  
He by his courteous mildness brought to pass;  
What all devoir of mercy could not train,  
By his victorious power enforced was:  
Both words of milk and thunderbolts of brass,  
    Attended on the pleasure of his nod;  
    They deem'd him for a human demi-god.

And thou, TYRONE, the idol most adored  
Amongst the superstitious mutineers,  
Whose deep ambitious reach was still implor'd  
To raise more millions of treacherours,  
Of homicidal cruel slaughterers:  
    Even thou thyself, when any traitor spake  
    Of MOUNTJOY, at that very name didst quake.

That very name did prostitute the heart,  
Of mischief breeding councils in the dust;  
In hearing of that name they felt the smart  
Of vanquish'd dread, as augur to distrust,  
Which was by fear enthrall'd, by doubt discuss'd;  
    MOUNTJOY, a name importing threats of thunder,  
    Frustrating hopes of life, and life asunder.

MOUNTJOY, a name of grim severity;  
MOUNTJOY, a name of meekness, peace, and love;  
MOUNTJOY, a name to rein temerity;  
MOUNTJOY, a name which virtue did approve;  
MOUNTJOY, a name which joy did ever move:  
    MOUNTJOY, a charter of invited fame,  
    Yet MOUNTJOY was far greater than his name.

His name which stretch'd beyond the boundless limits  
Of all the ocean's empire, and made known  
His haughty chivalry in foreign climates,  
Which by the trump of gloire was loudly blown  
In courts of greatest princes of renown:  
    Each palace with an echo speaking shrill,  
    Resounded his fair deeds of honour still.

The wily Irish, whose inveterate hate  
Unto the laws of justice ne'er would bow,  
Whose sleights no power of power could abate,  
Or ever undermine before till now,  
With gentle menace of a pliant brow:  
    This man more than a man, this god in arms,  
    United ceasing plots of further harms.

Now they began to see, and seeing, feel  
The sweet of concord, bitterness of war,  
The sharp reproof of double-edged steel,  
The peace of peace, how wretched brawlers are,  
How blessed the secure; content doth far  
    Exceed contention, better shun war's toil,  
    Than ever live in faction by the spoil.

The son against the father long oppos'd,  
The uncle with the nephew at debate,  
The friend with troops of foe-like friends enclos'd;  
Brother with brother set in mortal hate,  
Kin which with kin did kindred violate:  
Duty, alliance, friendship, blood, and love,  
All striving, he to concord all did move.

Peers in defiance of each other's greatness,  
Nobles complotting nobles' speedy fall,  
He reconciled, and made them taste the sweetness  
Of happy league, and freed them from the gall  
Of steep destruction's ruin, ruin's thrall:  
Tigers and lions, boars and raging bulls,  
Hath he aton'd with leopards and wolves.

A land of penury, scarcity, and want,  
He hath enrich'd with plenty, ease, and store;  
A land where human reason was most scant,  
He hath endow'd with wisdom's sacred lore,  
Accosting it more fertile than before:  
A land of barbarous inhumanity,  
He hath reduced to blessed piety.

Now had he ripen'd all his hopes at full,  
Imparadis'd his soul in dear content,  
And wrought the nature of a people dull,  
To what his glory aim'd at when he meant  
To set a period to his banishment:  
And greet his native soil with much desire,  
To get a guerdon'd favour for his hire,





As CÆSAR led his captive slaves to Rome  
To grace his triumph, magnify his fame,  
So now did MOUNTJOY with TYRONE come home  
Victorious, welcome, adding to his name  
(By favour of our King who gave the same)  
A style of honour to his blood innated,  
DEVONSHIRE's ennobled Earl was created.

In robes of peace, accoutrements of rest,  
He was advanced a counsellor, and joy'd  
The soft fruition of a graver breast,  
Not with the brunt of warfare more annoy'd,  
Nor with the dint of hazard over cloy'd :  
But sat with judgment to discern of laws,  
Which he had guarded with his sword's applause.

In him was England twofold fortunate,  
He was her champion and her senator,  
Both to defend her good and moderate,  
To fight both for her safety, and confer,  
Both to encourage subjects, and deter  
Revolters from offending, both in one,  
And one in both himself he was alone.

Thus loving all, he liv'd beloved of all,  
Save some whom emulation did enrage  
To spit the venom of their rancour's gall,  
Which dropp'd upon themselves, and made the stage  
A public theatre for folly's badge :  
Their shame will still outlive their memory,  
Only remembered in infamy.

Such poorer in desert, than rich in worth,  
Are but as shadows which appear, but are not,  
Such but disgorge lank indiscretion forth,  
Of needless repetitions, which declare not  
True grounds, when for the truth itself they care not,  
Yet hold themselves abus'd, and highly scorn  
To brook the chance to which themselves are born.

Go, weak betrayers of your witless madness,  
Your malice will revert upon your breasts,  
Not looks of graver niceness, nicer sadness,  
Can shadow imputations of unrests,  
His greater spirit at your fondness jests :  
You vex yourselves, not him, and make men gaze  
At your own wrongs which your own tongues do blaze.

Sink, black detraction, into lowest earth !  
Let ballad-rhymers tire their galled wits,  
Scorns to their patrons, making juiceless mirth,  
To gross attentors by their hired writs,  
Dispraise with such poor hackneys better fits :  
Well may such envy those heroic deeds,  
Their apprehension's lean conceit exceeds.

Fame-royalized DEVONSHIRE, settled now  
In well-deserved place of eminence,  
The expectance of his wisdom doth allow,  
By cancelling affairs of consequence,  
And by endeavours of sage diligence,  
Approves his greatness, largess to apply,  
The fruit of dear experienced policy.

Not puff'd with weening self-affected pride,  
Common to upstart honours counterfeit,  
But favouring the worthy, he supplied  
Desert's necessities, and made the height  
Of his advancement on their needs to wait :

‘ True nobleness with breath sucks noble spirits,  
‘ Where bastard broods conceit but bastard merits.’

Men rais'd to float of fortune from the mud  
Of low dejection, and at length grown great,  
Forget that they are men, and scorn the blood  
Of mean alliance, boasting in the seat  
Of empire which ambition doth beget :

Such not esteem desert, but sensual vaunts  
Of parasites and fawning sycophants.

Be tyrants kings to such servility ?  
And peasants servile to such curs of shame ?

DEVONSHIRE, the issue of nobility,  
Avoided rumour of such foul defame ;

True virtue graced his mind, applause his name :

Applause his name, which, while the heavens divine  
Contain their lights, upon the earth will shine.

True virtue graced his mind, be witness ever,  
The provident fore-care of wise discretion,  
His wary prudence which did still endeavour  
To hold him from the wrack of spite's impression,  
From faith approv'd he never made digression :

‘ That is true prudence when, devoid of fear,  
‘ A man untouch'd himself upright doth bear.’

True virtue graced his mind, in which was grounded  
The modest essence of firm temperance,  
Which never was with fortune's change confounded,  
Or troubled with the cross of fickle chance ;  
Distrust his spirit never could enhance :

That man is perfect temperate whose life  
Can never be disturb'd, but free from strife.

True virtue graced his mind, witness his courage,  
His resolution armed fortitude ;  
Witness his stomach's prime, which striv'd to forage  
Extremes even by extremities subdu'd ;  
Slaves with the eye of pity he review'd :

He who can conquer miseries in need,  
Enjoys the height of fortitude indeed.

True virtue graced his mind, witness at last  
His sober carriage 'twixt the scales of measure,  
Who, when he was in awe of justice placed,  
Studied how to the meanest to do pleasure,  
So rare a gift in such a man's a treasure :

Sincerest justice is not to discern,  
But to defend, aid, further, and confirm.

True virtue graced his mind, witness all these  
Which in his person were essential,  
Ready to help the poor, the great to please  
In rights of honour, neither great or small  
Would he prefer, but merit pois'd them all :

Since all these virtues were in him combined,  
Truth will avow true virtue graced his mind.

Not in the wrack of prodigality,  
Nor thriftless riot of respectless mien,  
Did he extend his liberality,  
But to his honour's credit, where was seen  
Apparent worthiness, he still hath been  
A patron to the learned, and a prop  
To favour study's now despised crop.

Thou marrow of our English poesy,  
Thou life and blood of verse canst record this;  
The bounty of his zeal can gratify  
Thy labours of endeavours: what was his  
He granted to thy Muse's happiest bliss?  
A liberal Macænas to reward thee,  
A lord of special favour to regard thee.

By firm allegiance, courtesy, and kindness,  
Unto his prince, his peers, his friends endear'd;  
By stern constraint, meek scorn, and willing blindness  
Of all his foes, backbiters, grudgers, fear'd:  
He in his life-time evermore appear'd  
Peace, pity, love with mildness, ease, and rest,  
Rul'd, forgave, joy'd his soul, his wrongs, his breast.

Link'd in the graceful bonds of dearest life,  
Unjustly term'd disgraceful, he enjoy'd  
Content's abundance, happiness was rife,  
Pleasure secure, no troubled thought annoy'd  
His comfort, sweets, toil was in toil destroy'd:  
Maugre the throat of malice, spite of spite,  
He liv'd united to his heart's delight.



Let merit take her due, unfead I write,  
Compell'd by instance of apparent right,  
Nor chok'd with private hopes do I indite,  
But led by truth as known as is the light,  
By proof as clear as day, as day as bright :  
    I reckon not taunting mocks, but pity rather  
    The foolish offspring of so vain a father.

DEVONSHIRE, I write of thee, a theme of wonder,  
Wonder unto posterity succeeding,  
A style importing fame, as loud as thunder,  
Sounding throughout the world ; the times yet breeding,  
Shall deify thee by this story's reading :  
    Making large statues to honorify  
    Thy name, Memorials' rites to glorify.

As oft as JAMES, the monarch of our peace,  
Shall be in after chronicles recited,  
In that to heaven's applause and subjects' ease,  
*England* and *Scotland* he in one united,  
A sight with which true Britons were delighted ;  
    So oft shalt thou eternal favour gain,  
    Who recollectedst *Ireland* to them twain.

A work of thanks in strengthening the force  
Of such an entire empire now secure,  
A world within itself, which, while the course  
Of heaven continueth lasting, will endure,  
Fearless of foreign power, strong and sure :  
    A bulwark intermur'd with walls of brass,  
    A like can never be, nor ever was.



'Twas the puissant vigour of thine arm,  
'Twas the well-labouring project of thy brain,  
Which did allay the further fear of harm,  
Enriching Britain with this happy gain  
Of blessed peace, which now it doth retain :  
    It was thy wary resolution brought it,  
    It was thy ready policy that wrought it.

Thou wert a phoenix, such a bird is rare,  
Rare in this wooden age of avarice,  
When thirst of gold, not fame, may best compare  
With those of choicest worth, rich men are wise !  
' Honest, if honesty consist in vice :  
    'Strong purses have strong friends ; he hath most praise  
    ' Who hath most wealth : O blindness of our days !'

Die thoughts of such corruption, we intend  
To shew the substance, not the shadow'd glose ;  
The praise we speak of doth itself commend,  
And needs no ornament, unlike to those  
Who by *preconion's* virtue doth impose  
    A task upon our quill ; not what we would  
    Do we infer, but what in right we should.

He whom we treat of was a president,  
Both for the valiant and judicious,  
Both Mercury and Mars were resident  
In him at once, sweet words delicious,  
And horrid battle were to him auspicious :  
    Both arms and arguments to force or train,  
    To win by mildness, or by threats constrain.

Two special beauties chiefly did adorn  
His fair, unblemish'd soul, and spotless mind ;  
To God religious he himself hath borne,  
With zealous reverence in zeal enshrin'd ;  
And to his prince still loyal, ever kind :  
At th' one's monarchal government he trembled,  
'Cause it the other's deity resembled.

Devout in fervency of ardent love,  
Unto the value of salvation,  
The due respect of sov'reignty did move  
Unto his prince's throne an intimation  
Of fear, not mask'd in smooth dissimulation :  
He of his race hereafter may be vouch'd,  
That he was sound in both, in both untouch'd.

What more yet unremember'd can I say?  
And yet what have I said that might suffice?  
He was the trophy of a greater day,  
Than time would ever limit to our eyes ;  
He was a peer of best approved guise :  
He was the best, the most, most best of all,  
Heaven's pride, earth's joy, we may him justly call.

Heaven's pride! for heaven into him infused  
The quintessence of ripe perfection ;  
No gift on him bestow'd he hath abused,  
But better'd by his better life's direction,  
Keeping contempt of virtue in subjection :  
A penitential, contrite votary,  
To sanctimonious, taintless purity.

Earth's joy! for in the earth he liv'd renown'd  
By all the excellency of nature's art,  
With all the boast and pith of honour crown'd,  
That royalty to merit could impart,  
The wreath of joys was set beneath his heart:  
    The light of worth's delight, the Pharaoh's tower,  
    Which was refulgent by his lordly power.

Thus in the jollity of human pleasure,  
Advanced to steps of state and high degree,  
Beloved and adored in equal measure,  
Of greatest and the meanest fate's decree,  
Bent power against his power, for, aye me!  
    (Fie on that *for*) while he in glory stood  
    Of worldly pomp, cold dropp'd his noble blood.

O what Heraclitus would spare his eyes,  
To shower tears in showers, and distil  
The liquid of a grieved heart's sacrifice,  
Which will consume itself? what doleful knell  
Of piercing groans will sigh the worst of ill;  
    The worst of ill, the worst of cruel fate  
    Could spit even in the bitterness of hate?

All ye who hitherto have read his story,  
Just panegyrics of heroic deeds,  
Prepare your eyes to weep, your hearts to sorry  
The wrack of darkness which from death proceeds,  
The murder of delight which murder breeds:  
    Lo, here an alteration briefly chang'd,  
    Now all but joy, now from all joy estrang'd!

O coward times, why do you keep your days?  
O orbs of heaven, why do you run your course?  
O seas, why do not floods your waves upraise,  
And ne'er reflow again with moderate source?  
O sun, why dost not quench thy beams hot force?  
    O, why do all things certain, settled, tarry,  
    Save men's short lives, who still unconstant vary?

Instance impartial death, deaf sorrow's subject,  
Pleasure's abater, fickle youth's despiser,  
Headstrong in malice, inaffected object  
To every sense, the subtile sly enticer  
To guiled hopes, the heaven's will's revisor:  
    Instance his triumph, instance his sure dart,  
    Which misseth none, hits home still to the heart.

Now had the season entertain'd the spring,  
And given a welcome to the days of mirth,  
When sweet, harmonious birds began to sing,  
With pleasant roundelays which graced the earth,  
By long expectance of the blossom's birth;  
    When at the dawn of Flora's trimmed pride,  
    Ere she perfum'd the air, great DEVONSHIRE died.

He died, a sullied word, a word of ruth,  
For ever be it stamp'd in misery;  
Fearful unto the old, hated of youth,  
Mark'd with the finger of calamity,  
Blotted from light of day, night's heraldry:  
    He died; brief accents, but enduring wo,  
    The letters for whole dates of grief may go.

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Torment of mischief, how thou grat'st my breast !  
Mischief of torment, how thou rack'st my soul !  
Unhappy cares how is your heart distress !  
Wretched unhappiness, which dost controul  
The bliss of comfort, and alike enrol  
    Sad fortune in the dust ; break life asunder :  
    Death is life's miracle, scorn's thankless wonder.

Wonder, O wonder of short breathed error,  
A relic consecrated to defame,  
A curb unto the wise, to fools a terror,  
A terror of contempt, fear, hate, and shame,  
A black oblivionizing of worth's name :  
    A raser out of memory, the merit  
    Of many noble peers and peerless spirit.

Who died ? not he whose mongrel baser thought  
Was steeped in the puddle of servility ;  
Not he who days of easy softness sought,  
But threats of horror fitting his nobility,  
To coronize high soar'd gentility :  
    Who died ? a man :—nay, more ; a perfect saint,  
    Leaving the world in tears of sad complaint.

Life ? ah, no life, but soon extinguish'd tapers !  
Tapers ? no tapers, but a burnt out light !  
Light ? ah, no light, but exhalation's vapours !  
Vapours ? no vapours, but ill-blinded sight !  
Sight ? ah, no sight, but hell's eternal night !  
    A night ? no night, but picture of an elf !  
    An elf ? no elf, but very death itself !

Then life is death, and death the farthest goal  
Of transitory frailty to conclude  
The freedom of the while-imprison'd soul,  
And stop the streams of heat, by death subdued  
To wan and chilly cold : fate's hand is rude,  
None favouring the limit of an hour,  
But doth all sort of states alike devour.

Devour thou them, and surfeit on the bait  
Of thine insatiate rapine ; exercise  
The utmost of thy vengeance, nor delay it !  
Let meagre gluttony yet tyrannise,  
To use extremes ! thy power we despise :  
Kill whom thou dar'st, since DEVONSHIRE did depart,  
We scorn the malice of thine envious dart.

Sleep still in rest, honour thy bones enshrine ;  
Victorious Lord ! sweet peace attend thy grave,  
Mount thy best part with angel's wings divine ;  
About the throne of Jove in quires to crave  
By madrigals the joys that thou wouldst have :  
So ever shall while dates of times remain,  
The heavens thy soul, the earth thy fame contain.

If to be learned in the arts of skill,  
If to be beautified with choice of nature,  
If to be guiltless from the soil of ill  
(Save soil of slander), if the perfect feature  
Consist in being heaven's quaintest architecture,  
Then ever shall while dates of times remain,  
The heavens thy soul, the earth thy fame contain.

If to be fear'd and loved be human glory,  
If to be 'dow'd with plenty of desert,  
If to be chronicled in honour's story;  
If youth, which grave discretion did convert,  
Itself in commendation may insert:  
    Then ever shall while dates of times remain,  
    The heavens thy soul, the earth thy fame contain.

If wisdom stand in checking rasher folly,  
If virtue do depend on perfect zeal,  
He in the one was wise, in th' other holy;  
If to regard the prosperous common weal,  
Be shows of commendation to reveal:  
    Then ever shall while dates of times remain,  
    The heavens thy soul, the earth thy fame contain.

If to be virtuous, zealous, valiant, wise,  
Learned, respective of his country's good,  
Upright, in case of conscience precise,  
Just, bounteous, pitiful, noble by blood,  
Be to deserve the name of livelihood:  
    Then ever shall while dates of times remain,  
    The heavens thy soul, the earth thy fame contain.

For thou wast all of these, too high for earth,  
Therefore more fit for heaven, where thou reignest;  
The angels joy'd thy soul's delightful mirth,  
And therefore fetch'd thee hence; whereby thou gainest  
The fruit of paradise, where thou remainest;  
    And ever shalt remain, from us bereaven:  
    Great as thou wast on earth, more great in heaven!

But, O give leave, ere I forbear my pen,  
Thy worth in what I may t' exemplify,  
And set thee as a president to men,  
The due of thy desert to amplify,  
And thy humanity to deify:  
Of thy much merit to cast up the sum,  
Thus be thy EPITAPH, and here thy TOMB.

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## E P I T A P H S.

## TOMB I.

THE course of Time hath finish'd now his breath,  
Whom brunt of war could never force to death;  
Whose thirst of worth the world could not suffice,  
Within a breadth of earth contented lies.

Betwixt the gods and men doubly divided,  
His soul with them, his fame with us abided;  
In this his life and death was countervail'd,  
He justly liv'd beloved, he died bewail'd.

And so his happy memory  
Shall last to all posterity.



## TOMB II.

DAY weareth day, hour consumes hour,  
Years years, and age doth age devour;  
The man who now beholds the sun,  
Ere it decline his life is done.

So by this great Lord doth appear,  
Whose honoured bones lie buried here;  
Whose bones though they interred lie,  
His glorious name will never die:

But live in praise,  
To after days.

## TOMB III.

HERE lies he dead, who living liv'd in fame,  
Consumed in body, fresh reviv'd in name;  
His worthy deeds exceeded term of date,  
Alike his praise will never stoop to fate.

For who is he that can suppose,  
That stones great DEVONSHIRE could enclose?  
Whose noble acts renowned were,  
While as he lived every where!

England rejoiced in his valour's due,  
Which Ireland felt, and feeling did it rue;  
But now by destiny here sleeps he dead,  
Whileas his glory through the world is spread.

Urging the great in emulation,  
Of his true honour's commendation.

## TOMB IV.

No one exceeds in all, yet amongst many,  
 Yea amongst all he could do more than any;  
 Though more than mortal virtue graced his mind,  
 He was unto a mortal end confined :

And forced to yield unto death's force,  
 Who in his shaft hath no remorse :  
 Princes, beggars, great and small,  
 He spareth none, he killeth all.

So did he rob high DEVONSHIRE of his breath,  
 Whose worth in spite of death will outlive death :  
 Advantage such his merit doth retain,  
 He in his name will live renew'd again.

And so though death his life deprive,  
 His life in death will new revive.

## TOMB V.

By  
 cruel dint  
 of Death's disrespectful dart,  
 Great DEVONSHIRE'S soul  
 did from his body part ;  
 And left his carcass in this earthly alime,  
 While his fame's essence to the skies did climb ;  
 Roving abroad, to fill the latter days  
 With wonder of his just, deserved praise :  
 So that each AGE will in the time to come,  
 Admire his worthiness, and mourn his tomb :  
 Which they shall ever count a shrine,  
 Of some deceased saint divine.

## TOMB VI.

Lo, here  
I rest,  
who living  
was adored  
with all the honour  
Love could have implored :  
What earthly pomp might beautify my name,  
In pride of glory I enjoyed the same :  
A champion ever ready to defend her,  
A senator press'd always to commend her :  
Though with my heart's delight my life is graced,  
Yet I in peace of death was cross'd at last.

And now entombed here I lie,  
A mirror in eternity.

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## TOMB VII.

O! WHATEVER thou be that passest by,  
Look on this hearse, and weep thy eyelids dry,  
The monument of worth, the angel's pleasure,  
Which hoardeth glory's rich, invaluable treasure ;

The relics of a saint, an earthly creature,  
Clad in the perfect mould of angel feature ;  
Who lives even after life, now being dead,  
Welcome to heaven, in earth canonized.

The shouts of fame,  
Echo his name.

## TOMB VIII.

IN blessed peace and soul-united rest,  
Here sleeps the carcass of a peer most blest,  
Whose downfall all the plots of cursed fight  
Could not procure, or terrify his might:

But evermore he tamed the pride of folly,  
And castigated drifts of slaves unholy;  
Yet death at last with force of vigour grim,  
When he had conquer'd many, conquered him.

And here amongst the quiet numbers  
Of happy souls, he sweetly slumbers.



## TOMB IX.

THE boast of Britain, and the life of state,  
The pith of valour, nobleness innate,  
Foes' scourge, friends' hopes, sustainer of the poor,  
Whom most men did embrace, all men adore.

Fautor of learning, quintessence of arts,  
Honour's true livelihood, monarch of hearts,  
The sacred offspring of a virtuous womb,  
Lies here enshrined in this hallow'd tomb:

From out whose Phœnix dust ariseth  
Renown, which earth's whole globe enticeth.

Lo, here Nine Tombs, on every tomb engrav'd  
Nine Epitaphs, shewing that worthies nine  
For each peculiar one a tomb hath crav'd;  
That their deserts, who while he lived did shine,  
Might now be monumented in their shrine:  
Yet all those Nine no glory hence have gain'd,  
For DEVONSHIRE in himself all nine contain'd.

The nine poor figures of a following substance,  
Did but present an after-age's mirror:  
Who should more fame than they deserv'd advance,  
And manifest the truth of that time's error,  
Including DEVONSHIRE, earth's admired terror;  
For all the poets who have sung of them,  
Have but in mystery adored him.

O, now drop eyeballs into sink of mud!  
Be harsh the tunes of my unfeather'd muse!  
Sorrow, suck up my griefs! consume the blood  
Of my youth's mirth! let meagre death infuse  
The soul of gladness to untimely news:  
Dead is the height of glory, dead is all  
The pride of earth which was angelical.

Ah, that the goddess whom in heart I serve,  
Though never mine, bright Lycia the cruel,  
The cruel subtile would the name deserve  
Of lesser wise, and not abuse the jewel  
Of wit, which adds unto my flame more fuel:  
Her thoughts to elder merits are confined.  
Not to the solace of my younger mind.

Be't so! yet on the theme of this I'll spend  
The residue of plaints, and ever mourn  
The loss of this great Lord, till travails send  
More comfort to my wretched heart forlorn,  
Who since at home disgraced, abroad is borne  
To sigh the remnant of my wearied breath,  
In lamentations of his hapless death.

Sheath up the sword of war, for Mars is dead;  
Seal up the smoothed lips of eloquence,  
For flowing Mercury is buried;  
Droop wisdom, Numa's grave intelligence  
Is vanished, African's stout eminence  
In DEVONSHIRE lies obscured, for he alone  
Exceeded all, they all died in him one.

Charles the Great is dead, who far excell'd  
Charles whom former times did call the great;  
Charles, who, whilom while on earth he dwell'd,  
Adorn'd the exaltation of his seat,  
By the alarum of death's grim retreat,  
Is muster'd to the camp from whence he came,  
Cherubs and seraphims of dateless fame.

O, that a man should ever be created  
To eternise his glory here on earth;  
Yet have his pomp of glory soon abated,  
Even at the present issue of his birth,  
And lose the trophy of that instant mirth:  
Here is the guerdon'd meed of victory,  
No sooner to achieve, as soon to die.

Is death the reward of a glorious deed;  
Is death the fee of valour? Is desert  
Repaid with death? Shall honour's gain proceed  
By loss of life? O then a coward's heart  
Of earthly comfort hath the better part:  
Then better live in peace and live, than try  
The brunt of conquest, and regardless die.

Die thoughts of such disgrace, die thirst of state;  
Die thoughts of empty air'd ambition,  
Die thoughts of soaring majesty's elate,  
Die inclination to conscript condition;  
Die pride of empire, sovereignty's commission:  
All that in soul of life may be esteem'd,  
Oh die, fate cannot be with bribes redeem'd!

Die portly hunger of eternity,  
Die hot desires of unbounded pleasure,  
Die greediness of false prosperity,  
Die giddy solace of ill-suited leisure,  
Die hopes of hoarded canker-eaten treasure:  
Ambition, empire, glory, hopes and joy,  
For ever die: for death will all destroy!

For death will all destroy, as he hath done  
In seising to his strong, remorseless gripe,  
All triumphs noble DEVONSHIRE ever won,  
Plucking the blossoms of his youth unripe,  
And make them yield unto his thankless gripe:  
But ah, why should we task his dart uneven,  
Who took from earth what was more fit for heaven?

He was more fit for heaven than to survive  
Amongst the chaff of this unseason'd age,  
Where new fantastic joys do seek to thrive,  
By following sensual toys of folly's rage,  
Making the gloss of vice true virtue's badge:  
    He saw that shame, which misery begun it,  
    Seeing he did it scorn, and scorning shun it.

Hence sprung the venom of impoison'd hate,  
Poor malediction's sting, who did despise  
Bright honour's stamp, which in his bosom sate,  
For that he could not brook to temporize  
With humours masked in those times disguise:  
    But let dogs bark, his soul's above their anger,  
    They cannot wound his worth with envy's slander.

He sleeps secured, and in blessed slumbers  
Of peaceful rest, he careless rests in peace,  
Singing loud anthems with the sacred numbers  
Of happy saints, whose notes do never cease,  
But evermore renewing fresh increase:  
    While he doth sing, and angel's pleasure take,  
    We mourn his death, and sorry for his sake.

Not for his sake, but for our hapless own,  
Who had so rich a prize and did not know it,  
Jewels being had for jewels are not known,  
For men in happy fortune do foreslow it,  
The value when 'tis lost does chiefly show it:  
    So wretched is our blindness, and so hateful,  
    As for the gifts we have we are ungrateful.



Even as a poring scholar, who hath read  
Some cosmographic book, and finds the praise  
Of some delicious land deciphered,  
Casts sundry plots how by what means and ways  
He may partake those pleasures; months and days  
Being spent, he goes, and ravish'd with the main  
Of such delight, he ne'er returns again.

So DEVONSHIRE, by the books of inspiration,  
Contemplating the joys of heaven's content,  
In serious thoughts of meditation,  
Which he in perfect zeal hath long time spent,  
Thirsting to be immortal, hence he went:  
He thither comes, and glorying in that sphere,  
Unmindful of his home, he triumphs there.

Long may he triumph, overtopping clouds  
Of our all-desperate mould's vexation,  
Pitying the sorrow which our danger crowds  
With joyless taste of true joy's desolation,  
While he enjoys his soul's high delectation:  
Long may he live whom death now cannot move,  
His fame below, his spirit wings above.

Above the reach of human wit's conceit,  
Above the censure of depraved spite,  
Above earth's paradise's counterfeit,  
Above imagination of delight,  
Above all thoughts to think, or pens to write:  
There doth he dateless days of comfort spend,  
Renowned in his life, blest in his end!

---

*Anagramma ex Camdeno.*

**CAROLUS BLUNTUS.**

*Bonus, ut sol clarus.*

IN life upright, and therefore rightly *good*,  
Whose glory shin'd on earth, and thence a *sun*,  
By his renown *as clear* he's understood,  
Whose light did set when as his life was done:  
    *Bright as the sun, good* ever to advance  
    The soul of merit, spurning ignorance.

*Good* in the virtue of his powerful arm,  
Which brought more peace to peace, chas'd fears of harm  
And while he liv'd a wonder maz'd the light,  
*Two suns* appear'd at once, at once as bright:  
    For when he died and left his fame behind,  
    One *sun* remain'd, the truest *sun* declined.

*Dignum laude virum  
Musa vetat mori.*

---

END OF FAME'S MEMORIAL.

---

## ON THE BEST OF ENGLISH POETS,

## BEN JONSON,

## DECEASED.

So seems a star to shoot; when from our sight  
 Falls the deccit, not from its loss of light;  
 We want use of a soul, who merely know  
 What to our passion, or our sense we owe:  
 By such a hollow glass, our cozen'd eye  
 Concludes alike, all dead, whom it sees die.  
 Nature is knowledge here, but unrefin'd,  
 Both differing, as the body from the mind;  
 Laurel and cypress else, had grown together,  
 And wither'd without memory to either:  
 Thus undistinguish'd, might in every part  
 The sons of earth vie with the sons of art.  
 Whose glory hath fill'd up the book of fame!  
 Where in fair capitals, free, uncontroll'd,  
 JONSON, a work of honour lives enroll'd:  
 Creates that book a work; adds this far more,  
 'Tis finish'd what imperfect was before.  
 The Muses, first in Greece begot, in Rome  
 Brought forth, our best of poets hath call'd home,  
 Nurst, taught, and planted here; that Thames now sings  
 The Delphian altars, and the sacred springs.  
 By influence of this sovereign, like the spheres,  
 Moved each by other, the most low (in years)  
 Consented in their harmony; though some  
 Malignantly aspected, overcome

With popular opinion, aim'd at name  
 More than desert: yet in despight of shame  
 Even they, though foil'd by his contempt of wrongs,  
 Made music to the harshness of their songs.

Drawn to the life of every eye and limb,  
 He (in his truth of art, and that in him)  
 Lives yet, and will, whilst letters can be read;  
 The loss is ours; now hope of life is dead.  
 Great men, and worthy of report, must fall  
 Into their earth, and sleeping there sleep all:  
 Since he, whose pen in every strain did use  
 To drop a verse, and every verse a muse,  
 Is vow'd to heaven; as having with fair glory,  
 Sung thanks of honour, or some nobler story.  
 The court, the university, the heat  
 Of theatres, with what can else beget  
 Belief, and admiration, clearly prove  
 Our POET first in merit, as in love:

Yet if he do not at his full appear,  
 Survey him in his WORKS, and know him there.

JOHN FORD.<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> It does not appear that Ford had any personal friendship with Jonson; though he might perhaps have known and been known to him; since Ben had, as he says, from his first entrance into life, cultivated an acquaintance with the most celebrated professors of the law. As far, however, as respects their dramatic career, they have nothing in common; for Jonson had, in some measure, withdrawn from the stage many years before Ford's first published piece appeared on it. Jonson produced but one play (the *Staple of News*) during the long period of fourteen years, (from 1616 to 1630;) nor would he, perhaps, have returned to the theatre, had not disease and its concomitant, want, compelled his 'faint and faltering tongue,' as he pathetically says, to have recourse to it, for the means of an immediate though temporary relief. It is evident, however, that our poet entertained a great degree of kindness and respect for Jonson, with whose friends he seems to have been chiefly conversant.



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